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THE NEW YORKER

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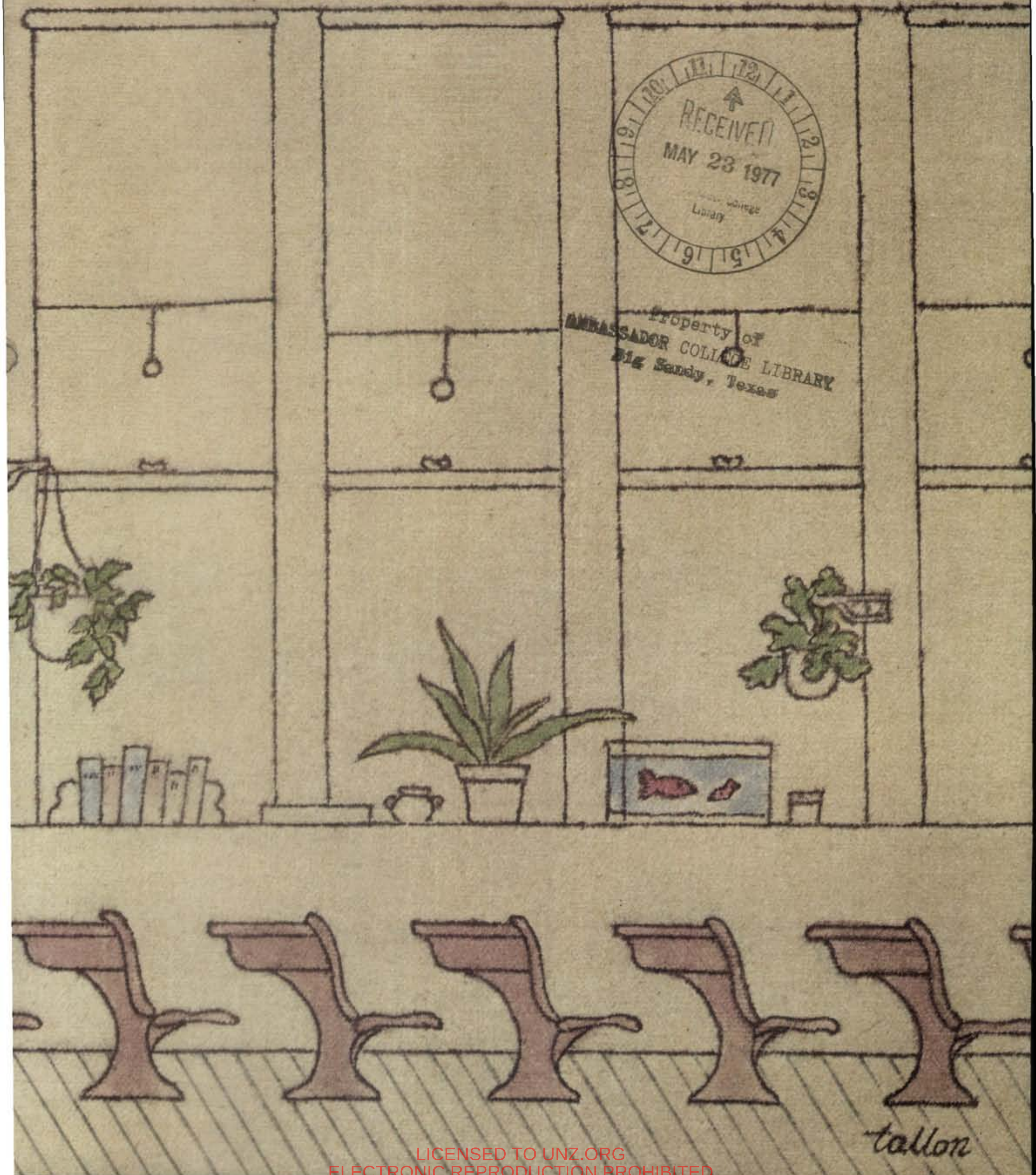

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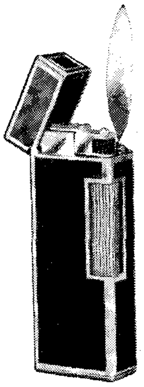

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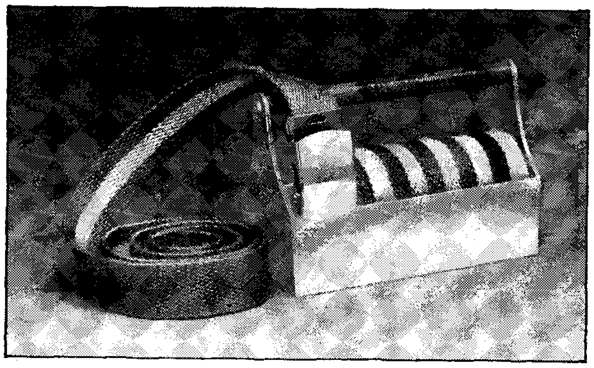

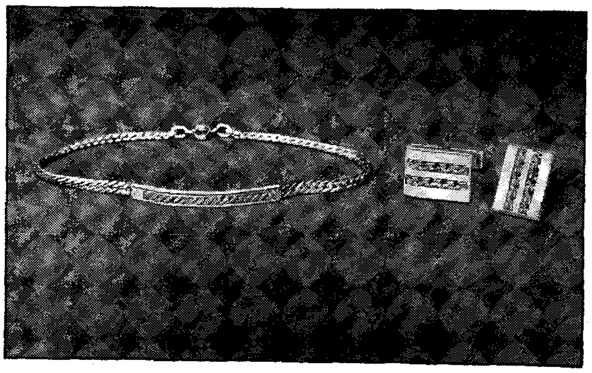

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

Agamemnon—Aeschylus's tragedy (in Edith Hamilton's translation), with Priscilla Smith and Jamil Zakkai, and music by Elizabeth Swados. A presentation of the New York Shakespeare Festival at Lincoln Center. Directed by Andrei Serban. Preview Wednesday matinée, May 18. Opens officially on Wednesday evening, May 18, and will run through Sunday, June 19. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

American Buffalo—A comedy by David Mamet. Kenneth McMillan, John Savage, and Robert Duvall work very hard but in vain. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Anna Christie—A sluggish and dull-witted play, which was in no need of revival. The early O'Neill melodrama serves as a vehicle for Liv Ullmann, who is very pretty, if not very convincing. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, May 22.)

Annie—An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Ashes—This British import by David Rudkin tells of the unsuccessful efforts of a most engaging young couple first to conceive a child and later to adopt one—a sad situation, indeed, but an exhilarating play, for Mr. Rudkin is a true dramatist, who writes with feeling, wit, and style. The performances of Brian Murray and Roberta Maxwell as the husband and wife, and of John Tillinger and Veronica Castang as an assortment of other characters, are as close to perfection as makes no matter. Lynne Meadow is the excellent director. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel—A faultless revival of David Rabe's play about a miserable young soldier in Vietnam. Al Pacino gives a model performance in the role of Hummel. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Club—Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the singing, and especially the dancing, under Tommy Tune's direction is proficient and pleasing. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Creditors and **The Stronger**—Two one-act plays by Strindberg (translated by Palaemona Morner and R. Spacek), with John Heard, Geraldine Page, Rip Torn, and Amy Wright. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Dear Liar—Jerome Kilty and De Anne Mears in a revival of the two-character comedy adapted by Mr. Kilty from the correspondence of Mrs. Patrick Campbell and George Bernard Shaw. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Dirty Linen—An inconsequent jape by Tom Stoppard; the scene is the House of Parliament, and the subject is the sexual misconduct of a hundred and nineteen M.P.s. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, May 28.)

Endgame—A revival of the Samuel Beckett play. Gene Feist is the director. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, May 22.)

Equity Library Theatre—The final production of the season is a revival of the musical SILK STOCKINGS, with a book by George S. Kaufman, Leueen MacGrath, and Abe Burrows, and music and lyrics by Cole Porter. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 22. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Exiles—The James Joyce play. Preview Wednesday, May 18. Opens officially on Thursday, May 19, and will run through Sunday, June 5. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Fiddler on the Roof—Zero Mostel back in his original role as Tevye, quarrelling cheerfully with God and a vexing wife and many daughters. Jerome Robbins' choreography is as notable as ever. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, May 21.)

Gemini—In Albert Innaurato's very funny comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father and Anne DeSalvo, Jonathan Hadary, and Robert Picardo, among other good actors. Peter Mark Schifter di-

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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; George J. Green, president; William P. Buxton, Milton Greenstein, and Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90010; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, WIX OED. Vol. LIII, No. 14, May 23, 1977. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1977 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $20.00; two years, $35.00. In Canada and Mexico, one year, $22.00. Other foreign, $26.00.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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			18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

rected. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Great MacDaddy—This revival, the second offering this season of the Negro Ensemble Company, has a very musical score by Coleridge-Taylor Perkinson. Paul Carter Harrison's script, though murky with symbols and ritual, is serviceable, and the performance—acting, dancing, and singing—is absolutely fine. Direction by Douglas Turner Ward, choreography by Dianne McIntyre. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 8:30; and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 3:30 and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 22.)

Happy End—Bertolt Brecht and Kurt Weill set this musical about a Salvation Army lass who loves a gangster in what was for them, in 1929, an imaginary Chicago. Meryl Streep is charming as the heroine, and Christopher Lloyd does well opposite her, but it is the marvellous score, including such songs as "Surabaya Johnny" and "The Bilbao Song," that makes the evening indelible. Translation by Michael Feingold, direction by Robert Kalfin. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I Love My Wife—A rather simpleminded little study of attempted wife-swapping in Trenton, New Jersey. Some lively songs by Cy Coleman, and some lively performances, especially by Lenny Baker. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

In the Summer House—A fine revival of Jane Bowles' fascinating play about the effort of a relentless middle-aged widow to control her daughter, and about many other matters, too. There is a lot of writing, but much of it is of high quality, and the performances—especially those of Carolyn Coates, Kristin Griffith, and Leora Dana—are very good indeed. The action is set in southern California. Stephen Hollis directed. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 29.)

The King and I—A joyous revival of the Rodgers and Hammerstein success of twenty-six years ago. Yul Brynner is better than ever as the King—and what songs! (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Last Street Play—A play by Richard Wesley. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 29.)

Lily Tomlin in "Appearing Nitely"—Miss Tomlin embodies many amusing characters and a few sad ones, and is a formidable character in her own right. A most welcome Broadway début. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Macbeth—Orson Welles adapted and directed this version of the play for the Negro Federal Theatre Project in 1936, successfully moving its setting from Scotland to voodoo Haiti. This revival, directed by Edmund Cambridge, makes an exhilarating theatrical evening. With Lex Monson in the title role, and Esther Rolle, Arthur French, and Leonard Jackson, among others. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 766-9334. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 29.)

Mummenschanz—A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players—Andrés Bossard and Bernie Schürch, from Switzerland, and Floriana Frassetto, from Italy. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Oh! Calcutta!—A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

On the Lock-In—The witty and gifted David Langston Smyrl wrote the music and words and also plays one of the prisoners who sing or recite their own stories in this virtually plotless show set in a prison. Under Robert Macbeth's subtle direction, the evening achieves cohesiveness and style, although much of the material is familiar by now. The singing and the music, by a three-piece combo, are delightful. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Otherwise Engaged—Tom Courtenay and a first-rate company in a comedy by the English playwright Simon Gray. The hero is a publisher who prefers to have as few feelings as possible; this proves harder than he has had reason to hope. Directed by Harold Pinter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Der Ring Gott Farblonjet—A lavish, strenuous, on-and-off amusing, and interminable prank by Charles Ludlam's prankish Ridiculous Theatrical Company. The title describes all. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 228-8558. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

Romeo and Juliet—Sad times in Renaissance Verona. Paul Rudd and Pamela Payton-Wright are the wistful lovers. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Wednesday, May 18, at 2 and 8; Thursday and Friday, May 19-20, at 2; Saturday, May 21, at 2 and 8; and final performance Sunday, May 22, at 3.)

The Shadow Box—A play by Michael Cristofer about how people face the imminence of death. With Joyce Ebert, Patricia Elliott, and Laurence Luckinbill. The director is Gordon Davidson. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Side by Side by Sondheim—An excellent display of Sondheim songs, splendidly performed by three English singers, accompanied with modesty and grace by two American pianists. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sly Fox—Robert Preston (who replaced George C. Scott), Jack Gilford, Bob Dishy, Hector Elizondo, and John Heffernan, all in rip-roaring, farcical high spirits. The author is Larry Gelbart, standing on the shoulders of rare Ben Jonson. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Starting Here, Starting Now—The agreeable songs of Richard Maltby, Jr. (lyrics) and David Shire (music) as very well sung, with a minimum of performance, by Margery Cohen, Loni Ackerman, and George Lee Andrews. It all adds up to an evening of tuneful merriment that is more cabaret than theatre. (Barbarann, 349 W. 46th St. 581-3866. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

Vieux Carré—A new and sadly inept play by Tennessee Williams. An admirable cast does its best with material better suited to one of Mr. Williams' volumes of reminiscence. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Your Arms Too Short to Box with God—Rousing song and dance, inspired by the New Testament and turned into frisky show biz by Vinnette Carroll. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

Long Runs—**BUBBLING BROWN SUGAR:** Harlem in the twenties, when it was part of the nightclub merry-go-round. A scrapbook of great songs and lively dancing by a cast both old and young. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)... **CALIFORNIA SUITE:** Four sketches about the occupants (at different times) of Suite 203 at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Tammy Grimes, David McCallum, Jack Weston, and Marge Redmond are all excellent, and Neil Simon is as witty as ever. Starting Monday, May 23, Joseph Leon will replace Mr. Weston. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **CHICAGO:** Purportedly about some tough folk in the Windy City in the twenties. A musical that defies even the great Bob Fosse to make it merry. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **EQUUS:** Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting melodrama about a boy who mutilates six horses in the very act of worshipping them. With Anthony Perkins and Ralph Seymour, directed by John Dexter. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,105 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED SUICIDE:** The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit for the captivating result. Choreography by Paula Moss. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)... **GREASE:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **PIPPIN:** A great big gorgeous show, built upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer, Bob Fosse. With Northern J. Calloway, Michael Rupert, Eric Berry, and Antonia Ellis. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A comedy as neatly put together as a Cartier watch and with scarcely more heart. Sandy Dennis and Don Murray are the cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SHEN-**

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ANDOAH: A musical about the Civil War, but really about show biz. With William Chapman. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **STREAMERS:** This play, set in an Army barracks in Virginia in 1965, completes David Rabe's trilogy on the Vietnam war. Though not quite up to Mr. Rabe's "Pavlo Hummel," on the same theme, it is very strong. The production, under Mike Nichols' direction, is excellent. There is considerable onstage bloodshed. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE WIZ:** A black musical version of that well-remembered movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Moves on Wednesday, May 25, to the Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St., CI 7-7260. Tuesdays, except May 24, through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—The hundred-and-seventh edition of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's circus. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thursday, May 19, at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursday, May 19, at 10:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sundays at 1 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, June 5.)

Toller Cranston's The Ice Show—Starring Mr. Cranston, Jim Millns, and Colleen O'Connor. Previews Wednesday, May 18. Opens officially on Thursday, May 19. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, May 18, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Bournonville Divertissements," and "The Concert."...¶ Thursday, May 19, at 8: "Coppélia."...¶ Friday, May 20, at 8: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Dances at a Gathering," and "The Concert."...¶ Saturday, May 21, at 2: "Harlequinade" and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3."...¶ Saturday, May 21, at 8: "Firebird," "The Cage," "Tzigane," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3."...¶ Sunday, May 22, at 1: "La Source" and "Union Jack."...¶ Sunday, May 22, at 7: "Serenade," "Square Dance," "Concerto Barocco," and "Cortège Hongrois."...¶ Tuesday, May 24, at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "In the Night," "Le Tombeau de Couperin," and "La Valse."...¶ Wednesday, May 25, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony."...¶ Thursday, May 26, at 8: "Harlequinade" and "Symphony in Three Movements."...¶ Friday, May 27, at 8: "Watermill" and "Who Cares?"...¶ Saturday, May 28, at 2: "Swan Lake," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Western Symphony."...¶ Saturday, May 28, at 8: "Serenade," "Symphony in Three Movements," "Pas de Deux," and "Who Cares?" (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, July 3.)

American Ballet Theatre—"The Nutcracker": Wednesday evening, May 18 (a benefit performance; for tickets, call 265-0903); Thursday and Friday evenings, May 19-20; Saturday matinée and evening, May 21; and Monday through Wednesday evenings, May 23-25....¶ Thursday and Friday, May 26-27, and Saturday matinée and evening, May 28: "Petrouchka," "Les Sylphides," and "Firebird." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830.

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Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, June 11.)

Martha Graham Dance Company—Wednesday matinée, May 18: "Diversion of Angels," "El Penitente," "Primitive Mysteries," and "Appalachian Spring."...¶ Wednesday evening, May 18: "Diversion of Angels," "O Thou Desire Who Art About to Sing," "Primitive Mysteries," and "Appalachian Spring."...¶ Thursday evening, May 19: "Seraphic Dialogue," "O Thou Desire Who Art About to Sing," "El Penitente," and "Appalachian Spring."...¶ Friday evening, May 20: "Diversion of Angels," "O Thou Desire Who Art About to Sing," "El Penitente," and "Deaths and Entrances."...¶ Saturday matinée, May 21: "Adorations," "El Penitente," "Primitive Mysteries," and "Appalachian Spring."...¶ Saturday evening, May 21: "Diversion of Angels," "Primitive Mysteries," "El Penitente," and "Plain of Prayer."...¶ Monday evening, May 23: "Adorations," "Plain of Prayer," and "Deaths and Entrances."...¶ Tuesday evening, May 24: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Shadows" (première), and "Appalachian Spring."...¶ Wednesday matinée and evening, May 25: "Diversion of Angels," "Shadows," "Errand Into the Maze," and "Deaths and Entrances."... ¶ Thursday evening, May 26: "Diversion of Angels," "Primitive Mysteries," and "Deaths and Entrances."...¶ Friday evening, May 27: "Plain of Prayer," "Frontier," "El Penitente," and "Dark Meadow."...¶ Saturday matinée, May 28: "O Thou Desire Who Art About to Sing," "Plain of Prayer," "Shadows," and "Appalachian Spring."...¶ Saturday evening, May 28: "Diversion of Angels," "Primitive Mysteries," and "Phaedra." (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, June 11.)

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, May 18, and Friday, May 20, at 8: "The Lark Ascending," "After Eden," "The Road of the Phoebe Snow," "Journey," and "Night Creature."...¶ Thursday, May 19, at 8: "Ancestral Voices," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations."...¶ Saturday, May 21, at 2: "Gazelle," "Coverage II," "Ancestral Voices," and "Crossword."...¶ Saturday, May 21, at 8: "Three Black Kings," "Love Songs," "Ancestral Voices," and "Caravan." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Sophie Maslow Dance Company—"The Village I Knew," an unnamed work (première), and "Decathlon." (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Wednesday through Saturday, May 18-21, at 8, and Sunday, May 22, at 2 and 7:30.)

Twyla Tharp and Dancers—Final performances—Thursday, May 19, at 8 (a benefit performance): "The Hodge Podge," with Paul Simon, singer-composer; "Mud;" and "The Bix Pieces," with Shelley Duvall, narrator....¶ Friday and Saturday, May 20-21, at 8, and Sunday, May 22, at 2: "Mud," "The Fugue," and "The Bix Pieces." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Dianne McIntyre's Sounds in Motion—Three programs selected from "Journey to Forever," "The Lost Sun," "Deep South Suite," "The Voyage," "Union," and "Piano Peace." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, May 20, at 7:30; Saturday, May 21, at 8; and Sunday, May 22, at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

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Adam Makowicz (Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. OR 4-4450. Weeknights from eight to one.)—No one thinks twice anymore about breaking the four-minute mile, and soon no one will think twice about surpassing Art Tatum, for that is what Makowicz (pronounced Ma*ko*vitch) appears bent on. He is a thirty-seven-year-old Czech-born Polish pianist, and he is setting all kinds of records. He can play an arpeggio faster than Tatum, he can play faster tempos than Tatum, he can play an arpeggio that reaches around the block and back, he can play more notes than Tatum. He has not, though, equalled Tatum's touch, which remains an unclimbed pianistic peak, nor does he have Tatum's brilliant harmonic sense. Makowicz's Tatum has no center and, beyond that, he does not know when to stop, and so constantly overflows into parody. His repertory consists largely of old American standards and his own originals, but he has little respect for melody. He begins each song with a chorus of heavy, ad-lib amelodic embellishment, settles into pure improvisation at whatever tempo, and wanders past the melody again and into his coda. Makowicz may well be the unlikely climax of the baroque movement that Tatum and Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie started thirty-five years ago.

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Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Many of the best contemporary post-hard-bop, new-music, and new-jazz musicians are booked into these sympathetic quarters. Drummer **RASHIED ALI,** the proprietor, leads his quartet through Saturday, May 21; on Tuesday, May 24, trumpeter **CLIFFORD THORNTON** will come in with a quintet. On Mondays, tenor saxophonist **FRANK FOSTER** presides over the Loud Minority, a *very* loose, spirited, head-turning musical monolith (twenty-two free-lance musicians, some young and promising, others older and fulfilled). Music from about ten. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

Ballroom, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (473-9367)—A cabaret that, with its white walls, white slatted-back chairs, white Formica tables, and pale-blue ceiling, is as light and airy as a breakfast room. The current attraction is Lee Horwin, an exceptionally poised, intelligent singer with a deep, rich voice and a solid repertoire. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

Bar None, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—Sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is on hand from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

Beefsteak Charlie's, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—Situated amid the high-rise dorms of New York University, the pleasantly relaxed cocktail lounge of this restaurant lures in fine pianists and a healthy number of customers—many of them students. Saxophonist **SONNY STITT,** still one of the best, collaborates with pianist Nina Sheldon through Saturday, May 21. Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Hard-bop-and-beyond headquarters. Pianist **MIKE LONGO,** who was with Dizzy Gillespie for years, and **JON FADDIS,** a young, technically impressive trumpeter who sometimes seems like Dizzy's shadow, copilot a quintet through Saturday, May 21. Tuesday and Wednesday, May 24-25, drummer **MICHAEL CARVIN** will lead his quartet. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Something for nearly everyone. Singer **FLORA PURIM** and percussionist **AIRTO** perform their fusion of rock, jazz, and Brazilian jungle music opposite tenor saxophonist **CHARLIE ROUSE** and his combo through Thursday, May 19. Friday through Sunday, May 20-22, **LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III,** a wry, witty, and gyrating folkie-humorist, will be onstage. Wednesday and Thursday, May 25-26, have been reserved for **TAJ MAHAL,** a fine folk-blues-and-rock performer who is an alumnus of the Folklore Society at Amherst. And on Friday, May 27, singers Country Joe McDonald and Valerie Carter will start trading sets. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty

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and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—**JIMMY ROWLES** is a pianist of endless humor and taste and intelligence. He's here through Saturday, May 21. On Monday, May 23, guitarist **JIMMY RANEY** will come in for a six-night stay. On Sundays, pianist **BARRY HARRIS** takes a turn. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT**, who performs Coward, Gershwin, Porter, or Sondheim classics for his ardent listeners and not for disco dancers, appears in the Café Carlyle with support from his steadfast assistants, bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Gene Gammage, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dinner and supper. . . . ¶ The Bemelman's Bar, which presents some of the best solo pianists around, currently (through Saturday, May 21) features **DICK WELLSTOOD**. On Monday, May 23, **TEDDY WILSON**, whose work is restrained and elegant, will take over again. Mondays through Saturdays, from nine.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Local, primitive rock bands on the bandstand; local, primitive rock-band entourages in the audience—an interesting jumble of T-shirts, sneakers, rear-guard-platform shoes, jeans, feathered boas, slicked-down hair, leather, and a wholesome plaid Madras shirt or two. Music from about nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

Cleo, 1 Lincoln Plaza, Broadway at 63rd St. (724-6301)—**MABEL MERCER** does the vocals, Jimmy Lyon does the accompanying. Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**ADAM MAKOWICZ** (see above) is here weeknights from eight to one. Blues pianist **SAMMY PRICE** plays on Sundays. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The audiences are largely characterized by coats and ties and cigars, and they come here (and to Jimmy Ryan's, just thirty paces west) to hear traditional small-band jazz. The house band, which begins after nine-thirty, is a low-keyed and controlled sextet headed by bassist Red Balaban. On Tuesday, May 24, **BARBARA LEA** will sing along with the regulars. On Sundays, Scott Hamilton, a young, swing-inspired tenor saxophonist, heads up a quartet from eight. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The resident swing threesome—drummer **SONNY GREER**, clarinettist-saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE**, and pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** (who has temporarily replaced Brooks Kerr)—is here Wednesdays through Sundays. Mondays and Tuesdays, pianist **AL HAIG** works with guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** and bassist Jamil Nasser. Music from ten to three. On Sunday, May 22, **WARREN CHIASSON** on vibes and **JACK SIX** on bass are joined by pianist Mark Shane from five-thirty to nine-thirty. Weeknights, Gene Roland, Loumell Morgan, and Morris Edwards hold sessions from six to nine-thirty.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—There are no better guitarists than Jim Hall and Kenny Burrell, and they're both in town—Jim Hall is working at Sweet Basil, and **KENNY BURRELL** is here with a bassist and a drummer through Saturday, May 21. Burrell, a marvellous, Detroit-hard-bop-formed guitarist who sneaks the blues into practically everything he plays, seems more relaxed in a club setting than he seemed at recent concert-hall appearances. He's also playing very little, if any, modal music; instead, he's sticking to standards and home-grown bebop—the stuff many of his admirers think he does best. On Monday, May 23, alto saxophonist **PHIL WOODS** will come in with a trio. Mondays through Thursdays, at nine-thirty and eleven, and three times on Fridays and Saturdays, at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty. No music Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**RUBY BRAFF** (filling in for Roy Eldridge) upholds tradition on West 54th Street, aided by the resident blowers—pianist Johnny Morris, drummer Ernie Hackett, clarinettist Clarence Hutchenrider, bassist Ted Sturgis, and trombonist Bobby Pratt. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Larson's, 1160 Third Ave., at 68th St. (744-2540)—**ELLIS LARKINS**, now with a bassist (**BILLY POPP**) and a drummer (**JACK MCALLISTER**), is rising to new heights—his arpeggios sparkle, his chords are buoyant, his touch is as a butterfly. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from ten to two. Dinner.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Alto saxophonist **BENNY CARTER**, who has, over the years, arranged and conducted for Sarah Vaughan, Pearl Bailey, and Maria Muldaur, and who is seventy years old and doesn't look it, has come in for a visit from Hollywood. Pianist **RAY BRYANT**, drummer **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN**, and bassist **MILT HINTON** support him Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

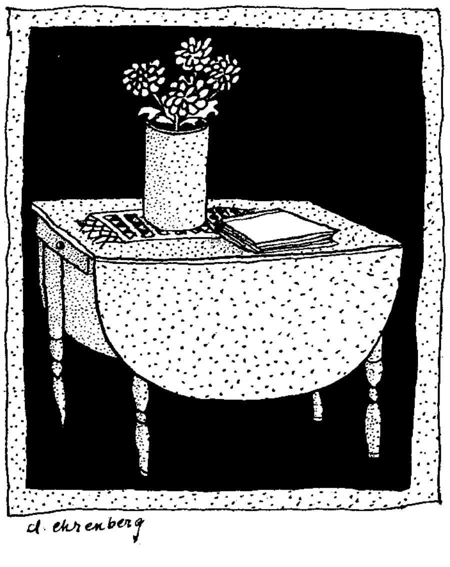
Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side jazz-and-soul café. **STUFF**, the sextet that began playing here some two years ago under the name the Encyclopedia of Soul, will be back Sunday through Wednesday, May 22-25. This is probably the best place locally to see **GORDON EDWARDS**, **CORNELL DUPREE**, **ERIC GALE**, **RICHARD TEE**, **STEVE GADD**, and **CHRIS PARKER** in action. Music from ten to three. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Keyboardist Barry Miles leads his quartet opposite David Misch, a young Boston comedian who presents terse, witty routines, Thursday through Sunday, May 19-22. On Wednesday, May 25, rhythm-and-blues-derived saxophonist David Sanborn will arrive with a big band. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER** leads a dance septet firmly (except for the Fender bassist) rooted in the thirties—even when it plays the Watusi—and this is entirely appropriate in this setting, an Art Deco version of Disneyland, where one almost expects to see Fred and Ginger pop up from behind a table. Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Cissy Houston is singing in this cabaret, perhaps the nicest in town, nightly, except Mondays, at nine and midnight. Dinner.

Storyville, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—A dark but somehow cheerful big square sprawling room that, with its heavy, distressed-wood furniture and ceiling beams and youthful audiences, resembles a college dining commons. Trombonist **AL GREY** and tenor saxophonist **JIMMY FORREST**, two outstanding soloists with the Basie band, work with a quintet Thursday through Saturday, May 19-21. On Tuesday, May 24, the great drummer **MAX ROACH** will bring in his wonderful quartet—bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN**, trumpeter **CECIL BRIDGEWATER**, and tenor saxophonist **BILLY HARPER**. Music from ten to two-thirty.



Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Deceptively sleepy-looking from the outside, this small, dark, and pleasant upper West Side bar sees various first-rate jazz groups pass through every week. The **NEW CALIFORNIA RAMBLERS** are here Tuesdays, and they are probably the best of all the repertory groups. The splendid personnel includes **RICHARD SUDHALTER** on cornet (he is the leader, too) and the magisterial **JIMMY MAXWELL** on trumpet, **SAM PARKINS** on tenor saxophone, **MARTY GROSZ** on guitar, **VINCE GIORDANO** on tuba, bass, and bass saxophone, and drummer **TOMMY BENFORD**, who was there when Jelly Roll Morton and King Oliver and Armstrong were putting it all together. Mondays, **DAVE MATTHEWS** plays electric piano and leads his vigorous twelve-piece organization; Wednesdays and Thursdays are given over to **LEE KONITZ** and his nonet, which features trombonist **JIMMY KNEPPER**. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A knotty-pine-and-brick-walled jazz room with the kind of informal coziness you'd expect to find in Aspen. Guitarist **JIM HALL**, bassist **MICHAEL MOORE**, and a drummer perform Wednesdays through Sundays for countless guitar students and ordinary citizens as well. On Monday and Tuesday, May 23-24, **JACK WILKINS**, one of the most exciting young guitarists around (and if you want to see where he came from, go see Kenny Burrell at Hopper's), will guide a quartet. Music from nine-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, from ten on Fridays and Saturdays, and from eight on Sundays. Dinner.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Daphne **HELLMAN'S ANGELS** (harp, guitar, bass), powered by their nonpareil guitarist, **EDDIE BERG**, play in the bar Tuesdays from nine-thirty to midnight. Weekends are devoted to jazz performances downstairs. Friday and Saturday, May 20-21, **RAHSAAN ROLAND KIRK**, a reed section all by himself, and his sextet will alternate with **NAT ADDERLEY**, an earthy cornettist and raconteur, and his R. & B.-flavored quintet. On Friday and Saturday, May 27-28, Kirk and company will share the stage with singer and pianist **MOSE ALLISON'S** trio. Fridays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one-thirty.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—The air quality in this world-famous jazz institution is unacceptable, but go anyway. Drummer **ART BLAKEY** and his touring institution, the **JAZZ MESSENGERS**, perform through Sunday, May 22. On Tuesday, May 24, tenor saxophonist **PHAROAH SANDERS**, who is lately playing as much hard bop as mystical-enlightenment music, will descend the stairs with his quintet. On Mondays, *another* world-famous institution, the **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** band, blasts forth. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A soul-food *boîte* with a friendly staff, hundreds of gold Christmas ornaments hanging (year round) from the ceiling, a near-impenetrable layer of sawdust on the floor, and some glowing piano-bass duos. Music begins at eight.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Finals are over, so watch out for the crowds. On Mondays and Tuesdays, four-string guitarist **TINY GRIMES** has charge of a trio. Grimes sounds alternately like an early banjo player turned guitarist (which he isn't) and like a Charlie Christian-derived swing soloist (which he is). This is probably the only trio that plays "Lady of Spain" *and* nearly note-for-note duplications (without the fourteen extra section men) of the Basie band classics "April in Paris" and "Every Day." On Wednesdays, **JO JONES** commands a quartet; and on Thursdays and Fridays, **GEORGE KELLY'S JAZZ SULTANS** have the floor. Saturdays and Sundays, the Countsmen, a group composed of real Count Basie alumni such as **BUDDY TATE**, **EARLE WARREN**, and **PAUL QUINICHETTE**, and of real sidemen such as pian-

Remembrance of Things Past

The Long House, the Pow-Wows, the ancient rites of summer, the Jesuit Mission of three centuries past, the villages where Loyalists first cleared the land, tilled, harvested, ground their grain, baked their loaves, dyed their wools, spun and loomed, the log stockades and a great Limestone Citadel that were outposts of Empire, the rattle of rifle-fire and thunder of cannonades, the bustle and bundling of the Fur Trade, the antics of the Voyageur Rendez-vous Days, the gentle rhythms of life as it used to be unfold again every summer. Treat the kids. For more about our living heritage, call COLLECT (416) 965-4008, or write: Ontario Travel, Dept. T.P., Queen's Park, Toronto M7A 2E5. We'll send you our Traveller's Encyclopaedia.

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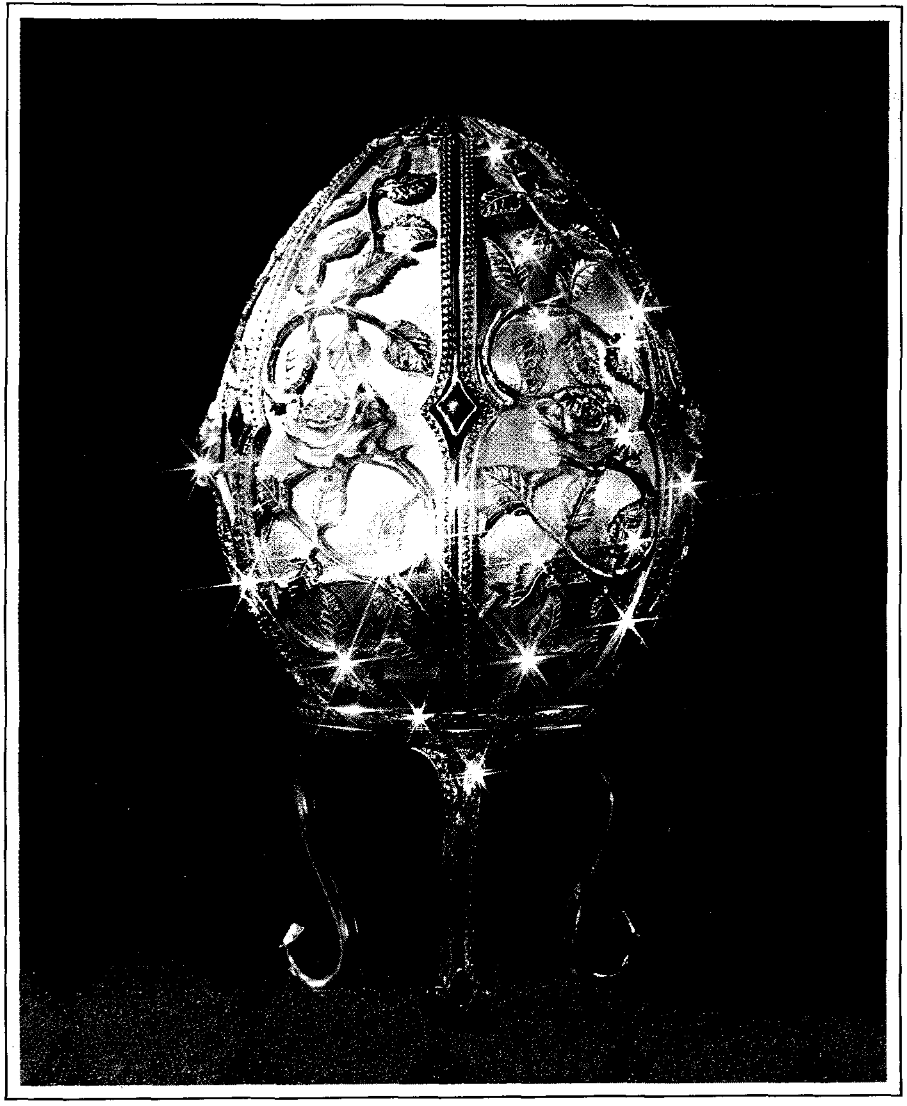
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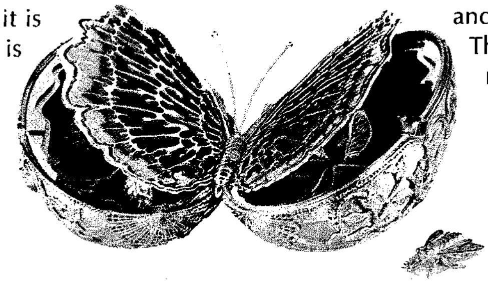

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*24 karat gold electroplate on sterling silver

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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ist **DILL JONES**, sails through the annals of swing. Music from nine to one.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Interludes—Final offerings in a varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, May 18, at 5:45: **LAINIE KAZAN**. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 25, at 5:45: **SYLVIA SYMS**.

Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians—A four-night series of concerts by members of the Chicago new-music and new-jazz group. Thursday, May 19: **ANTHONY BRAXTON-LEO SMITH-LEROY JENKINS TRIO, GEORGE LEWIS-DOUGLAS EWART DUET**, and **THE AJARAMU ENSEMBLE**. . . . ¶ Friday, May 20: **AIR, KALAPARUSHA**, and **THE THIRD WAVE SEXTET**. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 21: **AMINA CLAUDINE MEYERS ENSEMBLE, GEORGE LEWIS**, and **MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS ENSEMBLE**. . . . ¶ Sunday, May 22: **AACM ORCHESTRA** and **THE COLSON-MCMILLAN ENSEMBLE**. (Wollman Auditorium, Ferris Booth Hall, Broadway at 115th St. Evenings at 8. Tickets at the door on the nights of the concerts.)

Ashford & Simpson and **Roy Ayers**—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Thursday, May 19, at 7 and 11.

Anita Sheer and **the Robber Bridegroom Band**—A benefit performance. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 741-5687. Friday, May 20, at 8.)

Return to Forever (with Chick Corea and Stanley Clarke)—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, May 20, at 8, and Saturday, May 21, at 7:30 and 11:30. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Brass Construction, Walter Jackson, and **Teresa Wiater**—Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 20, at 8.

Charles Aznavour—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 21, at 7 and 10:30, and Sunday, May 22, at 8.

Slide Hampton Trombone Choir—New York Jazz Museum, 236 W. 54th St. 765-2150. Sunday, May 22, at 2, 3, and 4.

Outlaws and **Mama's Pride**—Palladium. Sunday, May 22, at 8.

Reverend James Cleveland—Carnegie Hall. Monday, May 23, at 8.

Joan Baez—Palladium. Thursday, May 26, at 8.

The Crusaders, Les McCann, and **the Brecker Brothers**—Palladium. Friday, May 27, at 8.

Arthur Prysock, Bobbi Humphrey, and **Ralph MacDonald**—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, May 27, at 8.

Don Shirley Trio—Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 27, at 8:30.

Archie Bell & the Drells, the Originals, and **Side Effect**—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, May 28, at 7 and 11.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Kermit Adler—Watercolors of outsize clams on the half shell, potted plants, and other still-lifes in interiors. Through Saturday, May 28. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Yannis Amoryanos—Primitive paintings of animals and flowers. Through June 10. (Clay, 1162 Madison Ave., at 86th St. Open Mondays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Carol Anthony—Old codgers with Willkie buttons in their lapels, pugnacious brats, and querulous old biddies, all made of linen mâché. A new crop of drawings is also on view. Through June 4. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Romare Bearden—Twenty extraordinary collages in which black cutout figures, set against richly colored backgrounds, depict the Odyssey, from the fall of Troy to the homecoming. Through Saturday, May 28. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Giorgio Cavallon—Large and colorful Abstract Expressionist paintings in which mathematical order and free, intuitive gesture are happily combined. Through June 4. (Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St.)

Miodrag Djuric Dado—Large, skillfully executed paintings of frightful monsters doing horrid things on a tortured landscape under a curiously pacific blue sky. Through June 30. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Richard Diebenkorn—Large oils that continue his imaginative "Ocean Park" series, with their wide areas of flat color and muted bits of action at the corners, plus works on paper in the same vein. Through June 2. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Robert Frame—Landscapes in the Burchfield-Hopper tradition. Through Saturday, May 21. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Balcomb Greene—A retrospective made up of about fifty paintings, ranging from the pure abstractions of his early days to the ephemeral figures and almost monochromatic Maine landscapes characteristic of his more recent works. Through Saturday, May 28. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Roy Gussow—Forged stainless-steel sculptures. Through Thursday, May 26. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Pierre Haubensak—Rectangular areas of various colors that have almost, but not quite, blended into a monotone, superimposed on larger rectangular areas of another tone. Through June 10. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Michael Heizer—Seven sculptures in granite, steel, and wood. Through June 11. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Helen Hoie—What appear to be collages incorporating furls of transparent fabrics and fragments of paper are actually oil paintings, done in soft colors. Through Wednesday, May 25. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Budd Hopkins—Bright-colored and precisely balanced geometric abstractions, each done on an assemblage of rectangular panels. Through Thursday, May 26. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Fereydoun Hoveyda—Arabesques and organic-looking designs of a marked Art Nouveau cast worked out in découpage, plus two heads of Andy Warhol done in the same technique. Through Saturday, May 28. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Vitaly Komar and Alexander Melamid—Joint works, conceptual in nature, by two Russians. Through June 24. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Kate Millett—Brush-and-ink drawings on rice paper of erotic female nudes by this pioneer in the feminist movement. Through June 18. (Wauters, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Minoru Niizuma / Herbert Schneider—Marble sculptures in which a polished pyramid seems to have pushed itself up through the rough stone and split the piece precisely in half. / Lively collages in which playful, simplified nude couples frolic in idyllic settings. Through Saturday, May 28. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Maurice Prendergast (1859-1924)—A loan show of nearly ninety works stretching over his entire career. Included are many sparkling watercolors and numerous oils that have been buried for years in museum basements. Through Saturday, May 28. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

David Roth—Wall pieces made up of hundreds of strands of cord painted in various acrylic colors and suspended from a bar, plus grid patterns cut out of sheet aluminum and hung just far enough out from the wall to cast shadows that are an integral part of the piece. Through Thursday, May 26. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.). . . ¶ Drawings and graphics. Through Wednesday, May 25. (Einstein, 243 E. 82nd St.)

Emilio Sanchez—Light-filled paintings of architectural structures. Through June 8. (Griffin, 850 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

David Shapiro—Large paintings peppered with small geometric shapes and other devices, giving the overall impression of the visa stamps in an overworked passport. Through Saturday, May 28. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

Anita Siegel—A dozen silk-screen prints of the same head and neck are the take-off point for these collages, which substitute steel engravings—of bird or rodent skeletons mostly—for facial features. Through Saturday, May 21. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Cristóbal Toral—Impeccably executed realist paintings, aglow with varnish and verisimilitude, by a Spanish painter of considerable wit. Through Saturday, May 28. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Group Shows—At the **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Examples of eighteenth-century Latin-American decorative art, including pieces that were used in the home (furniture, silver), in churches (a cardinal's hat), and for personal adornment (silver sandals, a crown). Through Aug. 7. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.). . . **GRAHAM**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Symbol, myth, and allegory are the basis of a group of fifty paintings dating from the fourteenth century to the present. Artists include Benjamin West, Arthur B. Davies, and Edward Gorey. Through June 17. . . . **HUTTON**, 967 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Captivating examples of works by the Blaue Reiter artists, who included Kandinsky, Nolde, Klee, and Macke. Through June 11. (Open Mondays.). . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Selected works by artists of the gallery, including Antes, Hartung, and Jorn. Through June 24. . . . **MCKEE**, 140 E. 63rd St.: Paintings done between 1946 and 1960 by five artists, among them Guston, Rothko, and Still. Through June 4. . . . **NICHOLLS**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: A selection of works, including some by stars of the early days of this magazine, among them Mary Petty, Peter Arno, James Thurber, and Ralph Barton. Through Saturday, May 21. . . . **NOYES, VAN CLINE & DAVENPORT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: A show called Celestial Phenomena includes panels that might have been stripped off the moon's surface, by Steve Agin; a lighted wall sculpture of a solar eclipse, by Joseph Scala; and a shaped canvas of brilliant receding stripes, by James Martindale. Through Saturday, May 28. . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: The current exhibit includes a splendid Modigliani portrait (of green-eyed Marie Vasilieff), a colorful Vlaminck landscape, and a small wooden Calder stabile done in 1943, when all our metal was going into arms. Through Saturday, May 28. . . . **STONE**, 48 E. 86th St.: Photo-Realist paintings, mostly involving cockeyed mirror reflections by Richard Estes; box constructions housing tiny, neatly tied-up cotton pouches by Rosamond Berg; and recent drawings in the Francis Bacon style by Robert Quigley. Through Saturday, May 28. . . . **TOUCHSTONE**, 118 E. 64th St.: Drawings, including what appear to be samplers made up of lines of unintelligible writing superimposed on one another, by Frances Heatherington; small stones whose striations are continued in paint on the paper they are affixed to, by David Phillips; and drawings of wire mesh, out of which a layer of real wire mesh seems to have grown, by Charlotte Shoemaker. Through June 1. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: About ninety works make up a show that is a benefit for and on loan from the University of Rochester's art gallery. Included are paintings (by El Greco, Ingres, Luks, and others), medieval sculptures, and decorative objects. Through Saturday, May 28. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Jean-Paul Agosti—Watercolors, mostly of toys and studio paraphernalia, that have some of the precision of mechanical drawings but a good deal of life in their coloring. First one-man show in New York. Through June 17. (Jackson, 521 W. 57th St.)

Robert Arneson—Giant ceramic heads, three of them self-portraits, two caricaturing the gallery owner, and others depicting friends and fellow-artists of the Bay Area. Through Saturday, May 28. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

Max Beckmann (1884-1950)—Mostly portraits of friends and people he admired by this German Expressionist, who preferred to work from memory and a few scribbled notes rather than have people sit for him. Through June 10. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.). . . .

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¶ Watercolors and drawings. Through June 11. (Carus, 1044 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Isabel Case Borgatta—Fabric sculptures of figures, alone or in groups. Through Saturday, May 21. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Ernest Briggs—Abstract oil paintings, each centered on the same hieroglyph from some private alphabet, done in bold swipes with a heavy brush and in dozens of color combinations. Through Tuesday, May 24. (Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Anthony Caro—Huge new abstract sculptures, incorporating amorphous blobs of steel compressed between sections of his plate-steel assemblages. Through Saturday, May 21. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Marc Chagall—To observe the artist's ninetieth birthday, the gallery has brought together paintings dated 1908 to 1939 and placed them alongside works from the last decade. Through June 11. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Chuck Close—Gigantic paintings of heads, copied pore by pore, hair by hair, from color photographs by a refinement of the grid process with which billboard painters blow up their cartoons to enormous size. Also, preliminary drawings that illustrate, deceptively, how simple the process is. Through June 4. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Dominic L. Di Mare—This beachcomber, a former fisherman, works with the finest of combs, and arranges his gleanings—delicate bones, pebbles, shells, feathers, twigs—on handmade paper, where they are incorporated in elegant constructions called sculptural paper. Through June 22. (Duhl, 31 W. 54th St. Opens at noon.)

Toni Dove / Carl Nicholas Titolo—Birds of the region and icy mountain ranges superimposed in watercolors on large-scale maps of partly real and partly imaginary coastal areas, by a granddaughter of Arthur G. Dove. / Surrealist miniatures, mostly of circus scenes, done in mixed mediums and in almost microscopic detail. Through June 3. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Jacob El Hanani—Large paintings composed of tiny groups of parallel pen-and-ink lines, so fine that they are almost invisible. The artist is an Israeli; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, May 21. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

Chuck Forsman—Birds-eye views of valleys in the Rockies, Hopperesque urban scenes, a girl asleep in the passenger seat of a car in the mountains, and other outdoor works by a Colorado painter. Through June 2. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Clayton Gorder / K. S.-Ringi—Abstract paintings based on jukebox forms and made up of dozens of shaped canvases fitted together like a puzzle; the cabinetwork involved in the stretchers is of a high order. / Large paintings gleaming with what appear to be orderly assemblages of tiny medals, clocks, flags, bits of jewelry, chandeliers, dolls, wedding cakes, ensigns, and ornamental bric-a-brac—each a distinct entity but part of a greater whole. Through June 11. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

James Hayward and John Miller—Paintings by two California Minimalists. Through June 3. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Edward Hopper (1882-1967)—Paintings, drawings, and etchings, dating from his earliest works—sketches of his parents, for instance—which reveal the solidity of his background as a draftsman, and going on to the later, distinctive cityscapes and lonely houses with the celebrated Hopper hush upon them. Through June 8. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Robert Kaupelis—Abstract paintings by an N.Y.U. art professor whose compositions have some of the same linearity and mysterious charm associated with Diebenkorn's work. Through Saturday, May 28. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Daniel Lang / Mary Joan Waid—Landscapes done with a dramatic sense of color and an economy of draftsmanship that reflect this artist's interest in scenic design. / Outsize details of flowers—the stamens and pistils as well as the petals—depicted in soft pastels. Through June 2. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Eliza Moore—Paintings and wall constructions (sticks, cardboard, strips of Plexiglas) concerned with the sky, which is sometimes the background for UFOs that might be birds. Through Friday, May 27. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Grégoire Müller / Paul Harbutt—Recent works by this artist, who adds an American accent to works that pay frank homage to Matisse and Picasso. / Sketchy paintings and drawings by a British-born artist who acknowledges Moore and Bacon as strong influences. Through Tuesday, May 24. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Shozo Nagano—Big wall pieces, made of canvas-covered wood. Through Thursday, May 26. (Alonzo, 30 W. 57th St.)

Louise Nevelson—A dozen of the twenty drawings that this sculptor made one day in January for a television show. Through June 11. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

Matt Phillips—Large monotypes, with shadowy figures and suggestions of figures, in pale, attenuated colors, and strongly Oriental in feeling. Through Saturday, May 21. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

James Rosati—Recent metal sculptures, ranging in size from tabletop Cubist pieces to ceiling-high arrangements of simple abstract forms. Through Saturday, May 21. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Theodore Wolff / James Fetterman—Paintings of imaginary cities. / Pencil studies of figures. Through June 8. (Addison Greene, 1093 Second Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Group Show—Paintings by four guest artists: David Cobb Kupferman, Meyer Tannenbaum, Mary L. Buckley, and Ruth Cobb. Through June 4. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Sculpture—At the **Hamilton**, 20 W. 57th St.: Works by Caro, Ginnever, Witkin, and others juxtaposed with photographs of sculptures by Russian Constructivists, who seem to have had a recognizable influence on some of our contemporary artists. Through June 1. . . . **Zabriskie**, 29 W. 57th St.: A captivating display of moving sculpture activated by the slightest touch, including a massive rocking piece by di Suvero; a couple of free-floating mobiles by Calder; a rippling thicket of red and white metal rods by Soto; and a delicately balanced piece, vaguely floral, with seesawing triangular petals, by Rickey. Through Saturday, May 21.

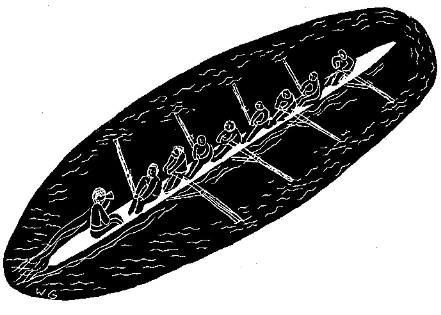
GALLERIES—SoHo

Carl Andre—In one room, steel plates about a foot long are laid out on the floor in rows of prime numbers (through thirty-one), and in another room, six rectilinear arrangements of thirty plates each. Through Saturday, May 28. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

Robert Benson—Large, irregularly shaped pieces, each made of five segments of laminated plywood fitted together and scrubbed with gesso and sand, so that the grain of the wood stands out. Through June 4. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

George Chemeche—What appears to be a wall-sized work is in fact sixty individual paintings of leaves, flowers, grass, and other flora. Through June 4. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Louise Fishman—Abstract rectangular forms are more or less incised on heavy paper to which many layers of paint and beeswax have been applied and scraped off. Through June 2. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)



Wallace French—One vast wall construction, seven feet tall and twenty-eight feet long, *made of wood painted white with narrow,* widely separated vertical stripes, plus assemblages of steel-gray panels, and paintings of panels. Through Saturday, May 28. (Neill, 136 Greene St.)

Marco Gastini—This artist works in white on white with a few threadlike lines of black as accents. One piece consists of forty-four rectangular canvases, the largest three feet square, arranged to cover an entire wall. Through Saturday, May 28. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Antonio Gaudí (1852-1926)—A loan show of his remarkably delicate architectural drawings (for palaces, residences, fountains, piers, and so on). Through Tuesday, May 24. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 9.)

Yan Hsia / Frank Bramblett—Deliberately blurred paintings of city crowds, giving a vivid impression of metropolitan hurly-burly. / Large, flat totemic objects made of marble dust and mixed resins. . . . ¶ In a rear room of the gallery, an exhibit of actual police files, circa 1925, shows scary, deadpan photographs of some of our leading gangsters, among them Louis Lepke Buchalter, Legs Diamond, Lucky Luciano, and Joe Adonis (this one subtitled "General Thief"). Through Saturday, May 21. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Will Insley—Architectural drawings, done with a razor-edged ruling pen, in which layer after layer of sunken chambers appear in imaginary buildings. Through June 4. (Protetch, 157 Spring St.)

Ronald Mallory—Beautiful expanses of roseate clouds, so pretty that the artist, as an antidote, named them after obscure medieval poisons—fugu, yatrin, coiine. Through June 4. (Bonino, 98 Prince St.)

Rosemary Naegele—Oils, including still-lifes and cityscapes. Through June 2. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Opens at noon.)

Milton Resnick—Thickly painted oils. Through Saturday, May 28. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Andra Samelson—A series of abstract paintings in which one can trace the progression from scattered designs on sparsely covered canvases to a solid central figure dominating the picture plane. Through Saturday, May 28. (Duffy-Gibbs, 157 Spring St.)

Eileen Spikol—Arrangements of painted resin casts of fish and animal skeletons, plus drawings. Through Wednesday, May 25. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

David True—Stylized oil paintings of the sea, most of them incorporating an abstract boat shape cleaving through the water and leaving a bow wave. Through Saturday, May 21. (Thorp, 139 Spring St.)

Richard Van Buren—Carved and polished pigmented fibre-glass wall sculptures. Through June 8. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Idelle Weber—Realist paintings of collections of old beer bottles and cans, torn magazines, and other detritus. Through Saturday, May 21. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

Athos Zacharias—This painter works on the grid principle, but reverses the process; he develops a modular form, usually abstract, and makes a grid pattern of it, rather than bending its form to suit the grid. Through June 1. (Yu, 393 West Broadway.)

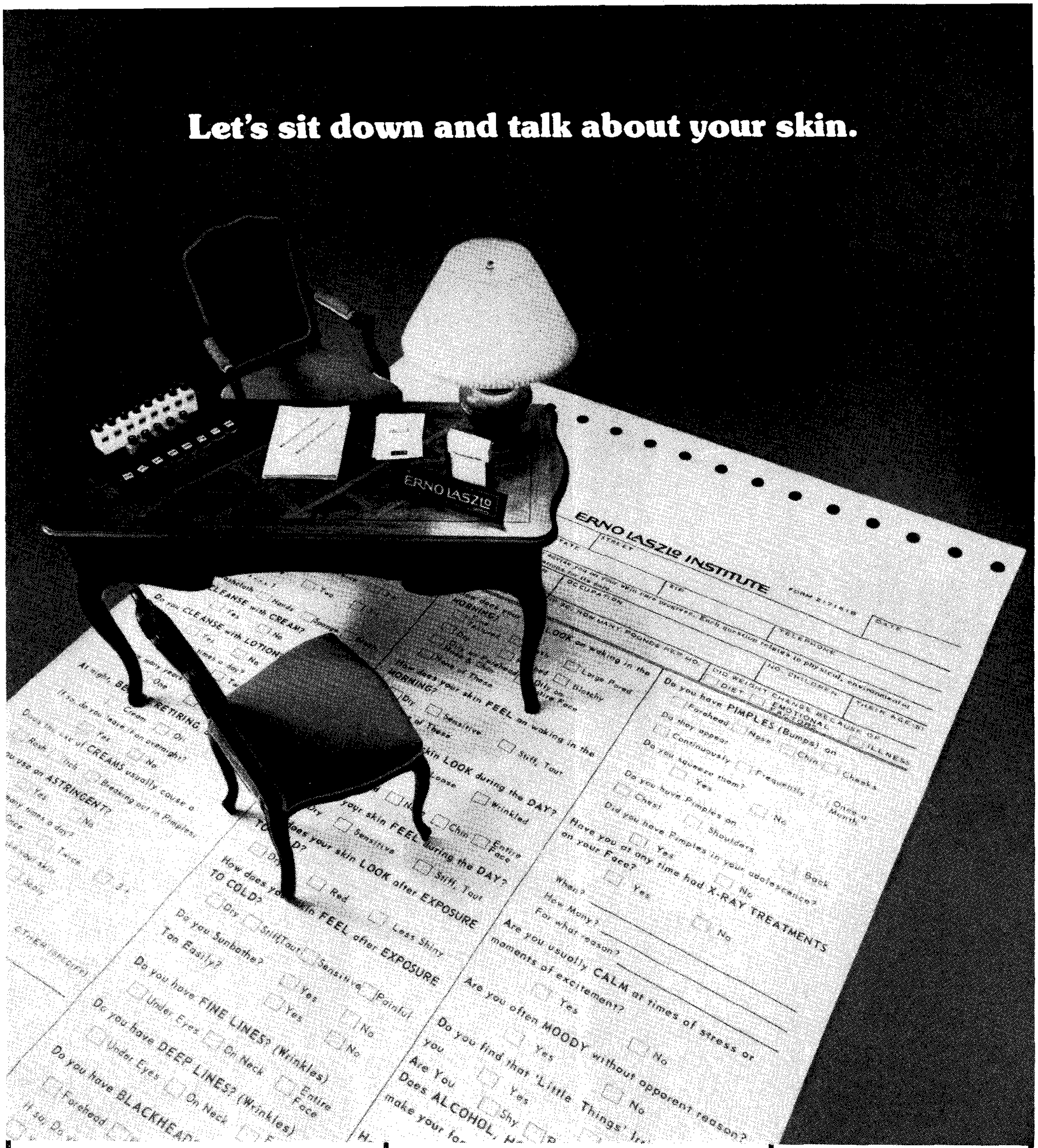
Group Shows—At the **Caldwell**, 383 West Broadway: Paintings by gallery regulars Frances Barth, Robert Swain, and others. Through June 4. . . . **55 Mercer Street Gallery:** Paintings by Andreas Brandt and sculptures by Ursula von Rydingsvard and Ulrich Niemeyer. Through June 1.

OTHER GALLERIES

Faith Bromberg / Victor Elmaleh—Bright-colored free-association paintings. / Delicate, post-card-size abstracts, some based on marine forms and some on landscapes. Through Saturday, May 28. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Opens at noon.)

John Avery Newman—Elongated wooden structures that interrupt the usual passageways leading across this exhibition space. Through

Let's sit down and talk about your skin.



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Friday, May 27. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St.)

Fine Arts Building, 105 Hudson St.—**SRAGOW** is showing a startling illusionary feat—a game of rummy played on a real card table by spectral hands projected from a film made by Bill Lundberg; the viewer can either sit at the table, and feel creepy, or watch from the sidelines. Through Saturday, May 28. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) . . . **FINE ARTS BUILDING GALLERY** is showing drawings embossed on paper by Domenico Bianchi. Through Tuesday, May 24. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 3 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Ania Bien—Small black-and-white prints mounted in groups, in which the subject (a basketball court, a building façade, a row of tulips) is photographed in sequence from varied angles. Through Saturday, May 21. (Castelli Uptown, 4 E. 77th St.)

Dean Brown (1936-73)—Small-scale dye-transfer prints of Alaskan and Southwestern landscapes dominate this exhibit. Through Saturday, May 28. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Louis Faurer—A selection of photographs of New York, covering the years before the Second World War through the mid-sixties. Through Saturday, May 21. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

György Kepes—A retrospective of works by this photographer whose experiments with light and abstraction led him to join forces with his compatriot Moholy-Nagy at the latter's New Bauhaus in Chicago in 1937. Through Saturday, May 21. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

Nadar (1820-1910) / **Edward Steichen** (1879-1973)—Portraits of artists, writers, and composers in nineteenth-century Paris. / Portraits also, these centering on notables in twentieth-century New York. Through June 25. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

Irving Penn—A crumpled package of cigarettes, a mud-covered glove, and other discards found in the streets figure in the twenty-eight platinum prints on exhibit at the Metropolitan Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Man Ray (1890-1976)—A selection of more than a hundred photographs, solarizations, and Rayographs by an artist whom Jean Cocteau once described as a "poet of the darkroom." The works include portraits of, among others, Buñuel, Ernst, and Thomas Mann. Through Saturday, May 21. (Kimmel-Cohn, 41 Central Park W., at 64th St.)

Deborah Turbeville—Black-and-white prints by a photographer whose works are regularly seen in *Vogue*. Through June 11. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Todd Webb—A retrospective of his works includes pictures of Paris, New York, and the Midwest. Through Saturday, May 21. (Vitolo-Rinhart, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Opens at noon.)

Group Shows—At the **ESMAN,** 29 W. 57th St.: "Photonotations II," an exhibit of photographs by painters and sculptors—Duchamp, Diebenkorn, and Wesselmann among them. Through June 4. . . . **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY,** 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: A retrospective exhibition of prints by Josef Sudek (1896-1967), including scenes of his native Czechoslovakia. Through July 3. . . . ¶ More than a hundred vintage prints from the Julien Levy collection, including works by Atget, Gertrude Käsebier, and George Platt Lynes. Through May 29. (Open Sundays.) . . . **LIGHT,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Works that combine color photographs of forest scenes with twigs, leaves, and clumps of earth from the scenes pictured, by Alan Sonfist; large-scale prints of industrial sites, by Grant Mudford; and landscapes and garden scenes, by Josef Sudek. Through Saturday, May 28. . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St.: An exhibit of photographs devoted entirely to the American county courthouse. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The recently acquired David portrait of Lavoisier can be seen when the Wrightsman rooms, containing eighteenth-century French furnishings, reopen on Saturday, May 21. . . . ¶ An exhibit covering nearly every aspect of the career of Edgar Degas, from early portraits to pastels of dancers and bathers. Also works by other artists (Ingres, Delacroix, Renoir, Hokusai) which are said to have influenced Degas. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ More than a hundred and fifty works on loan from museums in the Soviet Union. Dating from the fourteenth century to the present, they include icons, portraits, landscapes. Through June 26. . . . ¶ A sumptuous exhibit of clothing and accessories from Russia that focusses on the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and ranges from regional peasant costumes to the wedding dress of Catherine the Great. Through Aug. 30. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Irving Penn. Through June 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A selection from the museum's collection of British drawings dating from the turn of the century to the present, with examples by Walter Richard Sickert, Henry Moore, David Hockney, and others. Through May 31. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Group show centering on pictures of courthouses. Through July 10. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the works of Kenneth Noland includes more than a hundred paintings, plus a recently completed sculpture on exhibit for the first time. Through June 19. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.) . . . ¶ Theatrical evening at the museum: On Tuesday, May 24, at 7:30, Sandra Hochman and Galt MacDermot will present a work combining poetry, music, and songs, performed by the Bronx Arts Ensemble, and by Rita Gam, Phyllis Newman, Florence Kennedy, and others. For information about tickets, call 860-1356.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The centerpiece of Robert Irwin's retrospective of paintings, sculptures, and photographs is a gauzy fabric stretched the length of the fourth floor (the partitions have been removed) and suspended from the ceiling to eye level. Through May 29. . . . ¶ Selections from the bequest of Lawrence H. Bloedel include paintings by Loren MacIver, Milton Avery, and Larry Rivers. Through June 19. . . . ¶ Fifty prints, drawings, and watercolors, culled from the permanent collection, centering on New York life. Artists include Isabel Bishop, George Bellows, and Richard Haas. Through Sunday, May 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—"Circa 1910," an exhibit that takes a look at the art world in the years preceding the Armory Show. On view are works by, among others, Robert Henri, Max Weber, and Imogen Cunningham, as well as films and decorative pieces. Through June 8. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Prints and drawings depicting the artist's world—studio, art school, and so on—including self-portraits (Alfred Leslie, Whistler, others) and four portraits of the ambitious Abraham Walkowitz, who once asked a hundred artists to use him as a subject and, as a result, "lost fifteen pounds and occasionally fainted from the strain of posing." Through Sunday, May 22. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhaustive array of maps, ranging from a 1507 world map to maps made by computers. Through Aug. 7. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings, beginning May 25, until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Works by newly elected members and recipients of this year's honors and awards. Manuscripts and scores by, among others, Elizabeth Bishop, Alan Hovhaness, Ada Louise Huxtable, John McPhee, Howard Nemerov, Anne Tyler, and John Updike. Also paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Lennart Anderson, Paul Resika, Susan Smyly, and others. Starts Thursday, May 19. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A display of Chinese pottery that was made for the Japanese market between 618 and 1644. All the pieces, which include tea-ceremony utensils and vases, come from collections in Japan. Through June 26. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Furniture and decorations from the Royal Pavilion at Brighton, as well as architectural drawings and sketches of the place. Through Sunday, May 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A survey of the library's medieval and Renaissance illuminated manuscripts. . . . ¶ A display of some of John Ruskin's correspondence, manuscripts (one written and illustrated when he was nine), drawings, and personal possessions. . . . ¶ Forty-five books (including the only complete copy of "Morte d'Arthur") printed by William Caxton. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Through July 30.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Paintings by New York State folk artists, including Ammi Phillips and Sheldon Peck. Through Sunday, May 22. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—The current show here is called "Grass," and that's just what it is—a surprising variety of articles made of grass. (Bamboo is a grass, which helps.) Through June 19. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Diaries kept by writers (Virginia Woolf, Sean O'Casey, Herman Melville, and William Inge among them) from the seventeenth century on make up the latest show from the Berg Collection. Through Sept. 16. (Open every day except Thursdays and Sundays. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—An exhibit that re-creates, through photographs, architectural models, and drawings, the history of housing for blacks in New York. Through June 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

New Opera Theatre—The second of two programs staged by Ian Strasfogel, this one a double bill in English: The New York première of Viktor Ullmann's "The Emperor of Atlantis" (with Nancy Williams, mezzo-soprano; Chester Ludgin, baritone; Herbert Beattie, bass; and the New Opera Theatre Ensemble, conducted by Kerry Woodward); and the première of Dominick Argento's "A Water Bird Talk" (with Vern Sutton, tenor, and the New Opera Theatre Ensemble, conducted by Phillip Brunelle). (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, May 19—a benefit performance—and also Friday and Saturday, May 20-21, at 8, and Sunday, May 22, at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic Promenades—At Avery Fisher Hall, Andre Kostelanetz conducting the opening concerts of a four-week season

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

that will run through Saturday, June 11—"Gala Promenade" on Wednesday and Thursday, May 18-19, at 8:30 (with Anna Moffo, soprano); "Fantasy Promenade" on Friday and Saturday, May 20-21, and Tuesday, May 24, all at 8:30 (with Ruggiero Ricci, violin; Carmen Carrozza, accordion; and John V. Lindsay, narrator); and "Promenade à la Danse" Wednesday through Saturday, May 25-28, at 8:30 (with ballerina Martine van Hamel and a ballet ensemble, and Heidi Lehwalder, harp).

Senior Concert Orchestra of New York—Emil Kahn conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 18, at 2:30.)

Symphony of the New World—Everett Lee conducting, with Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano; McHenry Boatwright, bass-baritone; Ransom Wilson, flute; Erick Friedman, violin; Mary Lou Williams and Eubie Blake, jazz piano; and others. (Avery Fisher Hall. Saturday, May 21, at 3. For tickets, call 265-5050.)

New York Grand Opera Company—Vincent La Selva conducting an all-Verdi program. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. Saturday, May 21, at 8. For tickets, call 595-0537.)

Our Bach Concert—Twenty-four musicians, including Henry Schuman, oboe and oboe d'amore, and Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord, who perform without a conductor. With Syoko Aki, violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 21, at midnight.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Sergiu Comissiona directing the final concert of the season, with the New York Choral Society. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 22, at 3.)

Music with Jens Nygaard—Mr. Nygaard conducting the Westchester Chamber Orchestra. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, May 23, at 8.)

Boston Musica Viva—Richard Pittman conducting the second of two concerts, this one with Elsa Charlston, soprano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, May 26, at 8.)

Dessoff Choirs—Michael Hammond directing a program entitled "Seven Centuries of French Music." (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Friday, May 20, at 8. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. Tuesday, May 24, at 8.) For information about tickets to either concert, call 228-9226.

RECITALS

Witold Malcuzynski—Piano, in a benefit all-Chopin program. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 18, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, May 18, at 8, a program of Czech music; and Wednesday, May 25, at 8, a program of French music.)

Rebecca Penneys—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, May 19, at 8.)

Apple Hill Chamber Players—The last in a series of concerts. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 19, at 8.)

New World Consort—A staged production (four participants) entitled "Kalenda Maya—The Twelfth-Century Troubadours," combining music, poetry, dance, and storytelling. (Universalist Church of New York City, 4 W. 76th St. Thursday, May 19, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the performance.)

Parnassus—The last in a series of concerts of music of our time. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, May 19, at 8.)

Music from Montreux—Gary Karr, double bass; the Brass Quintet of the Orchestre National de France; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, May 20, at 8.)

Western Wind—A vocal sextet in a program entitled "Music in the New World, Part II." (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, May 20, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Judith Raskin—Soprano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, May 21, at 8.)

Ana Maria Trenchi de Bottazzi and Hugo Goldenzweig—Piano, four hands, with Alejandra Dondines and the Grupo de Danzas Folkloricas Argentinas. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 25, at 8.)

League-ISCM—The final concert of the season, this one played by Robert Black, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, May 26, at 8.)

Michael Newman—Classical guitarist. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, May 27, at 8.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**Mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. San Francisco, Wednesday and Thursday, May 18-19, at 8:05. . . . **Yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Baltimore, Thursday and Friday, May 19-20, at 8; Saturday, May 21, at 2; and Sunday, May 22, at 1 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Boston, Monday and Tuesday, May 23-24, at 8. . . . ¶ Texas, Wednesday, May 25, at 5:30 (twi-night doubleheader). . . . ¶ Chicago, Friday, May 27, at 8, and Saturday, May 28, at 2.

Crew—Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London. Sunday, May 22, starting at 9:30 A.M.; varsity race at noon.)

Racing—At **Aqueduct**: Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, May 21. The Roseben Handicap, Saturday, May 21. . . . **Belmont**: Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, May 23, through Saturday, July 30. The Shuvee Handicap, Monday, May 23, and the Acorn, Saturday, May 28. . . . **Garden State Park-at-Atlantic City**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Tuesday, May 31. . . . **Monmouth Park**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2, from Saturday, May 21, through Monday, Sept. 5. . . . **Pimlico**, Baltimore: The Preakness, Saturday, May 21.

Soccer—Cosmos vs. Chicago. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, East Rutherford, N.J. Sunday, May 22, at 2:05. For information about tickets, call 484-6010.)

Trotting—At **Yonkers Raceway**: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, June 18. . . . **Saratoga Raceway**, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, Nov. 19. . . . **Meadowlands Racetrack**, East Rutherford, N.J.: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, July 30.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

Walking Tour—"The Vanderbilts' Fifth Avenue," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, May 22, starting at the International Building, Fifth Ave. between 50th and 51st Sts., at 2:30. For information, call 534-1672.

Auctions—At **Sotheby Parke Bernet**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except May 28, from 10 to 5.) Wednesday, May 18, at 2: Jewelry, from a number of sources. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 18, at 2, and Thursday, May 19, at 10:15 and 2: Old Master and nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints, from many owners. . . . ¶ Friday, May 20, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century photographs, from various owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 21, at 10:15 and 2: Egyptian, Near Eastern, and Classical and Islamic antiquities, including thirty Egyptian cat sculptures, a Roman marble head of Venus, and an Isnik blue-and-white dish of early-sixteenth-century Ottoman Turkey; from the collection of the late Greta S. Heckett and from other sources. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 24, at 2: Books, autograph letters, and manuscripts; from many collectors. Exhibition starts Thursday, May 19. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 25, at 10:15 and 2: Russian works of art, among them icons, bronzes, silver, enamels, and porcelains; from several collectors. Exhibition starts Friday, May 20. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 26, at 2: Modern Mexican paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints, including four frescoes by Diego Rivera; from a number of owners. Exhibition starts Friday, May 20. . . . **Christie's**, 502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, except Saturday, May 28, from 10 to 5.) Friday, May 20, at 10:30: Jewels, from various owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 24, at 11 and 2:30: American and English silver, from the National Trust for Historic Preservation and from other sources. Exhibition starts Thursday, May 19. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 25, at 10:30: West Mexican figures and vessels and other pre-Columbian art, belonging to Millard Sheets and other collectors. Exhibition starts Thursday, May 19. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 26, at 10:30: Nineteenth-century European paintings, from the estate of Margaret Dunlap Behn and from other sources. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 26, at 8: Natural history books and autographs, from the Grolier Club and from other sources.

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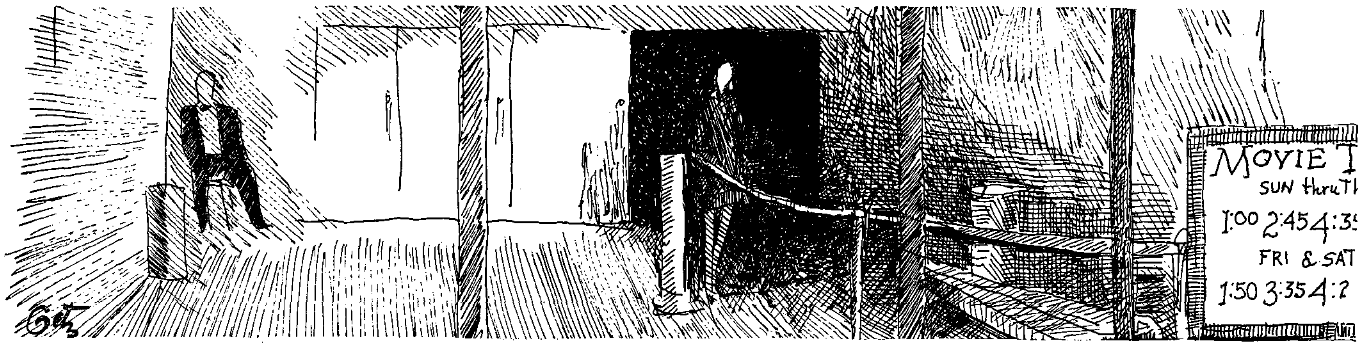

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Welcome to L.A."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through May 24: "Islands in the Stream" and "Cries and Whispers."
From May 25: To be announced.

Jean Renoir Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 10th. (873-8702; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
May 18: "Rebellion in Patagonia" and "Union Maids."
From May 19: "Tenderness of the Wolves."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 24: "A Star Is Born."
From May 25: To be announced.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Car."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Annie Hall."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through May 24: To be announced.
From May 25: "Day of the Animals."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Between the Lines."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through May 24: "Cross of Iron."
From May 25: To be announced.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Looking Up."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Cría."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Annie Hall."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"3 Women."

59th St. East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Beast" (X-rated).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Cousin Angelica."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Jabberwocky."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Nasty Habits."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through May 24: "Mildred Pierce" and "Dancing Lady."
From May 25: "Lovers Like Us."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through May 24: "Rocky."
From May 25: "Cinderella 2000" (X-rated).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Slap Shot."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Cousin, Cousine."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Black Sunday."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through May 24: "The Late Show."
From May 25: "Rocky."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through May 24: "Rocky."
From May 25: "Annie Hall."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through May 24: "Welcome to L.A."
From May 25: To be announced.

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through May 24: "Cross of Iron."
From May 25: "Star Wars."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through May 19: "The Godfather" and "The Godfather, Part II."
From May 20: "The Greatest."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Car."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through May 24: To be announced.
From May 25: "Day of the Animals."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
To be announced.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through May 24: "Cross of Iron."
From May 25: To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through May 24: "The Last Tycoon" and "The Day of the Locust."
From May 25: To be announced.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through May 24: "Rocky."
From May 25: "Annie Hall."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Late Show."
Theatre 2: Through May 24: "Providence." From May 25: "Fun with Dick and Jane" and "The Front."
Theatre 3: "Andy Warhol's Bad" (X-rated).
Theatre 4: Through May 24: "Woodstock." From May 25: "Cinderella 2000" (X-rated).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Raggedy Ann & Andy."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
May 18: "The Sting."
From May 19: "Smokey and the Bandit."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through May 24: "The Eagle Has Landed" and "The Odessa File."
From May 25: "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution" and "Rooster Cogburn."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Annie Hall."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Black and White in Color."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Man on the Roof."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through May 19: "Wizards."
From May 20: "The Godfather" and "The Godfather, Part II."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through May 19: "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser" and "Walkabout."
May 20-25: "Badlands" and "Fat City."
From May 26: "Equinox Flower."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Welcome to L.A."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Slap Shot."
Theatre 2: Through May 19: "Cross of Iron." From May 20: "The Greatest."
Theatre 3: "Rocky."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Jail Bait."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through May 24: "Through the Looking Glass" and "S.O.S." (both X-rated).
From May 25: "Fun with Dick and Jane" and "The Front."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
May 18: "Platinum Blonde" (1931), directed by Frank Capra, with Jean Harlow, Robert Williams, Loretta Young, Claude Allister, and Halliwell Hobbes; and "The Lady from Shanghai" (1948), directed by Orson Welles, with Rita Hayworth, Everett Sloane, and Mr. Welles.
May 19: "It Happened One Night" (1934), directed by Frank Capra, with Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable; and "Platinum Blonde."
May 20: "Twentieth Century" (1934), directed by Howard Hawks, with John Barrymore and Carole Lombard; and "It Happened One Night."
May 21: "His Girl Friday" (†); and "Twentieth Century."
May 22: "Craig's Wife" (†) and "His Girl Friday." (†)
May 23: "Lawrence of Arabia" (1962), directed by David Lean, with Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, José Ferrer, and Anthony Quinn.
May 24: A program of avant-garde films by George Landow; and "Sherlock Jr." (1924), directed by, and with, Buster Keaton.
May 25: "Diabolique" (†); and "Le Corbeau" (1943), in French, directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot, with Pierre Fresnay and Ginette Leclerc.
May 26: "Psycho" (1960), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Anthony Perkins, Vera Miles, John Gavin, and Janet Leigh; and "Diabolique." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
May 18: "Charulata" (1964), in Bengali, directed by Satyajit Ray; and "Shakespeare Wallah" (1965), directed by James Ivory, with Shashi Kapoor.
May 19: "The Cat and the Canary" (1927), directed by Paul Leni, with Laura La Plante and Creighton Hall; and "Vampyr" (1932), in German, directed by Carl Dreyer, with Julian West, Henriette Gérard, Rena Mandel, and Sybille Schmitz.
May 20: "Les Enfants Terribles" (†) and "Testament of Orpheus." (†)
May 21: "Death in Venice" (1971), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde; and "Suddenly, Last Summer." (†)
May 22: "Madame Butterfly" (1956), with Japanese actors and sung by the chorus from the Royal Opera House of Rome; and "La Traviata" (1967), in Italian, directed by Mario Lanfranchi, with Anna Moffo.
May 23: "The Falcon Takes Over" (†); "Murder, My Sweet" (†); and "Farewell, My Lovely" (1975), directed by Dick

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Richards, with Robert Mitchum and Charlotte Rampling.

May 24-25: "Mademoiselle" (†); and "The Bride Wore Black" (1968), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jeanne Moreau. (Matinée only on Tuesday, May 24.)

May 26: "Anna Karenina" (†) and "The Lady with the Dog." (†)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through May 19: "Buffalo Bill and the Indians" (1976), directed by Robert Altman, with Paul Newman; and "Badlands." (†)

May 20-21: "The Godfather, Part II." (†)

May 22-23: "The Music Lovers" (1971), directed by Ken Russell, with Richard Chamberlain and Glenda Jackson; and "The Boy Friend." (†)

May 24: "The Marquise of O . . ." (1976), in German, directed by Eric Rohmer, with Edith Clever and Bruno Ganz; and "Claire's Knee" (1970), in French, directed by Eric Rohmer, with Jean-Claude Brialy and Beatrice Romand.

May 25-26: "F for Fake" (1977), directed by, and with, Orson Welles; and "Mr. Arkadin." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

May 18: "Ikiru" (1952), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Takashi Shimura.

May 19-21: "Harakiri" (1962), in Japanese, directed by Masaki Kobayashi; and "Samurai Spy" (1965), in Japanese, directed by Masahiro Shinoda.

May 22-23: "Red Beard" (1965), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.

May 24-25: "The Hidden Fortress" (1958), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune; and "Samurai Saga" (1959), in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki, with Toshiro Mifune.

From May 26: "Tange Sazen" (1963), in Japanese, directed by Seiichiro Uchikawa; and "Three Ronin" (1969), in Japanese, directed by Hideo Gosha.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through May 24: "Anatahan" (1952), directed by, and narrated by, Josef von Sternberg; and "Crime and Punishment" (1935), directed by Josef von Sternberg, with Edward Arnold and Peter Lorre.

From May 25: To be announced.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

May 18: "For Me and My Gal" (1942), directed by Busby Berkeley, with Judy Garland, Gene Kelly, George Murphy, and Marta Eggerth; and "The Clock" (1945), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Judy Garland, Robert Walker, Keenan Wynn, and Moyna Macgill.

May 19: "Diabolique" (†); and "Panique" (1946), in French, directed by Julien Duvivier, with Michel Simon, Viviane Romance, and Paul Bernard.

May 20-22: "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961), directed by Blake Edwards, with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney; and "Roman Holiday." (†)

May 23-24: "Lost Horizon" (1937), directed by Frank Capra, with Ronald Colman, Margo, Sam Jaffe, and Edward Everett Horton; and "The Bitter Tea of General Yen." (†)

May 25-26: To be announced.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through May 22: "Mirele Efros" (1939), in Yiddish, directed by Josef Berne, based on the stage play by Jacob Gordin, with Berta Gersten, Michael Rosenberg, and Ruth Elbaum; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Starting May 24: "Americaner Shadchen" (1940), in Yiddish, directed by Edgar G. Ulmer, with Leo Fuchs, Judith Abarbanel, and Yudel Dubinsky; English subtitles. Showings at noon, 2, and 4 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Iimura, Levine, Gearey, Kuchar, Smith, Fleischner, Peterson, Broughton, Méliès, Vertov, Vigo, and others. Showings May 18-20 at 7 and 9; May 21 at 2:30, 5:30, 7:30, and 9; May 22 at 8; May 24 at 7 and 9; May 25 at 7 and 8:30; and May 26 at 7 and 9.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—"The City" (1939), directed by Willard Van Dyke and Ralph Steiner; "The River" (1937), directed by Pare Lorentz; and "Pie in the Sky" (1934), directed by Elia Kazan, Ralph Steiner, Irving Lerner, and Leo Hurwitz. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

Note—The Museum of Modern Art auditorium is closed for renovation until mid-June.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Anna Karenina (1935)—Greta Garbo is Anna in this version, directed by Clarence Brown from a screenplay that S. N. Behrman, Clemence Dane, and Salka Viertel all worked on. The picture is more M-G-M than Tolstoy; the cast includes Fredric March as Vronsky and Basil Rathbone as Karenin, and also Maureen O'Sullivan, Constance Collier, May Robson, Mischa Auer, and Freddie Bartholomew. God knows it isn't all it might be, and Garbo isn't even at her best, but she's there to be gazed upon. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 26.)

Annie Hall—Woody Allen's newest film—very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, called Alvy Singer and played by Mr. Allen, is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton, for whom Mr. Allen has written a splendidly funny and loving part. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/25/77.) (34th St. East, Baronet, and Little Carnegie. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., and Greenwich; starting May 25.)

Badlands (1973)—Set in South Dakota at the end of the fifties, Terrence Malick's début picture is about an emotionless young killer (Martin Sheen) and his fifteen-year-old girl friend (Sissy Spacek), who go on a murderous spree. The young lovers are psychologically aberrant, and their moral vacuum spreads over the flat, dead landscape. An intellectualized movie—shrewd and artful, carefully styled to sustain its low-key view of dissociation—but so preconceived that there's nothing left to respond to. (Cinema Village; through May 19. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio; May 20-25.)

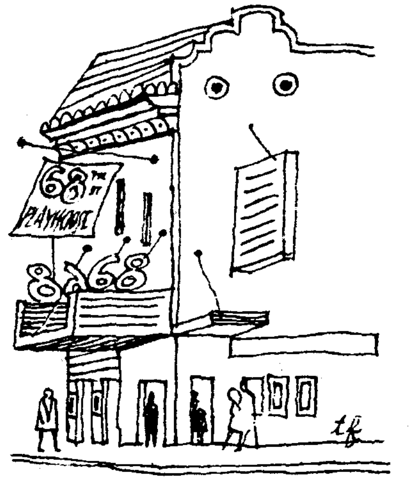
Between the Lines—Directed by Joan Micklin Silver, from a screenplay by Fred Barron, about a spirited underground Boston weekly called the *Back Bay Mainline*. Mrs. Silver's style is anecdotal and illustrative, crammed with good characters. The plot is engagingly unaggressive and unsystematic, leading to a slimy climax in which the newspaper is bought by a ruthless smoothie in a tie and a suit who is ready to sack and replace the whole raffish staff. The rebel, nicely, is the receptionist, whose habit is to be courteous to everybody, but who knows a rank herring when she sees one. An endearing picture. (5/9/77) (Sutton.)

The Bitter Tea of General Yen (1933)—This story about a cool, straitlaced girl from New England (Barbara Stanwyck) who is sexually drawn to the Chinese warlord who kidnaps her was the opening attraction at Radio City Music Hall. Tall, Swedish Nils Asther was a very peculiar Oriental, but he was certainly dazzlingly elegant and a highly exotic love object—too exotic, maybe, for moviegoers of the time, because, despite the tensions of the daring interracial romance, the picture was not a box-office success. One of the most interesting and least cloying of Frank Capra's films, it suggests the influence of von Sternberg's "Shanghai Express." With Gavin Gordon, Walter Connolly, Toshia Mori, and Richard Loo. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 23-24.)

Black and White in Color—Directed by Jean-Jacques Annaud. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Paris.)

Black Sunday—What if a terrorist Black September group were to try to blow up the eighty thousand-odd spectators and the President at a Super Bowl game in Miami? Robert Shaw plays, very well, an Israeli tracking down the assassins; an emaciated Bruce Dern plays one of the would-be killers. The effect of this best of the batch of what-if films is So what? Directed by John Frankenheimer. (4/4/77) (Loews Tower East.)

The Boy Friend (1971)—Ken Russell turned the Sandy Wilson show into an anti-musical and destroyed most of the pleasure the audience might have had. The glittering, joyless numbers keep coming at you; you never get any relief from Russell's supposed virtuosity. Twiggy sings adequately (though not well enough for the load of singing she's asked to carry), and she dances rather better, but Russell doesn't develop her possibilities, and she remains an appealing blank. (Cinema Village; May 22-23.)



The Car—With James Brolin, Kathleen Lloyd, and John Marley; directed by Elliot Silverstein. (Murray Hill, and 86th St. East.)

Cousin Angelica (1974)—With José Luis López Vázquez, directed by Carlos Saura. In Spanish. (Reviewed in this issue.) (D.W. Griffith.)

Cousin, Cousine—Jean-Charles Tacchella's cheerful film about a big family and two Rabelaisian apostates within it. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Craig's Wife (1936)—Rosalind Russell as the classic American ice maiden, the frigid Mrs. Craig, and John Boles as her depressed husband. Dorothy Arzner directed this fairly literal version of the George Kelly play. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 22.)

Cría—With Geraldine Chaplin and Ana Torrent, directed by Carlos Saura. In Spanish. (Plaza.)

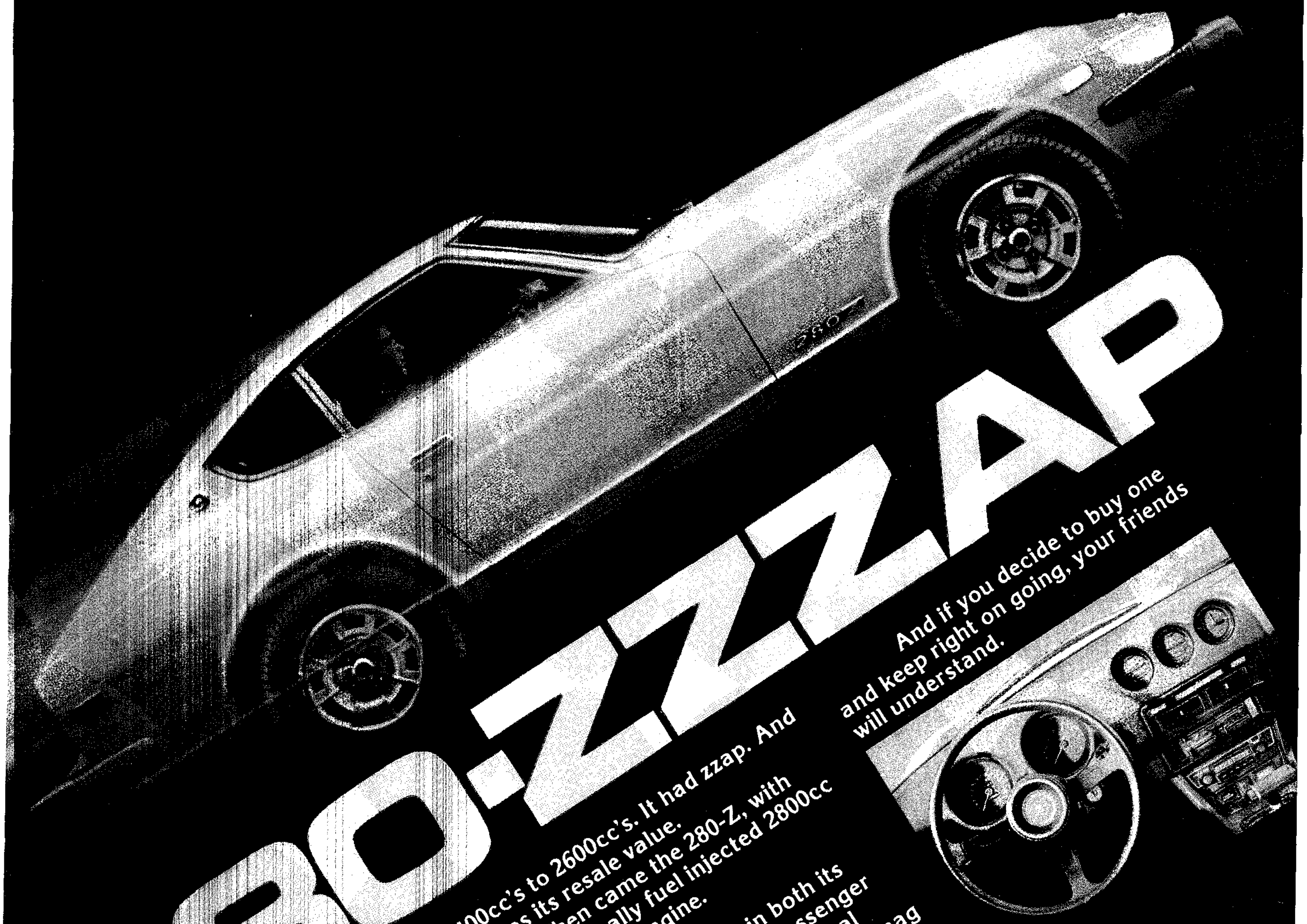
Cries and Whispers (1972)—Ingmar Bergman's dream play is set in a manor house at the turn of the century where a spinster in her late thirties (Harriet Andersson) is dying. Her two sisters (Ingrid Thulin and Liv Ullmann) have come to attend her, and they watch and wait, along with a peasant servant (Kari Sylwan). The movie is built out of a series of emotionally charged images that express inner stress, and Bergman handles them with the fluidity of a master. Superbly photographed by Sven Nykvist in a style suggesting Edvard Munch, the film is smooth and hypnotic; it has oracular power and the pull of a dream. Yet there's a nineteenth-century dullness at the heart of it. Each sister represents a different aspect of woman—woman viewed as the Other—and the film mingles didacticism with erotic mystery. In Swedish. (St. Marks Cinema; through May 24.)

Cross of Iron—With James Coburn, Maximilian Schell, and James Mason; directed by Sam Peckinpah. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews 83rd Triplex; through May 19. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux East, Loews Orpheum, and Waverly; through May 24.)

Dancing Lady (1933)—Fred Astaire's first movie. Joan Crawford is a dancer with her mind on her work; Franchot Tone loves her but is filthy rich; Clark Gable ignores her but agrees she should carry on at being a star overnight. Vivid and fun. (Columbia I; through May 24.)

Day of the Animals—With Christopher George, Leslie Nielsen, and Linda Day George; directed by William Girdler. (Eastside Cinema, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; starting May 25.)

The Day of the Locust (1975)—John Schlesin-



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ger's overblown version of Nathanael West's novel is a mosaic that never comes together. Waldo Salt attempted the next-to-impossible job of adapting the novel—an aesthete's view of society, set in Los Angeles in the thirties, in which the culturally debased people bring on the apocalypse. There wouldn't be much to remember from the movie if it weren't for a few of the performers—Burgess Meredith as an old vaudevillian, Billy Barty as a macho dwarf, and William Atherton in the thankless role of the artist Tod. (5/12/75) (8th St. Playhouse; through May 24.)

Diabolique (1955)—Henri-Georges Clouzot's grisly horror thriller set in a provincial school. The headmaster (Paul Meurisse), his wife (Vera Clouzot), and his mistress (Simone Signoret) work together and at cross-purposes to reduce their number by a third. Scary, but so calculatedly sensational that it's rather revolting. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 19. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; May 25-26.)

The Eagle Has Landed—What if Churchill had been kidnapped by the Nazis? The gang leader is well played by Michael Caine. Donald Pleasence as Himmler has a frighteningly manic breathless laugh. The trouble with most of these what-if thrillers is our contradicting knowledge of history. This film cleverly sidesteps that, and is worth seeing for its adroitness. Directed by John Sturges. (4/4/77) (Playboy; through May 24.)

Les Enfants Terribles (1950; called "The Strange Ones" when it was first released in this country)—The director, Jean-Pierre Melville, expands Cocteau's novel about the shared disorder and confused narcissism of a brother and sister into a baroque tragicomedy in which the characters move, as compulsively as in a dream, toward self-destruction. With Nicole Stéphane, fiercely elegant as the dominating Elisabeth; Edouard Dermithe as Paul; Renée Cosima as Dargelos and Agatha; Jacques Bernard as Gérard. This film, almost voluptuous in its evocation of temperament and atmosphere, was shot, on a shoestring, in "real" settings—the director's flat, the lobby of the *Petit Journal*, the stage of the Théâtre Pigalle. (When Melville was ill, Cocteau himself directed the summer beach scene, in Montmorency, under snow.) Cocteau provides cryptic, emblematic narration. The music (Bach-Vivaldi) is one of the few effective film usages of great music. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 20.)

Equinox Flower (1958)—Directed by Yasujiro Ozu. In Japanese. (Cinema Studio; starting May 26.)

The Falcon Takes Over (1942)—George Sanders played the Falcon (the suave, lighthearted detective created by Michael Arlen) four times, before turning the role over to his brother, Tom Conway. This was the third in the Sanders series—all brief, B-budget films scheduled for the lower half of double bills but still engaging. Its special interest is that the Michael Arlen character is placed inside the plot of Raymond Chandler's "Farewell, My Lovely" (which was filmed again in 1945 as "Murder, My Sweet," and again in 1976 under its original title). Lynn Root and Frank Fenton did the adaptation and Irving Reis directed. With James Gleason, Lynn Bari, Ann Revere, and Allen Jenkins, and Ward Bond as Moose. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 23.)

Fat City (1972)—A film about a boxer, though not about boxing, directed by John Huston from Leonard Gardner's novel. (Gardner wrote the script.) The hero, wonderfully played by Stacy Keach, is an out-of-training fighter who is just about to hit thirty; we see him staring at his life, and it seems to singe his eyeballs. The fat city of the title is the world of limitless booze and broads and money that men down on their luck plunder in their dreams. Tough, eloquent script, beautiful muted colors—mostly photographed in Stockton, California. (Cinema Studio; May 20-25.)

The Front—The writer, Walter Bernstein, had a nifty comedy idea—to make a movie about the blacklisting in the entertainment industry during the McCarthy era, centering on a political innocent who fronts for blacklisted writers—but he didn't develop its comic potential. Woody Allen gives the film its only spark. He plays Howie, a restaurant cashier and small-time bookie who becomes a front; the funniest, most original scenes show the stirrings of literary vanity within this nonwriter. Most of the film, though, is set up like a wartime anti-Nazi melodrama; it's the good guys versus the bad guys, and Howie becomes the Everyman who has to learn to choose sides. The pacing of the director, Martin Ritt, is off, the sequences don't flow, and the film seems sterile, unpopulated, and flat. (10/4/76) (Quad Cinema, and Olympia; starting May 25.)

Fun with Dick and Jane—A nitwit mixture of counterculture politics, madcap comedy, and toilet humor. George Segal and Jane Fonda are Dick and Jane of the children's primers, grown up, married, and living beyond their means in a suburban-palatial L.A. dream house; when he loses his executive job they turn to robbery. Excruciatingly badly directed by Ted Kotcheff. (2/28/77) (Quad Cinema, and Olympia; starting May 25.)

The Godfather (1972)—A wide, startlingly vivid view of a Mafia dynasty, in which organized crime becomes an obscene nightmare image of American ruthlessness. The movie is a popular melodrama, but it expresses a new tragic realism, and it's altogether extraordinary. Francis Ford Coppola directed; Marlon Brando and Al Pacino are the stars. (Loews Ciné; through May 19. . . . ¶ Paramount; starting May 20.)

The Godfather, Part II (1974)—The daring of Part II is that it enlarges the scope and deepens the meaning of the first film. Visually, Part II is far more complexly beautiful than the first, just as it's thematically richer, more shadowed, fuller. The completed work, contrasting the early manhood of Vito (Robert De Niro) with the life of Michael, his inheritor (Al Pacino), is an epic vision of the corruption of America. Directed by Francis Ford Coppola; the script is by Coppola and Mario Puzo. (Loews Ciné; through May 19. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; May 20-21. . . . ¶ Paramount; starting May 20.)

The Greatest—The career of Muhammad Ali, from his 1960 Olympic victory to the 1975 fight in Zaire against George Foreman. With Ali playing himself, directed by Tom Gries. (Loews Ciné, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting May 20.)

His Girl Friday (1940)—Rosalind Russell playing an indispensable, caustic girl reporter, divorced by the hero and now wanted back. The conniving editor is Cary Grant. A hectic remake of the original Ben Hecht-Charles MacArthur "The Front Page," directed by Howard Hawks with a kind of terrific verbal slam-bang that has vanished from current filmmaking. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 21-22.)

Islands in the Stream—The implacable stodginess of this Franklin J. Schaffner version of Hemingway's posthumous novel is stupefying yet impressive. George C. Scott gives a scrupulous performance as the fisherman-artist hero living in the Bahamas at the outbreak of the Second World War, who is visited by his three sons from two broken marriages, and then by his first wife (Claire Bloom). The movie brings out the worst in Hemingway—his mystique. With Julius Harris, David Hemmings, Gilbert Roland, and Michael-James Wixted as the middle boy, Davy. (3/14/77) (St. Marks Cinema; through May 24.)

Jabberwocky—Blithely announced as "at last, a film for the squeamish," this is an agreeably deranged English film, directed by Monty Python's Terry Gilliam, with Python's Michael Palin playing a dim-looking youth called Dennis Cooper. It is set, vaguely, in the Middle Ages, which is to say in the middle of demolition, muddle, and mayhem. The villain is the Jabberwocky, who looks batlike, in a cobwebby way, below, but has a fishy face. Highly recommended. (5/9/77) (Cinema I.)

Jail Bait (1972)—Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (New Yorker.)

The Lady with the Dog (1960)—A marvellous Soviet picture by Josef Heifits that perfectly transcribes Chekhov's story about a lingering, impossible affair between a middle-aged bank official and a shy young woman with a dog. They meet in Yalta. Both have unhappy marriages elsewhere. Over the years, they go on meeting. The gestures toward action are small and very moving. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 26.)

The Last Tycoon—Harold Pinter adapted Fitzgerald's unfinished novel about Hollywood,

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and Elia Kazan directed the picture, which was produced by Sam Spiegel and stars Robert De Niro as Monroe Stahr. With Jack Nicholson, Tony Curtis, Robert Mitchum, Jeanne Moreau, Ray Milland, Donald Pleasence, and Dana Andrews. The result is so enervated that it's like a vampire movie after the vampires have left. (11/29/76) (8th St. Playhouse; through May 24.)

The Late Show—The writer-director, Robert Benton, has followed the rules of the detective-movie genre, but he's also added something: the detective (Art Carney) is overweight, old, and scared. Lily Tomlin is the woman who hires him; Eugene Roche is a fence who loves his stolen goodies; Bill Macy is a scrounging bartender; Joanna Cassidy is a lying, cheating charmer; Howard Duff is a penny-ante detective; and John Considine is a sleekly handsome strong-arm man. They're all originals. (2/7/77) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through May 24.)

Looking Up—With Marilyn Chris, Dick Shawn, Doris Belack, and Harry Goz; directed by Linda Yellen. (Fine Arts.)

Lovers Like Us—With Catherine Deneuve, Yves Montand, and Tony Roberts; directed by Jean-Paul Rappenau. (Columbia I; starting May 25.)

Mademoiselle (1966)—Jeanne Moreau as a sex-starved pyromaniac schoolteacher, in a script by Jean Genet that punctuates Kate Millett's argument for him. Tony Richardson directed this exquisitely photographed, elaborately bizarre, ridiculous, and tedious movie. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; the matinée of Tuesday, May 24, and all day on Wednesday, May 25.)

Man on the Roof—Based on a Maj Sjöwall-Per Wahlöö book. With Carl-Gustaf Lindstedt, directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Cinema 3.)

Mildred Pierce (1945)—Joan Crawford rises from poverty to affluence and then suffers glamorously in beach house, roadhouse, and mansion from the nasty semi-incestuous goings on of her cad husband (Zachary Scott) and her spoiled daughter (Ann Blyth). Miss Crawford's heavy breathing was certified as acting when she won an Academy Award for her performance here. Michael Curtiz directed this glossy adaptation of the James M. Cain novel. (Columbia I; through May 24.)

Mr. Arkadin (1955)—Orson Welles directed and starred in this story of a fabulously wealthy dope smuggler who hires a man to trace his past. Ambitious and flamboyant but, whether because of technical problems or script problems or both, a fiasco. With Michael Redgrave, Akim Tamiroff, Mischa Auer, and Katina Paxinou. (Cinema Village; May 25-26.)

Murder, My Sweet (1945)—Philip Marlowe (Dick Powell) is employed by Moose Malloy (Mike Mazurki), a murderous, cretinous giant, to find the sweetheart he lost while doing a stretch in the jug; two beautiful women (Claire Trevor and Anne Shirley) periodically embrace Marlowe—a not especially perceptive detective—for the purpose of pulling his own gun on him. Raymond Chandler regarded this movie, based on his "Farewell, My Lovely," as the most successful film adaptation of his novels, and thought that Dick Powell came closest to his conception of Marlowe. The author could be wrong on both counts; the movie is energetic enough, but its crumminess can't all be explained by fidelity to the material. Edward Dmytryk directed, in the brutal, fast style popular in the war years; the screenplay is by John Paxton. With Esther Howard, Otto Kruger, Miles Mander, and Ralf Harolde. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 23.)

The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser (1975; also known as "Every Man for Himself and God Against All")—The story of Kaspar Hauser, chained in a dungeon from infancy and fed by a black-caped man who beats him with a truncheon. When he is an adult, the man carries him to a town square and abandons him. The townspeople train him in human habits and educate him, while he tries to retain his newfound pleasure in nature. Before the issues are resolved, the caped figure returns and murders him. This Werner Herzog film, set in early-nineteenth-century Germany and based on an actual case, is a double fable, intermingling the deadening effects of bourgeois society and the cruelty of the universe. Herzog has a visionary, estranged style; everyone is alone, immobilized, slightly stiff, and the film is a succession of unbalanced, slanted images. But this style is undramatic; it's numbingly pure. You fight to keep your eyes open. In German. (10/20/75) (Cinema Studio; through May 19.)

Nasty Habits—At its best, a movie of high wit and inspired silliness. Adapted from "The Abbess of Crewe," Muriel Spark's 1974 Watergate travesty set in a convent, the film features a coiffed little wolf pack—Glenda Jackson as Nixon, Geraldine Page and Anne Jackson as Haldeman and Ehrlichman, and, in an inspired bit of casting, Sandy Dennis as their flunky, John Dean. As Kissinger, Melina Mercouri doesn't help much, but the scenarist, Robert Enders, has added a Gerald Ford figure—Anne Meara, who is such a brassy, good-humored top banana that everything she does is funny. The script tapers off toward topicality and obviousness, but Michael Lindsay-Hogg's directing has a balmy gracefulness to it. With Edith Evans. (2/21/77) (Cinema II.)

The Odessa File (1974)—With Jon Voight and Maximilian Schell, directed by Ronald Neame. (Playboy; through May 24.)

Providence—Alain Resnais's intricately planned Freudian-puzzle movie, mostly set inside the mind of a dying writer (John Gielgud). Alone at night, in pain, he drunkenly plots a novel about the members of his family (Dirk Bogarde, Ellen Burstyn, David Warner, Elaine Stritch). The movie is peculiarly fastidious and static. David Mercer wrote the script. (1/31/77) (Quad Cinema; through May 24.)

Raggedy Ann & Andy—An animated musical feature, directed by Richard Williams. (Guild.)

Rebellion in Patagonia—Héctor Olivéra's enacted documentary film about the terrible 1921 massacre of workers in the far south of Argentina. The workers strike; the furious landlords, representing the great wealth of foreign business interests, advise sending in the troops. The topic is also the figure of the turncoat: Commander Zavala (Héctor Alterio) begins by wishing the workers well and ends by slaughtering them. An important film, with historical consciousness and a marvellous sweep. In Spanish. (5/16/77) (Jean Renoir Cinema; May 18.)

Rocky—A low-budget winner—a romantic fable about a Philadelphia palooka who gains his manhood, written by and starring muscle-bound Sylvester Stallone, who is repulsive one moment, noble the next. The picture is poorly made, yet its naïve, emotional shamelessness is funny and engaging. John G. Avildsen directed; with Talia Shire, Carl Weathers, Burt Young, and Burgess Meredith. (11/29/76) (Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ Columbia II, Trans-Lux 85th St., and Greenwich; through May 24. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting May 25.)

Roman Holiday (1953)—Charming. This is the picture that made Audrey Hepburn a movie star. Probably no one could have brought out her skinny, long-necked gamine magic as winningly as the director William Wyler did; his calm, elegant style prepares the scenes and builds the characters until this neophyte actress has the audience by the throat, and when she smiles we're all goners. She plays a Central European princess on an official tour of Rome; she flies the royal coop and has her first experiences of freedom with an American reporter (Gregory Peck) and his photographer-sidekick (Eddie Albert). The plot is banal, and the movie is no more than a Cinderella-style romantic comedy, but it is enough. Children adore this movie about a modern fairy-tale princess. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 20-22.)

Rooster Cogburn (1975)—Just about the worst. A Western shoot-'em-up, with John Wayne wallowing in the role of the one-eyed U.S. marshal carried over from "True Grit." Katharine Hepburn—her role lifted bodily from "The African Queen"—plays the schoolteacher-daughter of a missionary to the Indians. When Wayne and Hepburn spar, it's mortifyingly blunt vaudeville, and their inevitable mutual admiration comes all too coyly soon. Stuart Millar directed, from a script written by the producer Hal Wallis, his wife, Martha Hyer, and others; they all hid—as well they should have—under the pseudonym Martin Julien. (11/3/75) (Playboy; starting May 25.)

The Seven-Per-Cent Solution—A civilized light entertainment, with Nicol Williamson's Sherlock Holmes and Alan Arkin's Sigmund Freud pooling their deductive skills to solve the mysterious kidnapping of one of Freud's patients (Vanessa Redgrave). Chief among the performers, who seem to be having an actor's holiday, is Laurence Olivier, in high form as the criminal mastermind Prof. Moriarty; the others include Robert Duvall as Dr. Watson, Joel Grey, Anna Quayle, Samantha Eggar, Georgia Brown, Jeremy Kemp, and Charles Gray. Nicholas Meyer adapted his 1974 best-seller; Herbert Ross directed. (11/1/76) (Playboy; starting May 25.)

SLAP SHOT—Fast, noisy profane comedy set in the world of minor-league ice hockey. The director, George Roy Hill, gets you laughing, all right, but you don't necessarily enjoy yourself. What holds the film together is the warmth supplied by Paul Newman, who, as Reggie, a player-coach, gives the performance of his life—to date. (3/7/77) (Beekman, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

SMOKEY AND THE BANDIT—With Burt Reynolds, Sally Field, Jerry Reed, and Jackie Gleason; directed by Hal Needham. (Music Hall; starting May 19.)

A STAR IS BORN—The Streisand-Kristofferson musical version—sentimental, without being convincing for an instant. Those in the mood for an emotional extravaganza can swoon and weep, and giggle, too. Directed by Frank Pierson. (1/10/77) (Gramercy; through May 24.)

STAR WARS—With Mark Hamill, Harrison Ford, Carrie Fisher, Peter Cushing, and Alec Guinness; directed by George Lucas. (Loews Orpheum; starting May 25.)

THE STING (1973)—Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and director George Roy Hill trying to recapture the box-office glow of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." This time, the happy twosome are cardsharps and swindlers of the thirties; the mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before—the first blush of their romance has faded. It's a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people probably consider it just that. With Robert Shaw as the stiff-necked menace. (Music Hall; May 18.)

SUDDENLY, LAST SUMMER (1959)—One of Tennessee Williams' feverous fantasies, padded out by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, the director, and by Williams and Gore Vidal, who did the screenplay. They should never have allowed the audience so much time to think about what's going on: the short play turns into a ludicrous, lumbering horror movie. Katharine Hepburn is rather amusing as the Southern-belle dragon lady whose homosexual poet-son, Sebastian, was killed and partly eaten by the North African boys he'd preyed upon. Elizabeth Taylor is her distraught niece, whom she's trying to get lobotomized so that the girl won't be able to tell the story. Taylor works hard at her big monologue, trying to give us the shudders, but Mankiewicz has delayed her revelations too long. Montgomery Clift, in possibly his worst performance, is the dim-witted neurosurgeon who can't seem to get anything into his eminent head. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 21.)

TENDERNESS OF THE WOLVES—Directed by Ulli Lommel. In German. (Jean Renoir Cinema; starting May 19.)

TESTAMENT OF ORPHEUS (1962)—Cocteau's film, with himself as the Poet. Slightly awkward. The film is rich—too rich—in allusions to Cocteau's own earlier works and life, and the Cocteau legerdemain with disappearing and metamorphosed images seems aged and oddly spinsterish: all the same, he was a great man, good-natured and a true innovator. Worth seeing, especially if you have seen "Orpheus." In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 20.)

3 WOMEN—Robert Altman's dream film about three women whose identities merge, one into another, and flow together. Shelley Duvall plays a beautiful know-it-all girl who is an attendant in a health spa for the aged. Sissy Spacek plays the novice she breaks in, and Janice Rule plays a silent artist who paints lunging profile figures on the sides of swimming pools. (4/18/77) (Coronet.)

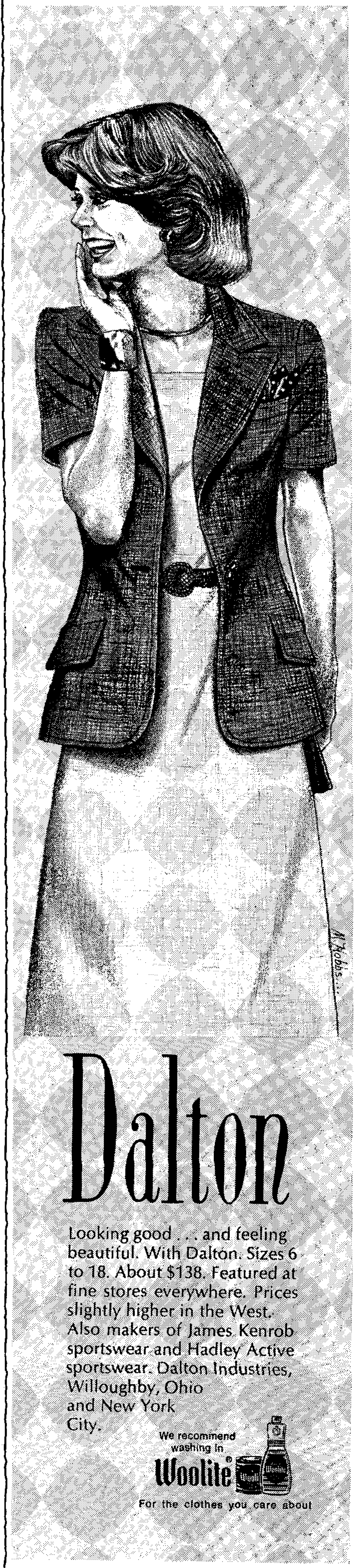
UNION MAIDS—A beautifully humorous, historic documentary made up of interviews with three women radicals who fought for better working conditions in Chicago in the thirties. One of them, Stella, a young-looking woman for her age, with a fine grin, was brought up on a farm; when she first reached Chicago she scratched the sidewalk to see if grass would grow. Another is Sylvia, a chuckling, brave black. Kate, the third, has been accused by her family of wasting her intelligence: What are you now? Nothing! But these women are indeed something. (5/16/77) (Jean Renoir Cinema; May 18.)

WALKABOUT (1971)—Edward Bond, the remarkable English playwright who wrote "Saved," did the screenplay of this intelligent and vivid story, which shows representatives of a run-down English class of sophisticates in collision with the natural élite of the Australian aborigine. It is nominally about three children—an English brother and sister, expensively school-trained, and a young aborigine, who piteously kills himself for love of the sometimes rather prim but intoxicating English schoolgirl. Taken from the novel by James Vance Marshall, directed by Nicolas Roeg. (Cinema Studio; through May 19.)

WELCOME TO L.A.—The writer-director, Alan Rudolph, is literary in a sub-literate way; he overvalues mournful poetic thoughts. And Richard Baskin, whose suite of rock songs "City of the One Night Stands" was the starting point for this sick-soul-of-Los Angeles movie, growls his guru-wisdom lyrics on the sound track. Their whimsical, laid-back alienation is stagnant and irritating; the picture seems drugged. Keith Carradine, Geraldine Chaplin, Lauren Hutton, Harvey Keitel, John Considine, Sissy Spacek, Sally Kellerman, and others perform attentively, but they're undirected. (3/21/77) (Art, and Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ U. A. East; through May 24.)

WIZARDS—A full-length animated cartoon by the unique Ralph Bakshi, of "Fritz the Cat" and "Heavy Traffic." This new color film, graphically innovative, is a fable about a future world divided between the forces of a good brother and a bad. One misses Bakshi's former pungent sense of the crude beauty of Manhattan; instead, we see a master craftsman making cartoon armies rush around like charges of cavalry in the Russian "War and Peace." The first cartoon that has the quality of a good epic. (Paramount; through May 19.)

WOODSTOCK (1970)—Michael Wadleigh's three-hour account of the Woodstock Festival, with half a million good-humored kids up there on screen. Wadleigh has a kind eye and an exuberant style; the triple-image editing is particularly effective on such groups as The Who. Jimi Hendrix makes "The Star-Spangled Banner" sound like an air raid. (Quad Cinema; through May 24.)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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

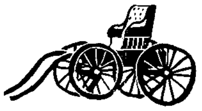
Notes and Comment

A VISITOR from a foreign land might reasonably ask why we continue to torture ourselves by listening to and thinking about Richard Nixon, a man whose wrongdoing and lack of moral stature have been so thoroughly exposed. One reason is that Richard Nixon still has the power to provoke a deep anxiety in us. There is something unresolved in our attitude toward him. A major source of this anxiety is that we have never been able to answer the question of the extent to which Nixon, elected by us, is made in our image. There is no escape from the fact that he reflects something about codes of behavior in our times, but it is unclear whether or not alternatives to his code exist which could be called alive and healthy. This is why the term "Nixon-haters" still carries a sting; this is why allegations—no matter how clumsily put forth, or how righteously used as a justification—that Nixonian ethics have for a long time guided people in power are so unsettling. Our footing is not quite as certain as we would like it to be. So we endure the insult of listening to this disgraced man make excuses for himself for enormous profit, because we have an imperative need to reach back into ourselves for some sense of principle by which to measure and judge him—by which to distinguish ourselves from him. We need to know whether such a sense of principle really exists. We are still not sure whether it is just Nixon who is morally bankrupt or the culture at large, and so we are compelled to test ourselves against Nixon in order to find out.

In a way, the Watergate tapes blurred this question, because the language used on the tapes was so utterly without pretense, so shockingly coarse. The offensive, semi-literate style embellished the substance with a blatantly criminal motif that allowed us to respond with uninhibited outrage. In the first of the Frost interviews, however, we were confronted with the bare bones of the Nixonian code. It rests on the word "technical": Nixon excuses himself on the ground that he did nothing "technically" wrong. The word as he uses it refers to the legal system, and, for the most part, to one aspect of the legal system, the rules for lawyers in counselling defendants—although the position of defense counsel ostensibly is not the position of the President of the United States. Nevertheless, out of these rules Nixon has constructed his moral universe, and not just retroactively; it seems quite clear that they guided his instincts on the spot as well. It is easy to point out why this is an inadequate standard. Our adversary system of law consists of methods and concepts, and one of the concepts is that it is more important to protect certain individual rights, such as the right of any person, even a criminal, not to testify against himself, than it is to get at the truth and thereby protect society from criminals. The method has evolved accordingly. For example, the law allows a lawyer to advise a defendant not to volunteer self-condemning facts, though the defendant will swear to tell the whole truth. We tolerate this sort of contradiction because an adversary system necessarily has some aspects of a game, with rules unrelated to moral absolutes. In order for the game to work, a player cannot be required to kick the ball to an opponent, no matter how deserving. But neither saintliness nor unusual sophistication is required to see that such rules do not represent a general code of behavior. Even within the legal system the artificiality of these rules is recognized, for they are applicable only within the controlled world of a court of criminal law. For example, a lawyer cannot legally write a prospectus for a client company which omits condemning facts about the company; he must volunteer everything. As for the difference between the world of law and the real world, we would scoff at the stupidity of a lawyer who, having advised a defendant not to volunteer his guilt, went home and lied to his wife by omission in the righteous certainty that he was telling the truth. Yet it is exactly this confusion that has taken place in Nixon's mind. It is a transposition that violates not only common sense but the nature of the legal system itself. Although the gamelike aspects of the system are often cited as evidence of its amorality, in a way they reflect one of its greatest virtues, which is a recognition of the limitations of any system of law. Our system of law does not claim to be able to take the place of God, as the source of morality. Built into its very structure is the understanding that it or any other humanly devised system of law is bound to be a crude instrument indeed, artificial and arbitrary in many respects, at best capable only of maintaining an approximation of order and justice in the society while at the same time trying to protect individual rights, and that to the extent to which a system tries to be more than this it opens the door to tyranny.

R. MacMillan

It is easy to make this distinction between legal rules and real life. One can readily point out the moral vacuum behind Nixon's instincts, reasoning, and behavior. And yet hasn't there been a similar vacuum behind the forces that have opposed his behavior? From the beginning, the voices of objection were unambivalent and strong. We were certain that principles we deeply believed in had been violated. But it was never easy to say exactly what those principles were; that is, without referring to the law—without invoking the Constitution, or the conspiracy statute, or the laws against bribery and obstruction of justice. Just as Nixon has used the law to define his innocence, those of us who believed his actions to be wrong were forced in the end to fall back on the law to express our positions—even though few of us would change our minds if he were acquitted in court. Nixon's actions were judged on grounds other than the legal ones. The virtues of decency and honesty were invoked, as was the notion of betrayal of trust. But the legal system offered the only code—the only encompassing framework—with which the unacceptableness of those actions could be clearly and cogently expressed. If someone leaned on the lawbooks to describe why he thought murder was wrong, we would consider his grasp of the principle tenuous indeed. We would not have much faith in his character—in how he would behave if he should be powerfully tempted to commit murder. But in the case of Nixon's malfeasances the legal system turned out to be our principal code of morality: our religion, our tradition, our standard of honor, our broker of salvation, our edifice of belief. This is a burden that no legal system is able to bear.



As one watched Nixon, in the first Frost interview, clinging to the paltry jungle gym of legal procedures as the primary standard of behavior for the leader of a huge and powerful nation, one began to sense that in one way he was being truthful—truthful in that he honestly did not know of any other moral framework by which to judge himself, truthful in that no other armature of principle was available to him on which to mold an understanding of his actions. One searched for a hint of something in his character, some shred of belief or awareness, that might have given him the strength and the foothold—a motive—to act differently; but, save for the misgiving that his strategy might backfire, no such motive was there. The only glimmer of another system of values was judgment according to what he was *feeling* at the time—an allusion to the infantile narcissism enthroned by fashion in the last decade, and hardly a standard that might have propelled him to a nobler course. And yet, as one asked oneself what that foothold of belief might have been, there was no ready answer—only a prickling of dread. Each of us may have a sense of principle which he has generated himself, or has drawn from his particular background, but that is not a satisfactory answer here. What is called for is principles that can be pointed to as the mainstays of the culture, principles of which not disparate individuals but the society is the custodian. What is needed is something that could be called a tradition. Individual ethics can be very fine, but they cannot survive for long if they are not reinforced by the society, and even while they last they can have little public significance if they are not echoed in the general moral awareness of the world in which their possessor lives. Perhaps such an awareness does exist, but, if so, it has become so obscured that we cannot be sure what it is, or even whether it is there at all. Under these circumstances, the only way in which we can clearly distinguish ourselves from Richard Nixon is by our view that the legal system is inadequate as a moral tradition. Unlike him, we are not at all comfortable when the legal system is made to assume this role. And we become even more uneasy as it occurs to us that there may be nothing sounder available to us.

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Eleven Seconds

LETTER from a fellow we know who is about to be famous:

Unimaginable excitement! I have been invited to dance with Twyla Tharp, at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. Right up on the stage with Twyla and forty-eight non-dancers like me! We're doing something called "Half the One Hundreds." It was originally called "The One Hundreds," and it was for ninety-nine non-dancers plus Twyla, but we're doing only half of it. We'll each dance an eleven-second phrase. First, Twyla comes out and dances fifty eleven-second phrases, then we come out all in a bunch and simultaneously each of us does one, and that's it—instant fame!

We've had one rehearsal, three days ahead of the performance, and it was a gas. Got to BAM right on the dot of 1 P.M., and found the lobby jammed with fame-seekers. Everybody, one way or another, had been invited to dance. Lots of kids, some mature types, and a sprinkling of celebrities. Kay Green, of the Academy staff, introduced herself and gave me a form to fill out—address, telephone number, stuff like that. She told me the kids were from Brooklyn College, Long Island University, St. Joseph's College, the Packer Collegiate Institute, and Erasmus Hall High School. Twyla needs plenty of people, because the piece is being performed three times and most of the celebs can dance in it only one night.

Went up in the elevator to the Lepercq Space, on the second floor, which was the Academy's Grand Ballroom in the days when there were Grand Balls. Now it is used for performances, and today it has tiers of seats at one end. A pretty black girl in a blue leotard stood near the grand windows, twirling a baton. Some celebs were already there, sitting in the seats. Hermione Gingold! Estelle Parsons! City Councilmen Robert Steingut and Abe Gerges and Henry J. Stern! (But not Brooklyn Borough President Howard Golden, who was listed as "Tentative" on a cast roster that Kay Green had shown us.) Miloš Forman, the film director, in a safari jacket, was speaking Czech, French, and, I believe, English. Lots of milling about.

Harvey Lichtenstein, the Academy's president, called for silence. "You are here," he announced, "because Twyla wants you to be the Chorus of the St. Matthew Passion." Twyla kicked him from behind. Twyla has shiny dark-brown hair, with bangs. She was wearing a black shirt, red shorts, and purple leg-warmers over pink tights, and she looked great in them. Twyla thanked us all for coming. She introduced the dancers in her company who would be helping to rehearse us—Rose Marie Wright (a regal young woman), Tom Rawe (a friendly-looking young man), Jennifer Way (a sprightly young woman), and Shelley Washington (the pretty girl with the baton). Publicity photographs came next—a dozen photographers clicking away like mad while we linked hands and formed what Twyla called "an orderly snake." Then Twyla and her people started teaching us the movements.

I learned mine from Shelley Washington. Shelley looked me over, thought a moment, and said, so deliciously that I believed her, "This is my favorite movement." She demonstrated what looked like an impossibly complicated set of head and leg movements, very fast. I began to feel some uncertainty about becoming a dancer. Shelley did the phrase again, more slowly. She demonstrated the head movements, and I did those, slowly, while she counted to eleven. Same with the leg movements. Then head and legs together. "That's it," said Shelley. "You've got it." Amazing! Practiced it a few more times, and Shelley corrected a couple of things, and that was that. Nothing *to* this professional dancing.

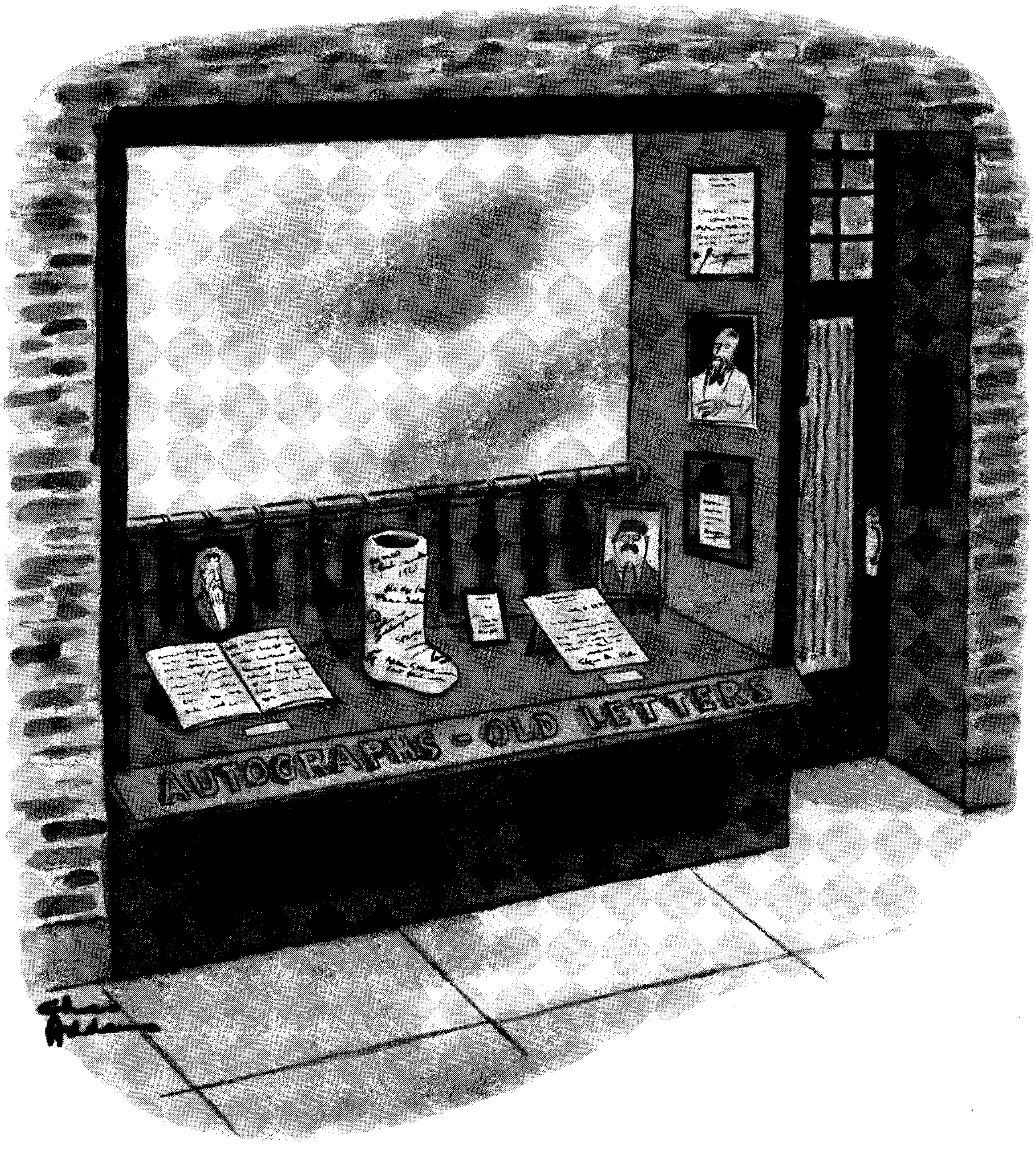
Hung around for a while watching other people learn their movements. Hermione Gingold, in a nautical-style blazer and white pants, looked very pro. Lester Persky, the film producer, couldn't get his legs to change direction fast enough; Twyla, who was teaching him, shrieked with laughter and told him to practice on his own while she worked with somebody else. A very pretty blond non-dancer in a very skimpy blue leotard was getting a lot of attention from the photographers; found out she was Morgan Fairchild (aptly named), a star of "Search for Tomorrow," on TV. Pia Lindstrom, also very pretty, in a red leotard and black fishnet stockings, was busy directing a crew of WNBC-TV cameramen; Pia not only was going to dance but was also going to report on the event in the evening news show. Harvey Lichtenstein (who once studied professionally with Merce Cunningham) learned his phrase in a jiffy from Tom Rawe. "I told him I wanted something uncomplicated but flashy," he said afterward.

At two-thirty, Twyla took a five-minute break. I followed her out to the hall and asked how she came to choreograph a piece for non-dancers. "I did it in 1970," she said—Twyla talks as fast as she moves, so I'm not sure I got this just right. "I was living on a farm, far from New York. I listened to all those country sounds, looked at animals and trees and so on, and thought, Wouldn't it be nice to make a dance that was as complicated as all that? Because it was going to be so complicated, I knew it would have to be short—eleven seconds, I decided. So I started making eleven-second movements. I made ten a day for ten days." Twyla said she very soon gave up the idea of having the one hundred eleven-second phrases danced by one hundred professional dancers. "No dancer wants to be asked to appear for eleven seconds on a stage with *ninety-nine* other dancers," she said. So she decided to invite non-professionals—people who, she said, "could appreciate the challenge of it." "The One Hundreds" had its première at the University of Massachusetts in 1970. Twyla revived it at the Spoleto Festival in 1975, using forty-nine other people instead of ninety-nine, and this was the version we would be doing in Brooklyn. Inviting celebrities had not been her idea, but it seemed to be working out O.K. "It's a way to meet people," Twyla said. "And who knows what might come of that?"

Twyla went back to the Lepercq Space, and I went back to my office. On the subway, it occurred to me that nothing had been said to me about the following: (1) what to do with my hands; (2) costume; (3) entrance and exit; (4) billing (on the marquee, that is). We're having another rehearsal, though, an hour before the first performance, and my confidence in Twyla is total. I've been practicing my phrase every day, and I'm sure everyone else has, too.

Grocery

LEIBEL BISTRITZKY's kosher grocery is at 27½ Essex Street, but he does not believe in half measures. Until 4 P.M., his store is all business. Then business goes out the window and



women go out the door: for ten minutes the grocery becomes a place of worship. The store fills with Orthodox Jews who work in the neighborhood, rocking back and forth as they say *mincha*—afternoon prayers. The space between the counter and the wall is just wide enough for a single worshipper.

"It's a two-by-nothing store," Abe Lebewohl, a local delicatessen owner, told us. "My wife was shopping there recently, and it was packed. All of a sudden, she's asked to leave. Ten minutes later, she's invited back. One minute it's a grocery store, the next minute it's a *shul.*"

When we crowded in with others at prayer time the other day, a worshipper standing next to the refrigerated cabinet casually opened it and aligned the packages of J. & J. country sweet butter. Another absentmindedly toyed with a coffee cake, while a third eyed Smith's bubble gum and then prodded a jar of Rokeach Redi-Jelled gefilte fish. When a woman tried the door and found it locked, the worshipper ahead of us raised his eyes from his prayer book only long enough to signal to her to be patient.

As business resumed, Mr. Bistritzky told us that he invented this combination of free enterprise and rigid devotion seven years ago, when his father died. Needing a place to say *kaddish*, the prayer for the dead, and having neighbors eager to say *mincha*, he invited them over. A quorum of ten—a *minyan*—is required for public worship, and getting one was no trick at all in this stretch of the lower East Side.

At about four o'clock, as though habits needed reminders, Mr. Bistritzky telephones his friends to tell them the time. One call goes to the nearby G. & M. kosher take-out shop ("Free Chicken Soup with Every Roast Chicken"). Michael Fleischer answers. "All Bistritzky says is '*Mincha*,'" Mr. Fleischer told us, "and since I know who's calling around four I usually answer 'Thank you' before he has a chance to say '*Mincha.*'"

Around the corner on Hester Street, at the H. & M. Skullcap Manufacturing Company, where business is booming, Mr. Bistritzky's call puts a daily crimp in production. With bar mitzvahs mobilizing, weddings marching, and special yarmulkes demanded for these occasions, every minute is precious. But when the call comes, Meilech Torn and Hersch Reiman, partners and brothers-in-law, stop the assembly line, clap hats over their yarmulkes, and run out of the store, trailed by their employees.

"It can rain, it can snow, it can lightning—there's *mincha* at Bistritzky's," Mr. Torn said to us. "He's a man with a soul. Nobody else would do it—close a store when he has twenty customers. If it weren't for him, a lot of Jews wouldn't be praying. So when he calls we answer."

Since not even the telephone is perfect, Mr. Bistritzky often goes to his door and shouts a toll-free "*Mincha! Mincha!*" at the switching hour.

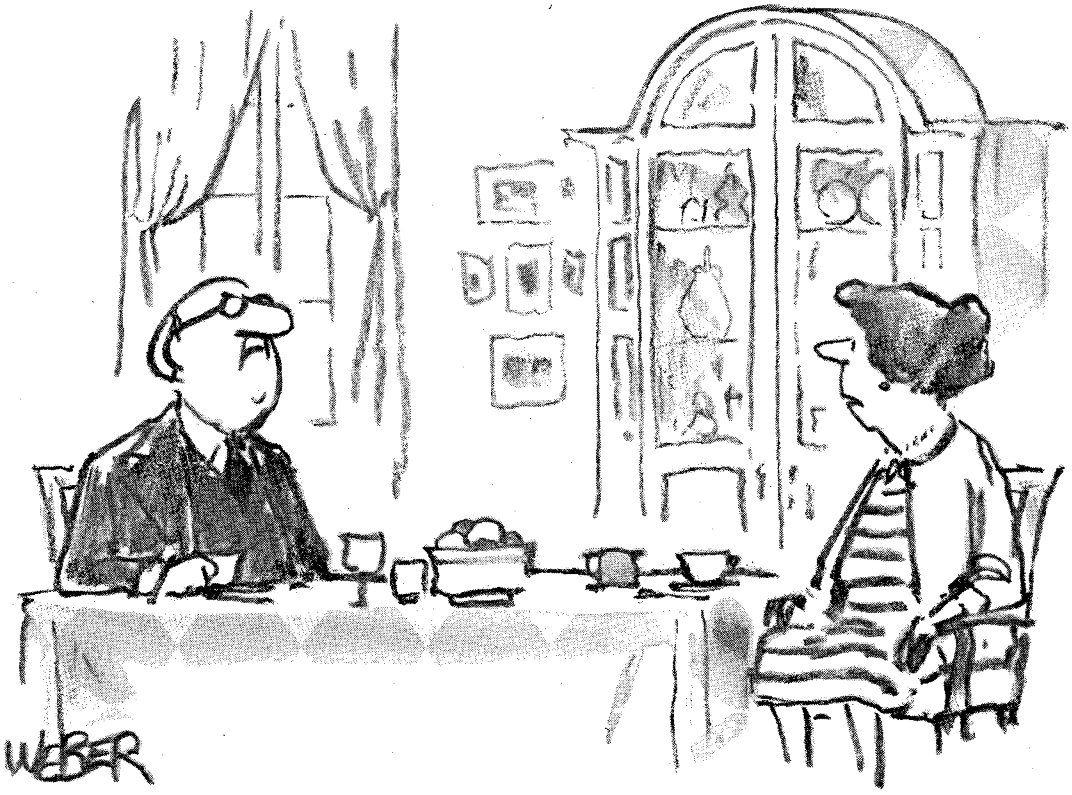
An imposing man of fifty, with a twenty-year beard, Mr. Bistritzky sometimes leads the prayers himself. During the busy season, a young man he knows who chants even faster is encouraged to take over, and finishes in less than the usual time.

"To close the store and go to a *shul* and then try to get a *minyan*—and maybe fail—would take too long," Mr. Bistritzky said. "Customers usually understand when they see us praying, but some people say, 'Always I come when you're praying.'"

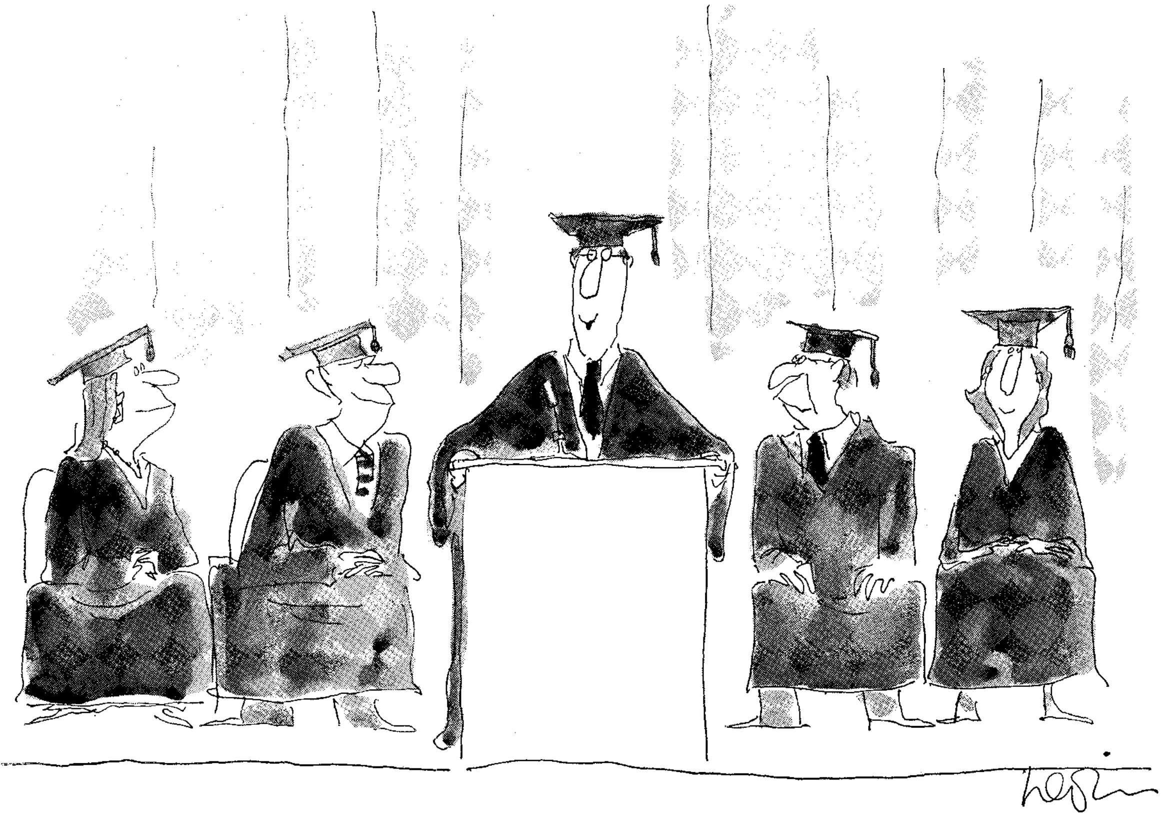
Mr. Bistritzky has ten children and nine grandchildren, eleven of them males. He feels that his *minyan* problems may solve themselves once enough of these males are of an age to favor his grocery with their prayers.

Rauschenberg

ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG, the all-inclusive artist, has been on our mind a lot lately. He is often on our mind, but has been especially so this spring, what with the large retrospective exhibition of his paintings, collages, sculptures, combines, drawings, prints, posters, and other adventures in art which attracted huge crowds to the Museum of Modern Art these last two months. Not that Rauschenberg's images can be confined within a mere museum, of course. If you happen to cross Times Square at the right moment, you can see a Rauschenberg light show on the big screen on the One Times Square tower; he was the first artist invited to make a program for the computer-operated Spectacolor sign there, and he came up with a sixty-second display, which appears once an hour. Moreover, a lot of brand-new Rauschenberg "spreads" and "scales" have been on view at both the Castelli and the Sonnabend galleries, in SoHo, and some of his recent prints have been at the Getler-Pall Gallery, on Fifty-seventh Street; and a group of earlier silk-screen prints can be seen at Blum-Helman, on East Seventy-



"Oh, for heaven's sake, then. I stand amended."



"We are gathered here today to honor all major credit cards."

fifth. Like everything Rauschenberg does, these various works in their various styles all reach out to envelop the viewer in a mesh of images filched more or less directly from life—athletes, clocks, birds, plants, pinups, Old Master paintings (in reproduction), moonscapes, automobile tires, a folding chair, a flashing red highway marker, a sea-stained rubber lifeboat. If you can think up something that Rauschenberg has left out of a picture, you can be pretty sure it will turn up in one sooner or later.

We caught up with the artist last week at the Castelli Gallery. He was wearing jeans, a tan work shirt, and soft, floppy shoes; he was sipping from a tall glass of Jack Daniel's; and he looked about the way he usually does, which is handsome, friendly, and alert. We asked how it felt to be the Smithsonian Institution's Bicentennial Artist. (The Smithsonian's National Collection of Fine Arts organized the Rauschenberg retrospective as its major contribution to the Bicentennial. The show opened in Washington last fall, and now that it has left New York it is travelling on to the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art; the Albright-Knox Art Gallery, in Buffalo; and the Art Institute of Chicago.)

"It doesn't make me feel more patriotic," he replied. "I do like Carter, though. I met him the first day he was in office, when he was meeting a group of actors and artists, in that order. Since then, I've had a letter from him, signed 'Jimmy,' and I've also had a letter from Joan Mondale asking whether I'd be available to help set up a conference on the problems of artists. Of course, I said yes. I think Joan Mondale will make an extremely important contribution to the art scene. She's really interested, and she knows a lot."

We asked next about the Times Square sign, which, we had to confess, we had not seen.

"I haven't seen it, either," Rauschenberg said. "Which ought to indicate how I feel about *that*. Doing it didn't yield any new experience for me aesthetically. It's a good idea, but to make it interesting for artists they'd have to modify it considerably—use three bulbs for every one they're using now, put in a dimmer, make it more flexible."

How was it, we asked, to see so much of his old work brought together in a retrospective?

"The pain and the pleasure come in about equal doses," he said. "A retrospective is a real obstacle. A retrospective can kill you. I think this show down here is an attempt to deal with the obstacle."

The new works at Castelli and Sonnabend, he told us, had all been done in two separate two-week periods at his home in Florida. "The main influence on the new pieces came from my having seen the Tutankhamen show in Washington," he said. "I was so moved by it that I was afraid I'd never be able to paint again—so I went to Florida and started right in. My emotional response to the Tut things was so intense that a lot of works of art I'd always thought of as masterpieces were just blanched by it. I saw a da Vinci that had always been one of my favorite paintings, in the National Gallery in Washington, and I thought, God, how clumsy! How simpleminded! Now, if that doesn't scare the hell out of an artist! Seeing the Tut show was very close, for me, to the surprise of walking down a New York street. The Egyptian stuff was organized, of course, but to me it was as foreign and as titillating as walking in New York and seeing the changes—the marvellous catalogue of trash."

Rauschenberg was hoping to get back to Florida in a day or so, but he had agreed to work with CBS Television, which was preparing a ninety-minute program on him, and that was taking up a lot of time. Time is a big problem for him these days. Last year, he made seven trips to Europe, in connection with major exhibitions of his work. He is heavily involved with Change, Inc., a foundation that he set up to make emergency grants to needy artists; and he lends his support to any number of other causes—notably the effort to get laws passed insuring artists' rights.

Did he sometimes feel, we asked, as though fame had him by the throat?

"Well, that's another of my mistakes," he said. "It seems I've made it, though—the mistake, that is. And so it's up to me to somehow learn to deal with it or adjust to it. I have to invent a method. But I'm basically oriented toward chaos. The problem is how to tame spontaneity and still take my chances."

TO YEARN IS SUBHUMAN, TO FORESTALL DIVINE

"BUT you have to eat *somewhere*, man." Roland Portfolio's voice over the phone, wheedling until now, simmered with impatience. "All I'm asking is meet the boy, have a sandwich with him, listen to his ideas. Is that such a hardship?"

"Roland," I said, struggling for self-control, "will you for God's sake get off my back? I've just finished telling you—this Friday night I'm due in Istanbul to catch a Turkish boat bound for Iskenderun and I'm not even packed yet. I've got a million things to do—convert my air ticket, close up the flat, buy a hot-weather fez—"

"Yes, yes, you sound frantic—"

"I'm not *frantic*," I said, and pounded the desk to prove it. "But the last thing I need right now is a kaffeeklatsch with some dropout from that cinema course at N.Y.U."

"Strobe Fischbyne is not a dropout," he snapped. "He graduated Antioch in three years and he won the top award at the Beaver College Festival for his two abstract films, 'Blossomings' and 'Mosaic in Bubbles.' "

"And he's also your nephew," I reminded him. "O.K., here's what you do. Tell him to send me a nine- or ten-page letter written in longhand, on both sides of the paper, outlining the film he visualizes."

"Why in longhand?" he asked suspiciously. "He can type."

"Because it's harder to read that way," I said. "But it'll help me gauge his personality while I'm scrambling around the ruins of Ephesus. He needn't seal the envelope, because the Turks'll open it anyway looking for coins. Well, Roland, thanks for ringing up—"

"So that's all friendship means to you." Now I was in for it—a jeremiad on my inhumanity, selfishness, and basic triviality. "Look, think back to your own career. When you were a nobody, a punk kid just starting out, didn't anyone ever lend you a helping hand? Didn't anyone, out of the goodness of his heart—"

"Stop!" I said wildly. "All right—O.K.! I can stand anything but that rabbinical intonation of yours. Where is this golden boy?"

WHICH, in essence, was how I came to be in the Village one day at nightfall, combing the purlieus of Bleecker Street for a coffeehouse named The Loony Bin. At long last, I found it, a dank, tenebrous tunnel wedged between an Italian social club and a leather shop catering to bondage freaks. Roland's nephew, predictably, was forty-five minutes late, and by the time he appeared I was so numbed by the sickly-sweet odor of hash and the hard rock blasting out of the jukebox that my choler had wilted. Strobe Fischbyne's dark, hollowed eyes, the wisps of beard depending like Spanish moss from his greenish-white face, and his expression of patient suffering instantly verified what I had foreseen. I was saddled with a Raskolnikov.

"Did you have trouble locating this place?" he asked. "The Village is sort of confusing for strangers."

"Isn't it?" I agreed. "It sure baffled me in 1925, but after thirty years or so on Washington Square I managed to get the hang of it."

He was clearly startled. "You mean you lived here that long ago? What was it like?"

"Oh, mainly fields, a few buildings. Not much virgin forest, though."

"Did you know Eugene O'Neill when he was hanging around those waterfront saloons, and E. E. Cummings?"

"Well, he may have hung around E. E. Cummings, but I think on the whole he preferred women. I believe he married a couple of them."

"I don't understand something," Fischbyne observed, perplexed. "My uncle said you spent most of your time in California. That you worked in Hollywood during the Golden Age."

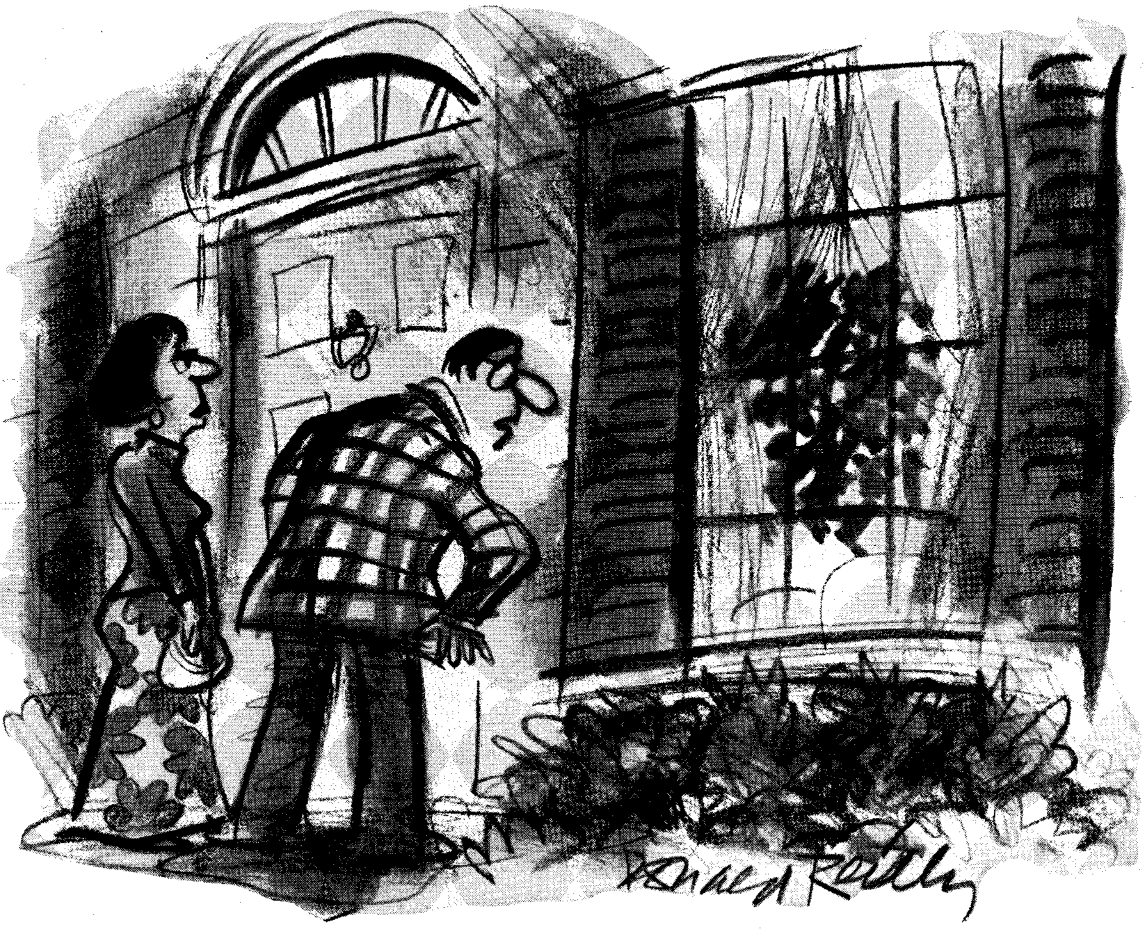
"Which Golden Age was that?"

"Why, the *thirties*," he said, enunciating as if to a deficient child or someone hard of hearing.

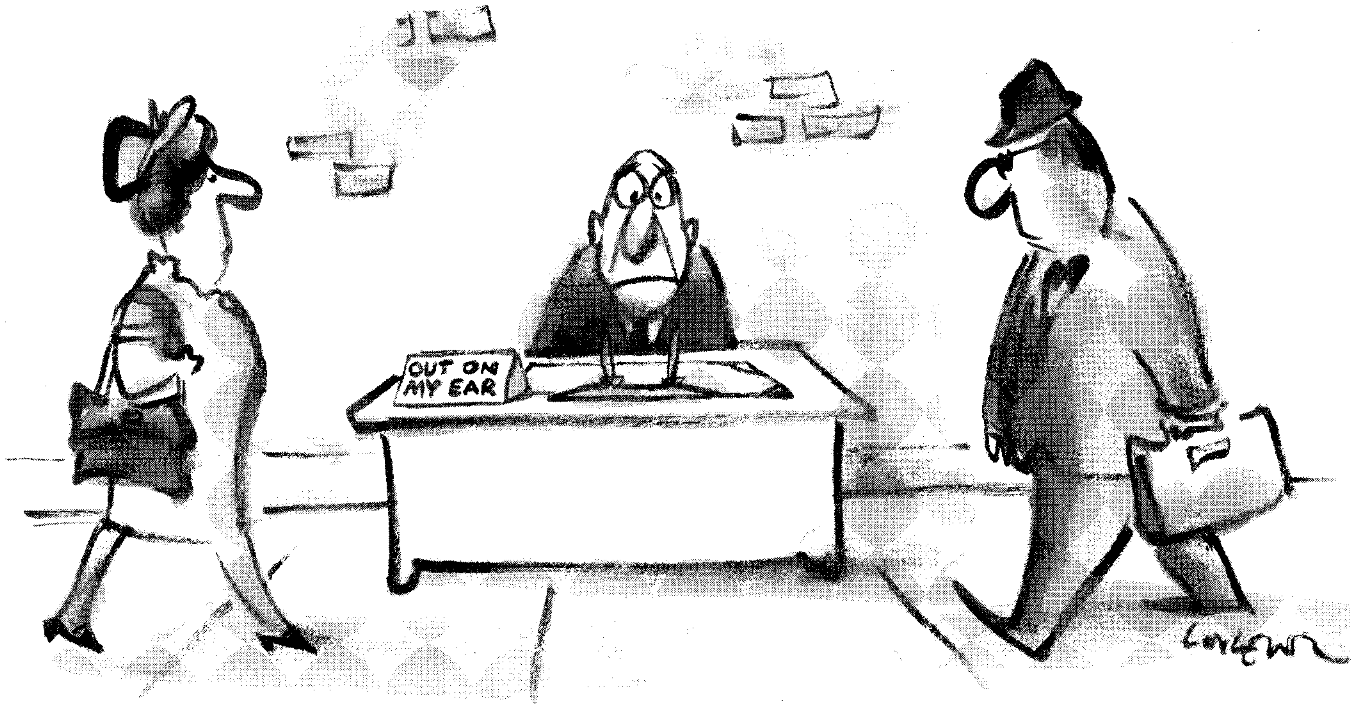
Chagrined that I hadn't brought along an ear trumpet like Foxy Grandpa's, I bade him particularize.

"You know, the era when Thalberg and Scott Fitzgerald, Josef von Sternberg, and all those greats were turning out their classics."

"What about it?"



"Uh-oh—cushions on the floor."



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"Well, there was a tremendous burst of creativity in those years—or weren't you aware of it? The same thing that was going on here at the Round Table in the Algonquin."

The temptation was strong to take the lad on my knee, dry him behind the ears, and correct a few misconceptions, but at my back I seemed to hear a Turkish steamer hurrying near, and I desisted. "Just what did you want to see me about, Fischbyne? Your uncle said you had a brainstorm about a film."

He frowned. "Yes, I've got the overall concept, but the skeletal framework is still nebulous in my mind, so to speak. I thought you might help me come to grips with it." Rummaging in his Zouave regimental jacket, he produced a crumpled bit of newsprint. "This piece in last week's *Variety* kindled my thinking. I'd like your reaction."

> Tobe Hooper, young Texan who directed the cult favorite 1974 horror film, "The Texas Chain Saw Massacre" [the item reported], is now at work on his first Hollywood film, "Death Trap," about a Texas psychopath who feeds people to his pet crocodile. Neville Brand plays the lead role in Mardi Rustam's indie production.... Hooper, who seems amused while directing the blood-and-gore antics of Brand stabbing girls with a pitchfork and dumping them into his crocodile pond, compares the film to a horror comic book but also feels that it resembles "Chain Saw" in being "a commercial film that I feel good about. It's much more complex than it seems," says the 33-year-old director. "I tried to establish some kind of motif that carries throughout the show—sometimes that's more important than what you're actually showing."

"Man, that's cool," I said, clutching at the only bit of jargon that seemed applicable. "I wonder if the flick'll still be around when I get back from the Aegean."

"Why, how long are you staying there?"

"Well, I planned on only two months, but I may take up Turkish citizenship now. However, that's beside the point. What's your problem, son?"

His fingers toyed with the tendrils fringing his mouth. "Would you say Hooper's theme is valid?"

"You mean of a psychopath feeding girls to crocodiles?" I shrugged. "O.K. for the raincoat brigade, but rather bland for the longhairs. Still, I daresay he'll beef it up—lay in a couple of shrinks and so forth."

"No, I meant his statement that the motif is more important than what appears on the screen. You agree with that?"

"Emphatically. In my experience, the public is sick and tired of watching actors hugging and kissing. What they're hungry for is motifs."

"Right!" he said warmly. "I was thinking along those lines, too, but I couldn't formulate it until Hooper put it into words. It's a totally new concept in modern cinema."

"Oh, I wouldn't go quite that far. I remember once, during the Golden Age, overhearing three ace directors discuss this very point—William (Wild Bill) Wellman, Billy (Wild Billy) Wilder, and William (Wild Willie) Wyler."

Strobe Fischbyne's eyes, insofar as they were capable of glistening, glistened. "They were the immortals," he said reverently.

"Well, not altogether," I said. "Two of them aren't dead yet. Anyhow, there they were, Academy Award winners all, but their current productions, as it happened, were bombs. Every man jack of them was covered with flop sweat, and you ask why? Because not one—I repeat, not one—had a motif."

"But that's precisely why I needed to see you! I mean so I could like steep myself in the residue, the effluvia, of your experience." He drew a deep breath. "I've decided to make a full-length documentary about jeans."

"Genes?" I asked dubiously. "DNA, mutations, all that stuff?"

"No, no—*Levi's*." He leaned toward me, his expression rapt. "The symbol of youth's sixties revolt against the crassness and stupidity of the Establishment. How does that grab you for a motif?"

"Fischbyne," I said after a moment's reflection, "every once in a while somebody comes up with an inspiration so dazzling that it leaves one speechless. The last time it happened to me was back in the Golden Age when Hunt (Wild Hunt) Stromberg told me his production plans for 'Naughty

Marietta,' with Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald."

His face grew radiant. "You really like it?"

"It's a winner, kid. It's got everything—heart, lungs, liver, and twice the box-office appeal of 'Chain Saw Massacre' and 'Death Trap.' Furthermore, you can bankroll the whole production with one phone call—to Levi Strauss in San Francisco. They'll flip. Think of the pants potential."

His face stopped radiating. "Wait a minute," he objected. "You and I seem to be on two different wavelengths—the commercial and the artistic. It's true I've only made a couple of films, but both of them lost money, and I don't intend to compromise now."

"Holy cow, no—never compromise!" I enjoined him. "But don't you want—I mean, would it hurt if your picture got back its negative cost?"

"I'd much rather it didn't, so I can go on being a young filmmaker," he said earnestly. "Now, the technique I have in mind occurred to me while I was watching some glue being melted. It would be a slow, dreamy montage of abstract shapes endlessly weaving in and out, underscored by sitar music and gourds."

"The jeans," I ventured, seeking to lure him back to reality. "I'm trying to envisage how they'd fit in with the abstractions."

"Well, I'm not sure whether I'll show them at all. They might detract from the purity of the concept."

"Yes, it might easily be a false note. Tell me, will the audience—assuming there *will* be an audience—be able to grasp the motif?"

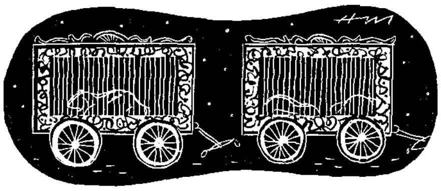
"Actually," returned Fischbyne, "I'd much prefer if they didn't. You see," he explained, "in a sense, a director like me is a magician. I enchant and delight the public, but I also mystify them. And I do that by withholding little things from them—motifs, bits of plot, et cetera. But I also give them something in return—the feeling that we're communicating, that through the witchery of the lens we've established a dialogue."

"A *viable* dialogue," I corrected, and arose. "Well, Strobe, if I may address you by your first name— What *is* your first name, by the way?"

He reddened. "Stanley. I haven't used it since I turned professional."

"A good name, my boy. Wear it proudly, for it belonged to one who, aided by a merciful God and infinite courage, won eternal renown on the Dark Continent—"

Simultaneously, with a report that clove the skull, a rock group exploded on the jukebox, blotting out the remainder of my sentence, which ran: "—and let us hope, Stanley, that one day the same merciful God will wrest the megaphone from your hands and consign you to the shipping department, where you belong." Fischbyne, meanwhile, was mouthing something inaudible that I took to be gratitude, but I wouldn't bet on it. Could be he was reviling me.



THUS, then, our brief and seemingly fruitless colloquy in bohemia. Nevertheless, it had an unexpected sequel. Six weeks afterward, at Lindos, on the isle of Rhodes, I received the following cable: "PROFOUND THANKS INVALUABLE ADVICE NEPHEW STOP STANLEY FORMERLY STROBE ABANDONING FILM CAREER STOP COMMENCING MERCANTILE DITTO KORVETTES SHIPPING ROOM MONDAY EXCELLENT SALARY STOP WHOLE FAMILY ECSTATIC BLESSINGS AND BON VOYAGE ROLAND PORTFOLIO."

—S. J. Perelman

LITTLE BLACK HEART OF THE TELEPHONE

That telephone keeps screaming its little black heart out:
Nobody there? Oh, nobody's there!—and the blank room bleeds
For the poor little black bleeding heart of the telephone.
I too have suffered. I know how it feels
When you scream and scream, and nobody's there.
I am feeling that way this goddam minute,
If for no particular reason.

Tell the goddam thing to shut up! Only
It's not ringing now at all, but I
Can scrutinize it and tell that it's thinking about
Ringing, and just any minute, I know.
So, you demand, the room's not empty, you're there?
Yes, I'm here, but it might start screaming just after
I've gone out the door, in my private silence.

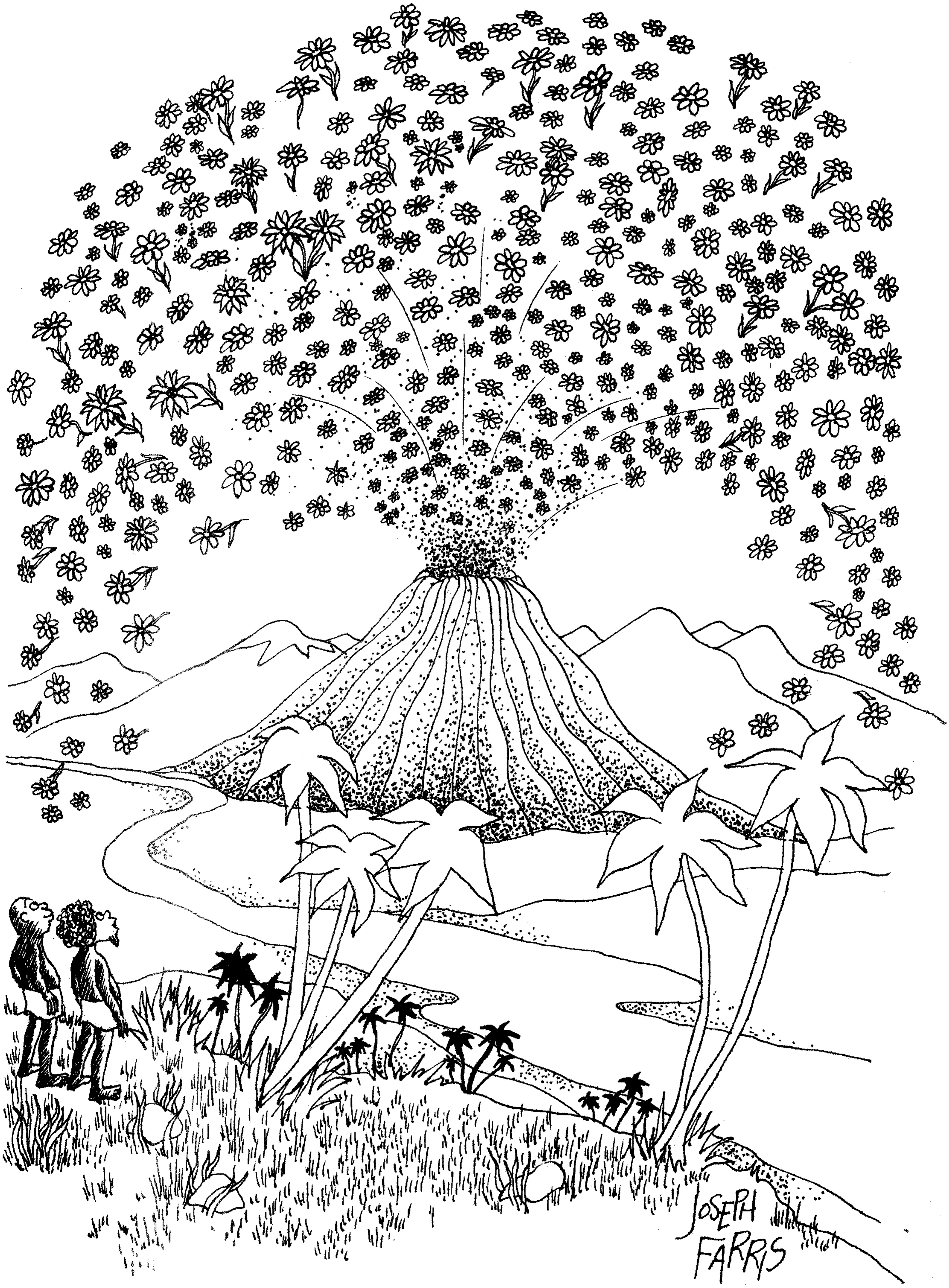
Or if I stayed here I mightn't answer, might pretend
Not to be here at all, or just be part of the blankness
The room is, as the blankness
Bleeds for the little bleeding black heart
Of the telephone. If, in fact, it should scream,
My heart would bleed too, for I know how pain can't find words.
Or sometimes is afraid to find them.

I tell you because I know you will understand.
I know you have screamed: *Nobody there? Oh, nobody's there!*
You've looked up at stars lost in blankness that bleeds
Its metaphysical blood, but not of redemption.
Have you ever stopped by the roadside at night, and couldn't
Remember your name, and breath
Came short? Or at night waked up with a telephone screaming,
And covered your head, afraid to answer?

Anyway, now in broad daylight, I'm out in the street,
And no telephone anywhere near, or even
Thinking about me. But tonight, back in bed, I may dream
Of a telephone screaming its little black heart out,
In an empty room, toward sunset,
While a year-old newspaper, yellowing, lies on the floor, and velvety
Dust thick over everything, especially
On the black telephone, on which no thumbprint has,
For a long time now, been visible.

In my dream I wonder why, long since, it's not been disconnected.

—Robert Penn Warren


JOSEPH FARRIS

"*How nice! The gods are happy!*"

ELKA AND MEIR

ON the nights that Meir Bontz could allow himself to sleep, his head would hit the pillow like a stone and, if undisturbed, he could pound away for twelve hours straight. But this night he awoke at dawn. His eyelids popped open and he could not close them again. His big, burly body heaved and jerked. He felt overcome with passion and worry. Meir Bontz was hardly a timid man. In his youth he had been a thief and a safecracker. In the thieves' den where the toughs congregated, he demonstrated his strength. None of them could bend his arm. Meir would often bet on his capacity for food and drink. He could put away half a goose and wash it down with a dozen mugs of beer. On the rare occasions that he was arrested, he would snap his handcuffs or smash the door of the patrol wagon.

After he married and was given a job at the Warsaw Benevolent Burial Society, which provided shrouds and burial plots for the indigent dead, Meir Bontz went straight. He received a salary of twenty rubles a week so long as the Russians ruled Poland, and later, when the Germans came in, a comparable sum in marks. He stopped associating with thieves, fences, and pimps. He had fallen in love with a beauty, Beilka Litvak, a cook in a wealthy house on Marszalkowska Street. But with time he perceived that he had made a mistake in his marriage. For one thing, Beilka didn't become pregnant. For another, she spat blood. For a third, he could never get used to her pronunciation—"Pig Litvak," he called it. She lost her looks as well. When she got angry, she cursed him with oaths the like of which he had never heard. She could read, and each day she read the serialized novels in the Yiddish newspaper about duped ladies, scheming counts, and seduced orphans. During meals, Meir Bontz liked to listen to the gramophone play theatre melodies, duets, and cantorial pieces, but Beilka complained that the gramophone gave her a headache. A quarrel would often break out on Friday evening just because Meir liked his gefilte fish prepared with sugar as his dead mother used to fix it, and Beilka prepared it with pepper. The few times that Meir hit her, Beilka fainted, and Zeitag the healer or Dr. Kniaster had to be called.

He would have run away from Warsaw if God hadn't sent along Red Elka. It was Red Elka's job in the Society to look after the female corpses, sew their shrouds, and wash them on the ablution board. Red Elka had no luck. She had trapped herself in a union with a sick husband who was surly and half crazy to boot. In addition, he turned out to be lazy. His name was Yontche. He was a bookbinder by trade. On Bloody Wednesday, in 1905, when the Cossacks killed dozens of revolutionaries who had converged on the town hall to demand a constitution from the czar, Yontche caught a bullet in the spine. Afterward, he had a kidney removed in the hospital on Czysta Street, and he never completely recovered. Elka had two children by him, both of whom died of scarlet fever. Although Elka had already passed forty—she was three years older than Meir—she still looked like a girl. Her red hair cut in a Dutch bob didn't have a gray strand in it. Elka was small and slim. Her eyes were green as a cat's, her nose beaklike, her cheeks red as apples. Elka's power lay in her mouth. When she laughed, you could hear her halfway down the street. When she abused somebody, words and phrases shot from her sharp tongue until you didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Elka had strong teeth, and in a fight she would bite like a bitch.

"The people, no."

When Elka first came to the Society and Meir Bontz observed her antics, he was frightened of her. She bantered with the dead as if they were still alive. "Lie quiet there, hush!" she would admonish a corpse. "Don't play any of your tricks. We'll pack you in a shipping crate and send you off. You danced away your few years and now it's time to go nighty-night."

Once, Meir saw Elka take a cigarette from her mouth and stick it between a corpse's lips. Meir told her that one must not do such things. "Don't fret your head about it," she said. "I'll get so many whippings in Gehenna anyhow, it'll only mean one lash more." And she slapped her own buttock.

It wasn't long before Meir Bontz fell in love with Elka, with a passion he would not have thought possible. He yearned for her even when they were together. He could never get enough of her spicy talk.

As a boy, and even later, Meir Bontz had often boasted that he would never be tied to a woman's apron strings. When a wench started to play hard to get or to nag him, he would tell her to go to blazes. He used to say that in the dark all cats are gray. But he couldn't resist Elka. She made fun of his size and bulk, his enormous appetite, his huge feet, his rumbling

"That's Harry Krance. He knows whereof he speaks."

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voice—all in good nature. She called him "buffalo," "bear," "bull." Playfully, she tried to plait braids in his mop of bristly hair, as Delilah had done to Samson. It wasn't easy for Meir and Elka to have the time with each other they wanted. He couldn't come to her house or she to his. They tried to seek out rooms where you could spend the night without registering. Often they couldn't even do this; before they left their houses they would be summoned to the scene of a tragedy—someone had been run over, or had hanged himself, or jumped out of a window, or been burned to death. In such cases autopsies were demanded by the police, who had to be outwitted or bribed, since autopsies were against Jewish law. Red Elka always found a way. She spoke Russian and Polish, and after the Germans occupied Warsaw in 1915 she learned to converse with their policemen in German-Yiddish. She would flirt with the krauts and skillfully slip banknotes into their pockets.

Red Elka eventually managed it so that Meir Bontz became her assistant and her coachman, and later her chauffeur. The Society had acquired a car that was dispatched to bring in corpses from the outskirts and the resort towns on the Otwock line, and Meir learned to drive. Sometimes the couple had to ride at night through fields and forests, and this provided them the best opportunity to make love. Red Elka would sit beside Meir and with the eyes of a hawk search out a spot where they could lie down undisturbed. She would say, "The corpse will have to wait. What's his hurry? The grave won't go sour."

Elka smoked as she kissed Meir and at times even as she gave herself to him. Her time for childbearing had passed, but lust had grown within her over the years. When Meir Bontz was with her, he wanted to forget that he worked for a burial society, but Elka wouldn't let him forget. She would say, "Oy, Meir, when you kick the bucket what a heavy corpse you'll be! You'll need eight sets of pallbearers."

"Shut your yap!"

"You're trembling, eh? No one can avoid it."

Red Elka developed such power over Meir that things which had once seemed repellent now attracted him. He used her expressions, began smoking her brand of cigarettes, and ate only her favorite dishes. Elka never got drunk, but after a drink she became more flippant than ever. She blasphemed, made fun of the Angel of Death, the destroying angels, of Gehenna, and the saints in Heaven. One time Meir heard her say to a corpse, "Don't fret, corpse, rest in peace. You left your wife a pretty dowry and your successor will be in clover with her." And she gave the dead man a tickle under the armpit.

It wasn't Meir Bontz's way to think too much. As soon as he started to concentrate, his brain would cloud over and he'd get sleepy. He realized well enough that Elka's conduct toward the dead came from some idiotic urge stuck in her mind like a wedge, but he reminded himself that every woman he had known had had her peculiarities. Meir had even had one who ordered him to beat her with a strap and spit on her. During his few stays in prison, he heard stories from other convicts that made his hair stand on end.

Well, since he had commenced his affair with Elka, thoughts assailed Meir like locusts. Tonight, he slept at home —he in one bed and Beilka in the other. He had slept several hours when suddenly he awoke with the anxiety of one who has fallen into a dilemma. Beilka snored, whistled through her nose, sighed. Meir had proposed a divorce—he offered to go on supporting her—but Beilka refused. In the dark, he could see only Elka before his eyes. She joked with him and called him outlandish names. Elka was far from virtuous. For years she had worked in a brothel on Grzybowska Street. She had

HOW TO GET AHEAD
CAN DO, CHIEF!
CBarsotti

undoubtedly had more men in her life than Meir had hairs on his head. She had enjoyed a passionate affair with a panderer, Leibele Marvicher, who had been stabbed to death by Blind Feivel. Elka still cried when she talked about this pimp. Just the same, Meir was ready to marry her if she was free from Yontche. Someone had told him that in America there were private funeral parlors and one could get rich there from operating such an enterprise. Meir had a fantasy: he and Elka went to America and opened a funeral parlor. Yontche the consumptive died, and Meir got rid of Beilka. In the New Land no one knew of his criminal activities or of Elka's whoring. The whole day they would be busy with the corpses, and in the evenings they would go to the theatre. Meir would become a member of a rich synagogue. They had sons and daughters and lived in their own house. The wealthiest corpses in all New York were brought to their funeral parlor. A wild notion flashed through Meir's brain—they *did* not have to wait. He could make away with Beilka in half a minute; all he had to do was give her throat one squeeze. Elka could slip Yontche a pill. Since they were both sick anyhow, what difference did it make if they went a year sooner or a year later?

A fear fell over Meir from his own thoughts, and he began to grunt and scratch. He sat up with such force that the bed springs squealed.

Beilka awoke. "Why are you squirming around like a snake? Let me sleep!"

"Sleep, Litvak pig."

"You've got the itch, have you? So long as I breathe she'll never be your wife. A tart is what she'll stay, a slut, a tramp, a whore from 6 Krochmalna Street, may she burn like a fire, dear Father in Heaven!"

"Shut up, woman, or you're a dead one on the spot!"

"You want to kill me, eh? Take a knife and stab away. Compared to this life, death would be Paradise." Beilka began to cough, cry, spit.

Meir got out of bed. He knew that Elka had wallowed in a brothel on Grzybowska Street, but 6 Krochmalna Street was news to him. Apparently Beilka knew more about Elka than he did. He was overcome with rage and a need to shout, to drag Beilka around by her hair. He knew the brothel at 6 Krochmalna—a windowless cellar, a living grave. *No, it couldn't be—she's making it up.* He felt about to retch.

THE years passed, and Meir Bontz didn't rightly know where. Beilka suffered one hemorrhage after another, and he had to put her in a sanatorium in Otwock. The doctors said that she wasn't long for the world, but somehow there in the fresh air they kept her soul flickering. Meir had to pay her expenses. He now had the apartment to himself, and Elka was free to come to him. Elka's husband Yontche ailed at home. But the lovers didn't have the time to be together. After the war broke out on that day of Ab in 1914, the shootings, stabbings, and suicides multiplied. Refugees converged upon the city from half of Poland. The black car was constantly in use collecting corpses. Meir and Elka couldn't give up even an hour to pleasure. Their affair consisted of talk, kisses, plans. When the Germans occupied Warsaw, hunger and typhus emptied whole buildings. Still, Elka lost none of her light-mindedness. Death remained a joke to her—an opportunity to revile God and man, to repeat over and over that life hung on a hair, that hopes were spiderwebs, that all the promises about a world to come, the Messiah, and Resurrection were lies, and that whatever wasn't seized now was lost forever. But to seize you needed time. Elka would complain, "You'll see, Meir, we won't even have time to die."

Elka had almost stopped eating. She nibbled on a cookie, a sausage, a bar of chocolate. She drank whiskey and smoked. Meir got along on uncooked food. In the middle of the night the telephone would ring and they would be summoned to police headquarters, to the Jewish Hospital on Czysta Street, to the Hospital for Epidemic Diseases on Pokorna Street, to the morgue. They no longer even took off Sabbaths and holidays. The other employees of the Society got summer vacations, but no one could or would substitute for Elka or Meir. They were the only ones who had established connections with the police, the civil authorities, the military, the officials of the Gesia and the Praga Cemeteries.

Meir's apartment had grown dusty and neglected. Plaster fell from the walls. Since tenants had stopped paying rent, landlords had ceased making repairs. Pipes that burst from the frosts were not fixed. Toilets became clogged. On the rare occasions Elka prepared to spend the night at Meir's, she tried to straighten up, but the telephone always interrupted her. The couple was called in to attend victims of shootings, of fires, of heart attacks in the street. As the telephone rang, Elka would exclaim, "Congratulations. It's the Angel of Death!" And before Meir could ask what had happened she would be throwing on her clothes.

IN Russia, the czar had abdicated. The Germans had begun to suffer setbacks at the front. Somehow between a yes and a no, Poland had become independent, but this didn't slow the sicknesses and deaths. For a short time peace prevailed; then the Bolsheviks invaded Poland, and once again refugees from the provinces invaded Warsaw. In the towns they captured, the Bolsheviks shot rabbis and wealthy men. The Poles hanged Communists. Elka's husband, Yontche, died, but Elka didn't observe shivah. Meir couldn't read or write, and she was needed to read documents, to sign papers, and mark down names and addresses. Because the two worked long hours, they earned a lot of money, but inflation had made it worthless. The several hundred rubles Meir had saved up for a rainy day were now worthless and lay in an open drawer—no thief would bother to touch them. Elka had bought jewelry, but she had no opportunity to wear it. When Meir asked one time why she didn't put on her trinkets, she said, "When? You'll place them in the pockets of my shrouds." She was referring to the proverb that shrouds have no pockets.

Meir had long since gathered that Elka didn't only make fun of other corpses—her own death too seemed to her a game, a jest, or the Devil knew what. Meir disliked to talk of death, but Elka brought up at every opportunity that what she was doing would undoubtedly be done to her. She had already arranged for a plot at the Gesia Cemetery—the Society had given her a bargain on it. She had made Meir vow that when he died he would be put to rest not next to Beilka but next to her, Elka. Meir would often lose his temper at her: she was just beginning to live; what kind of talk was this?

But Elka would counter, "You're scared, eh, Meirl? No one knows what his tomorrow will be. Death doesn't look at the calendar." Everyone in her family had died young—her father, her mother, her sister Reitza, her brother Chaim Fishl. How was she any better than the others?

Meir received a phone call from Otwock telling him that Beilka had died. She had eaten breakfast that morning as on any other day. She had even tried reading the novel in the Yiddish newspaper, but at lunchtime when the nurse came to take her temperature she found Beilka dead. Meir wanted to go to Otwock by himself, but Elka insisted she come with him. As always, she got her way. Since Meir had arranged for a plot for himself next to Elka, Beilka was buried in Karczew, a village near Otwock. Although the women of the Karczew Burial Society considered this sacrilege, Elka fussed over Beilka's body, washed her with an egg yolk, and sewed her shrouds.

She shouted down into Beilka's grave, "We will come to you, not you to us. May you intercede for us on High!"

It seemed now that Meir and Elka would immediately marry. Why keep two apartments? Why maintain two households? But Elka kept putting it off. She refused to marry until a year had passed. She had read somewhere that until the first anniversary the soul still hovered among those close to it. After the year passed, Elka found new excuses. She wanted to change apartments, to buy new furniture, to get herself a wardrobe, to take a long leave of absence (she had years of vacation coming) and go to Paris. She talked this way and that—now seriously, now in jest. Meir Bontz hadn't forgotten his fantasies about America, but Elka argued, "What do you need with America? You don't live there forever either."

One night when Meir and Elka managed to get away and Meir was staying at her place, Elka took Meir's hand and guided it to her left breast. "Feel. Right there," she said.

Meir felt something hard. "What is it?"

"A growth. My mother died of the same thing. So did my Aunt Gittel."

"Go to the doctor first thing tomorrow."

"A doctor, eh? If my mother hadn't rushed to the doctors, she would have died an easy death. Those butchers hacked her to pieces. Meir, I'm not such a dunce."

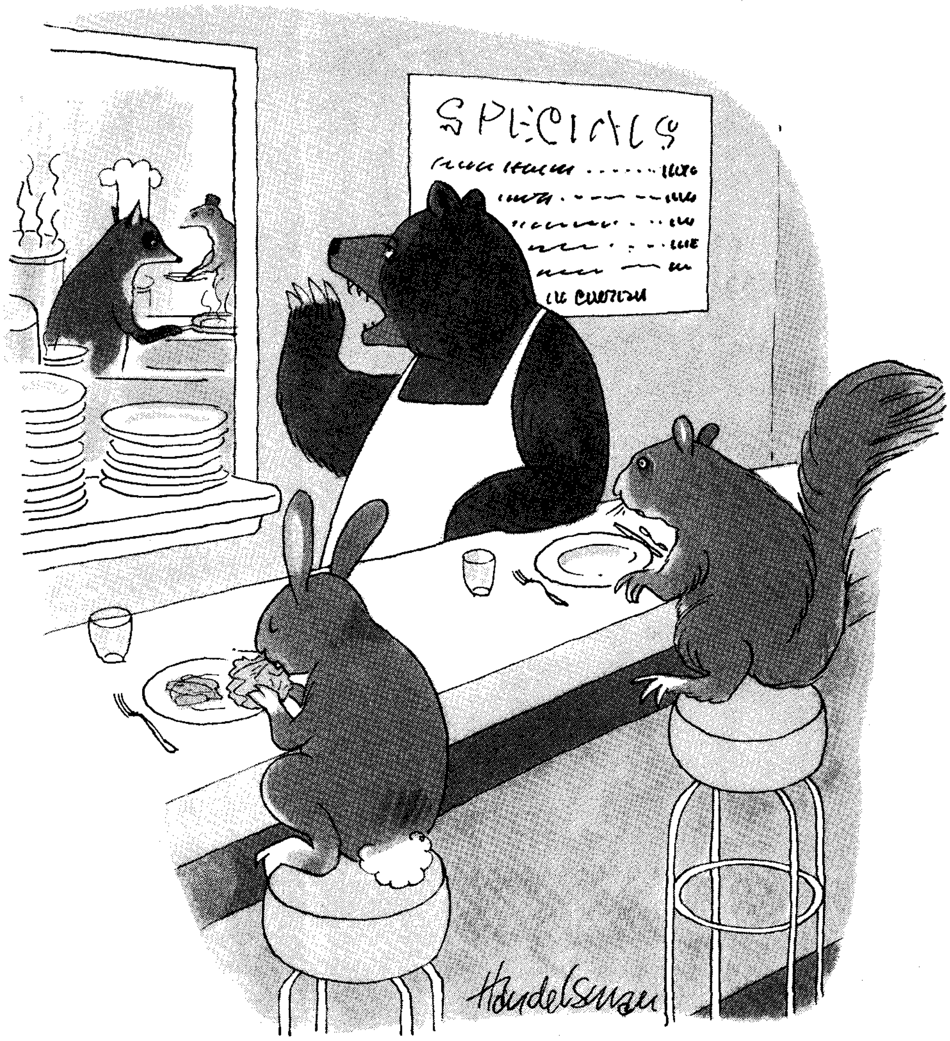
"But it may turn out to be nothing."

"No, Meirl, it's a summons from up there."

These words served to arouse her, and the petting and kissing commenced. Elka liked to talk in bed, to question Meir about his former mistresses, his adventures with married women. She always demanded that he compare her with the others and describe in which ways she was better. At first, Meir hadn't liked this interrogation, but as always with Elka he got used to it. This time, she talked about the fact that neither the Society nor Meir would be able to get along without her. She would have to train a woman to replace her, teach her the trade. And while she was at it, the new woman could take Elka's place with Meir too.

Meir laid a heavy hand over Elka's mouth but she cried, "Take away your paw!" and she bit his palm.

From then on, by night and even by day as they drove around, Elka kept up her talk about dying. When Meir complained that he didn't want to hear such



"One order of nuts and raisins, hold the raisins."

gabbing, Elka would say, "What's the big fuss? I'm no calf to be afraid of the slaughterer."

Elka didn't stop with words. Suddenly a cousin of hers materialized—a girl from a small town, who was black as a crow and slanty-eyed as a Tartar. She told Meir that she was twenty-seven, but she appeared to him to be past thirty. Like Elka, she drank whiskey and smoked cigarettes. Her name was Dishka. It was hard to believe that she and Elka were related. Where Elka was loquacious and playful, Dishka measured her words. No smile ever showed on her mouth or in her sulky dark eyes. Meir hated her on sight. Elka took her along to the funerals. She helped Elka wash down the corpses and sew shrouds. Dishka had been a seamstress in the sticks where she came from and she was even more skillful than Elka at tearing the linen—scissors were not allowed—and basting with broad stitches. One time when Elka had some business to attend to in the city, Dishka accompanied Meir in the hearse to a suburb where a slain Jew had been found. The entire way there Dishka didn't utter a word. Suddenly she laid her hand on Meir's knee and began to tickle him and arouse him. He took her hand and put it back in her lap. That night, Meir lay awake until dawn. His skull nearly burst from all the thinking he did. He both sweated and felt chills run up and down his spine. Should he force Elka to get rid of Dishka? Should he leave everything behind him and run off by himself to America? Should he wait till Elka passed on and then slit his throat over her grave? Should he leave the Burial Society and become a porter or teamster? Without Elka, the thought of everything seemed to be hollow. Meir had never drunk by himself, but now he uncorked a bottle in the dark and downed half of it. For the first time, he felt terror come over him. He knew that Dishka would bring misfortune upon him. No one could take Elka's place. Meir stationed himself by the window, gazed out into the night, and said to himself, "The whole damned thing isn't worth a penny anymore."

Elka was confined to bed. The growth in her breast had spread and the other breast had developed growths as if overnight. Elka suffered such pain the doctors kept her going with morphine. Professor Mintz tried to persuade Elka to enter the Jewish Hospital, where she could be treated with radium therapy. Maybe she could be operated on and saved from a quick death. But Elka told him, "To me, a quick death is better than a lingering illness. I'm ready for the journey."

Sick as she was, Elka remained employed by the Society. Meir had to report every corpse, every burial to her. Even though he despised Dishka—that country yokel—he had to admit she had her good points. When Elka became bedridden, Meir moved in with her, while Dishka moved into his place. She swept the rooms, took it upon herself to throw out all the old dishes and broken pots Beilka had left—she even persuaded the landlord to have the place painted, the ceiling patched, and new floors laid. In the mornings, when Meir met Dishka at the Society or at work, she always brought him food—not the cookies or chocolate on which Elka sustained herself but chicken, beefsteak, meatballs. Elka needed only one drink to commence babbling her nonsense, but Dishka could drink a lot and remain sober. Meir could never make her out. How was it that such a piece could emerge from some godforsaken village? From where did she draw her strength? His own experience had taught Meir that small-town creatures were all miserable cowards, foolish mollycoddles, always snivelling, complaining.

One day the woman who watched over Elka became sick herself, and the one who was supposed to substitute for her had gone to spend the night with a daughter in Pelcowizna. Elka had got an injection from Zeitag the healer, and Meir sat by her bed until it took hold. Just before she fell asleep, she demanded Meir's solemn vow that after her death he would marry Dishka, but Meir refused. Early in the morning he was wakened by the telephone. An actor who for many years had played the role of a lover on the Yiddish stage, first at the Muranow Theatre and later at other theatres and on the road, had died in the sanatorium in Otwock. On Smocza Street an alcohol cooker had caused a fire, killing five children. A young man on Nowolipki Street had hanged himself and the police wanted his body for dissection. Meir washed and shaved. Elka heard the news and wanted details. She had known the actor and admired his acting, singing, and jokes. All those deaths in one day revived her spirits, and for a while she conversed in a healthy voice. The woman who watched over her wasn't due till ten and Meir was loath to leave her alone, but Elka said, "What more can happen to me?" She smiled and winked.

The whole day, Meir and Dishka were so busy they didn't have time to eat. Meir tried to speak to her about the tragedy of the children. Dishka said nothing. Meir remembered that in similar circumstances Elka was always ready with an appropriate comment. He couldn't live with a grouch like Dishka for even two weeks.

The custom in the sanatorium was to keep a corpse all day in cold storage and release it late at night in order not to alarm the other patients. The whole day, Meir and Dishka were occupied in the city and it was late evening by the time they started out for Otwock. The night was dark and rainy, with

RIPOSTE

In "Quarante-trois Contes Littéraires,"
Henri Dupré-Philippoteaux,
An expert on the *bêche-de-mer*
And symbolism in Rousseau,
Relates this anecdote:
A *paysan* who'd just met Voltaire
Inquired of him what he wrote,
And, with inimitable flair,
Voltaire replied, "*En un mot, mots.*"

The rude, untutored chap
Construed this as a verbal slap,
And so (to quote Philippoteaux),
"*Témérairement, avec courroux,*"
He dealt Voltaire a lusty *coup*
That bloodied his *jabot*
And marred the story, which should close
Not with Voltaire's ensanguined nose
But with his "*En un mot, mots*" *mot.*

—William Walden

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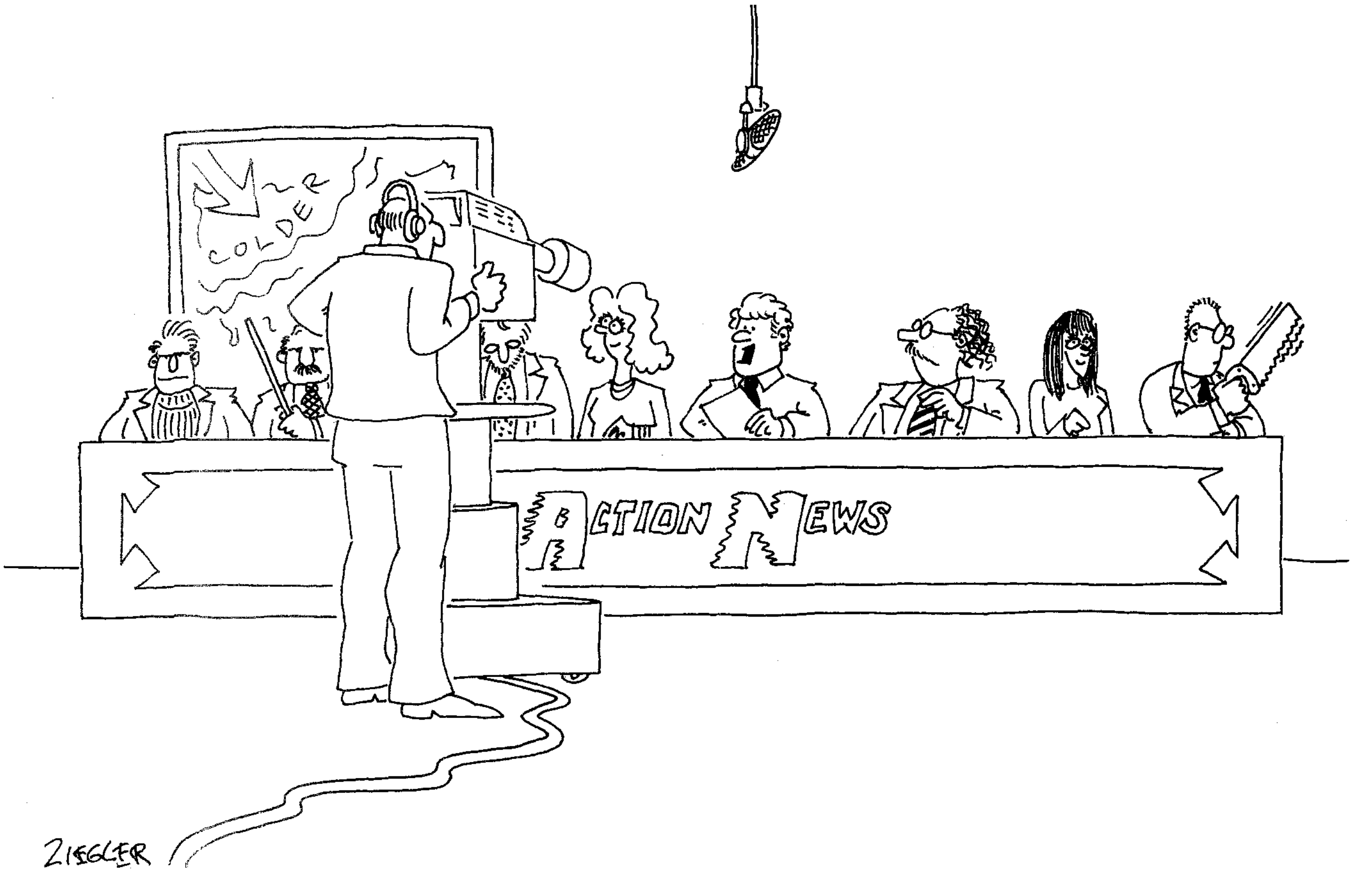


"We'll be back in a minute with Harlan Harris's Sports Extra, Jules Bernmeier and the weather, Jimmy Cunningham's Entertainment Plus, Judith Enright's Fashion Notes, Grady O'Toole's Celebrity Interview, Maria Dellago's Budget Center, Murray Vaughn's Mr. Fix-It Shop, and me, Biff Brogan, with a note on the news."

• •

no moon or stars. Meir tried again and again to strike up a conversation with Dishka but she replied so curtly that soon there was nothing left for him to say. What does she think about the whole time, Meir wondered. Surliness—it's nothing else. Doing you a favor by sitting beside you.

They drove past the Praga Cemetery. Against the big-city red sky the tombstones resembled a forest of wild toadstools. Meir began to speak in Elka's tone: "A city of the dead, eh? Wore themselves out and lay down. You believe in God?"

"I don't know," Dishka replied after a long pause.

"Who then created the world?"

Dishka didn't answer and Meir became enraged. He said, "What point is there in being born if this is how it ends? On Karmelicka Street there's a workers' house, that's what it's called, and a big shot was giving a speech there. I happened to be walking by and I went inside to listen. He said that there is no God. Everything had made itself. How can everything just come from itself? Stupid!"

Dishka still didn't respond, and Meir resolved not to say another word to her that night. He felt a deep longing for Elka. "She dare not die!" he mumbled. "She dare not! If it's fated that one of us must go, let it be me."

The car passed Wawer, a village full of Gentiles; then Miedzeszyn, which was being built; then Falenica, where rabbis, Chassidim, and plain pious Jews came out for the summers; and later Michalin, Jozefow, Swider, where the intelligentsia gathered—Zionists, Bundists, Communists, and those who no longer wanted to speak Yiddish but only Polish.

Elka's sickness had stirred Meir Bontz's brain and he began pondering things. What, for instance, had this Dishka done in that village she came from? No doubt in the war years she had been a smuggler or a whore. Suddenly he thought of Beilka. At first she hadn't wanted him, and he had knelt before her and sworn eternal love. He had found her Lithuanian accent especially endearing. Years later, when she got sick, every word she spoke irritated him. He had one request of her: that she be silent. Yet with Elka the more she talked the more he wanted to hear.

Meir drove up to the cold-storage room at the sanatorium. Everything went off quickly, quietly, like a conspiracy. A door opened and two individuals transferred a box into his hearse. He didn't even see their faces. Not a word was spoken. In the brief time the door to the cold-storage room stood open, Meir caught a glimpse of two more such boxes. Before a long table on which burning candles spluttered and dripped tallow sat an old man reciting Psalms. A blast of cold like that from an ice cellar issued from the room. Meir grabbed the bottle of vodka he carried in his pocket and in one gulp drained it. As he headed back toward Warsaw, his life flashed before him—the poverty-stricken home, the thefts, the fights, the brothels, the whores, the arrests. "How was I able to endure such a Gehenna?" he asked himself, and he recalled a saying of his mother's: "God preserve us from all the things one can get used to."

The car entered a forest. Meir drove fast and in zigzags. He wanted Dishka to plead with him to slow down but she sat obstinately silent, staring out into the darkness.

Meir said, "Don't be afraid. I won't kill the corpse."

A whim to be spiteful came over

him, along with an impulse to test his luck, like the reckless desire of a gambler who grows tired of the game and risks all he possesses. The headlights cast a glare upon the pines, houses, gardens, pumps, balconies. From time to time Meir cast a sidelong glance at Dishka. "Life is apparently not worth a pinch of snuff to her," he said to himself.

The hearse came out onto a stretch of road running through a clearing. It skidded as if going downhill, carried along by its own impetus. At once Meir felt gay and lighthearted. Nothing to worry about, he thought. Things will take care of themselves. He almost forgot his sullen passenger. It's good to live. One day I may even go to America. There is no lack of females and corpses there. He drove and dreamed. Elka rode with him, disguised as someone else, joking and frolicking, challenging his prowess. Suddenly a tree materialized before his eyes. A tree in the middle of the road? No, he had gone off the highway. It's one of her tricks, Meir thought. He wanted to step on the brake, but his foot pressed the accelerator. "That's it!" something within him shouted. He heard a tremendous crash and everything went silent.

THE next day, a peasant going to work early found a smashed car with three dead. The back door of the hearse had been torn off and the box containing the actor's body had fallen out. A crowd gathered; the police were called. From Warsaw the Benevolent Burial Society sent out two other hearses to pick up the bodies. The president and the warden decided not to let Elka know, but a female member who was watching over her learned the news on the radio and told Elka. When Elka heard it she began to laugh and couldn't stop. Soon the laughter turned into hiccups. When they had stopped, she got out of bed and said, "Hand me my clothes."

In the two days it took to arrange the funerals Elka regained her strength. Everyone in the Society observed her liveliness with amazement. She cleansed Dishka and prepared shrouds for her and Meir. She ran from room to room, slammed doors, issued orders. She talked to the bodies with her usual teasing: "Ready for the journey? Packed away in the shipping crate?"

Warsaw had two big funerals. Actors, writers, and theatre lovers gathered around the actor's coffin. Around Meir's and Dishka's came the thieves, pimps, whores, fences from Krochmalna, Smocza, Pocezjow, and Tamki Streets. The war, the typhus epidemics, starvation had almost destroyed the city's underworld. The Communists had taken over their taverns, their dens, the square on Krochmalna Street, but enough of the old-timers remained to pay their final respects to Meir. Elka rode with them. She looked quite youthful and pretty in her black suit and black-veiled hat. Meir Bontz and Red Elka were still remembered. The droshkies stretched from Iron Street to Gnoyna Street. Meir Bontz had supported a Talmud Torah, and a teacher with dozens of students walked before the hearse crying, "Justice shall walk before him."

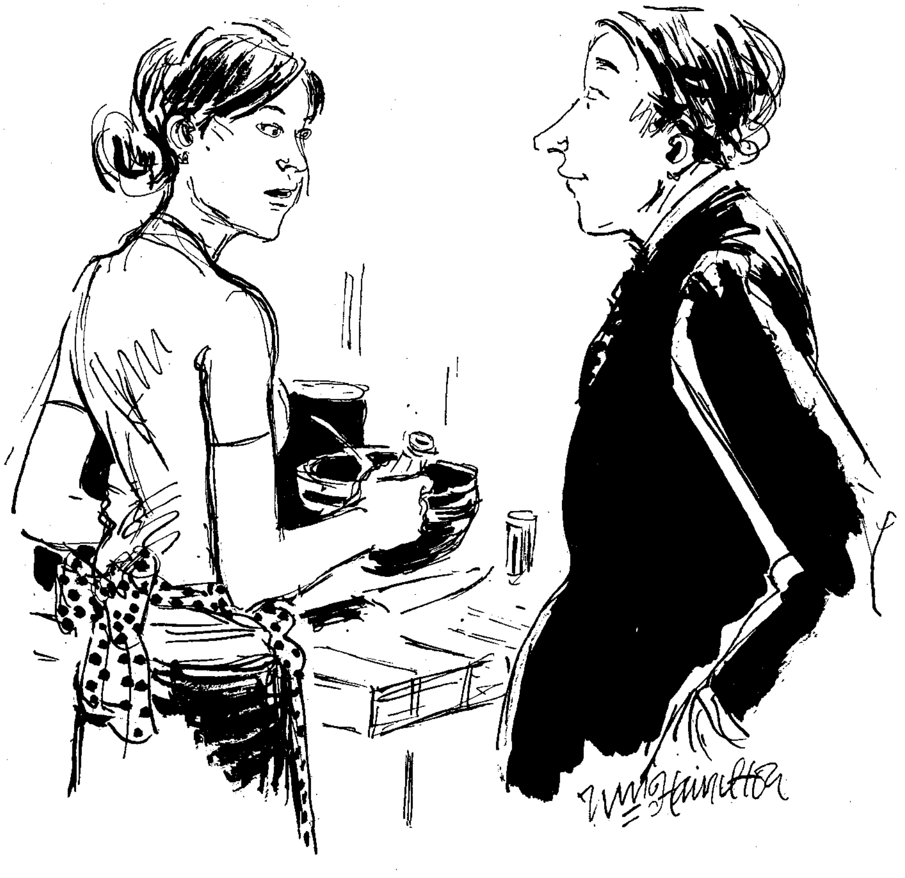
At the cemetery, two coachmen lifted Elka up onto a tombstone and she made a short eulogy: "My Meir, stay well. I'll come to you. Don't forget me, Meir. I've got a plot right next to yours. What we had together no one can ever take away from us, not even God!"

She addressed herself to Dishka: "Rest in peace, my sister. I wanted to give you everything, but it wasn't fated." With these words, Elka collapsed.

She was finally taken to a hospital, but the cancer had spread too far for there to be any hope of saving her. Elka sat up in bed propped against two pillows while the women from the Burial Society came to ask about her and to pass along word of what was going on. New people had been hired, but the Angel of Death remained the same. Linen had gone up, the community demanded more money for the plots, the headstone carvers had raised their prices. Jewish sculptors had begun to carve all kinds of designs on the tombstones of the rich—lions, deer, even faces of birds, almost like the practice of the Gentiles. Elka listened, asked questions. Her face had turned yellow, but her eyes remained as green as gooseberries. Now that Meir was in the beyond, Elka had nothing to regret. Everything was ready for her—a plot, shrouds, shards for her eyelids, and a branch of myrtle with which she, together with Meir, would dig their way through the caves and roll to the Land of Israel when the Messiah came.

—ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

(*Translated, from the Yiddish, by Joseph Singer.*)



"I warn you, Charles—I'm in no mood for good humor."

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Three Evergreen State College students have received a grant to help educate Puget Sound-area residents about possible re-introduction of timber wolves into the Olympic National Park.

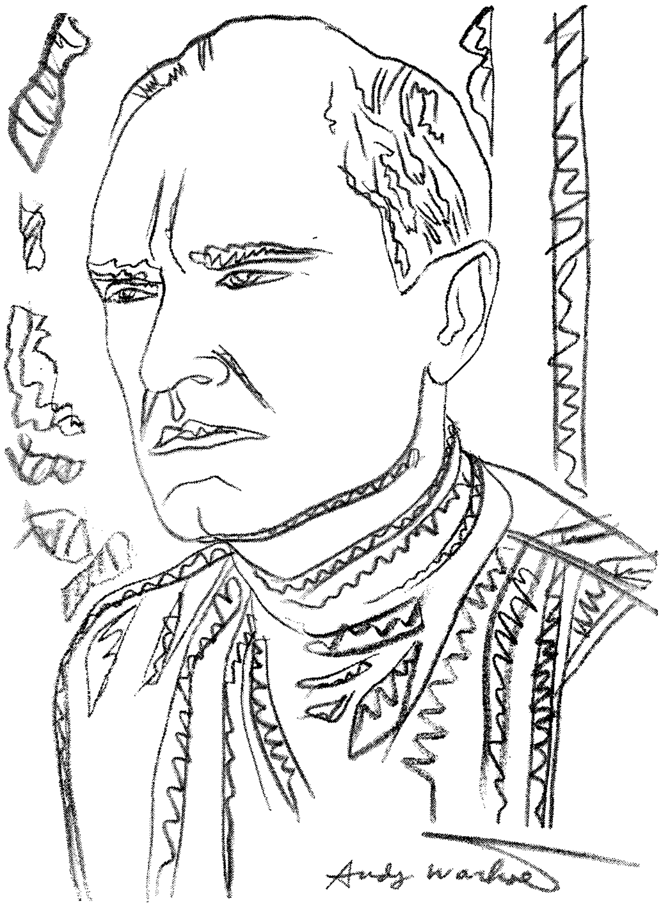
The Black Hills Audubon Society of Olympia granted $448 to Tyra Madsen, Peter Dratch and Cindy Swanberg, who took part in a study completed in 1975. The study found that the park could support from 60 to 80 wolves without significantly affecting the population of deer, elk or hikers.—*Seattle Times.*

Hikers have always been a problem anyway. Make it 90 wolves.

PROFILES

FORMS UNDER LIGHT

THE Tower of Hope, a fourteen-story building standing next to the Garden Grove Community Church, commands the flat southern-California landscape near Anaheim with a certain insolence. There is nothing else this high for miles around. Looking north from the twelfth-floor office of the church's founder, the Reverend Dr. Robert H. Schuller, one can see the Matterhorn, in Disneyland, a mile and a half away. It looks puny, and it will look a lot punier when Schuller's new church is finished. A glass-and-steel structure that Schuller refers to as the Crystal Cathedral (although the denomination is Reformed Church in America), the new church will be four hundred feet long and two hundred feet wide, and it will rise to a height of a hundred and twenty feet at its apex—wider and higher than Notre Dame. It is designed to accommodate four thousand worshippers inside and more outside, in the parking lot. The Reverend Dr. Schuller's is the world's first drive-in church. His parishioners can attend services in their cars and tune in the Reverend on their car radios. They can also stay at home and see him: his "Hour of Power" reaches an estimated three million television viewers nationally every Sunday. Schuller believes that when the new church opens very few worshippers will stay in their cars; they will all want the emotional experience of being inside the Crystal Cathedral.



Philip Johnson

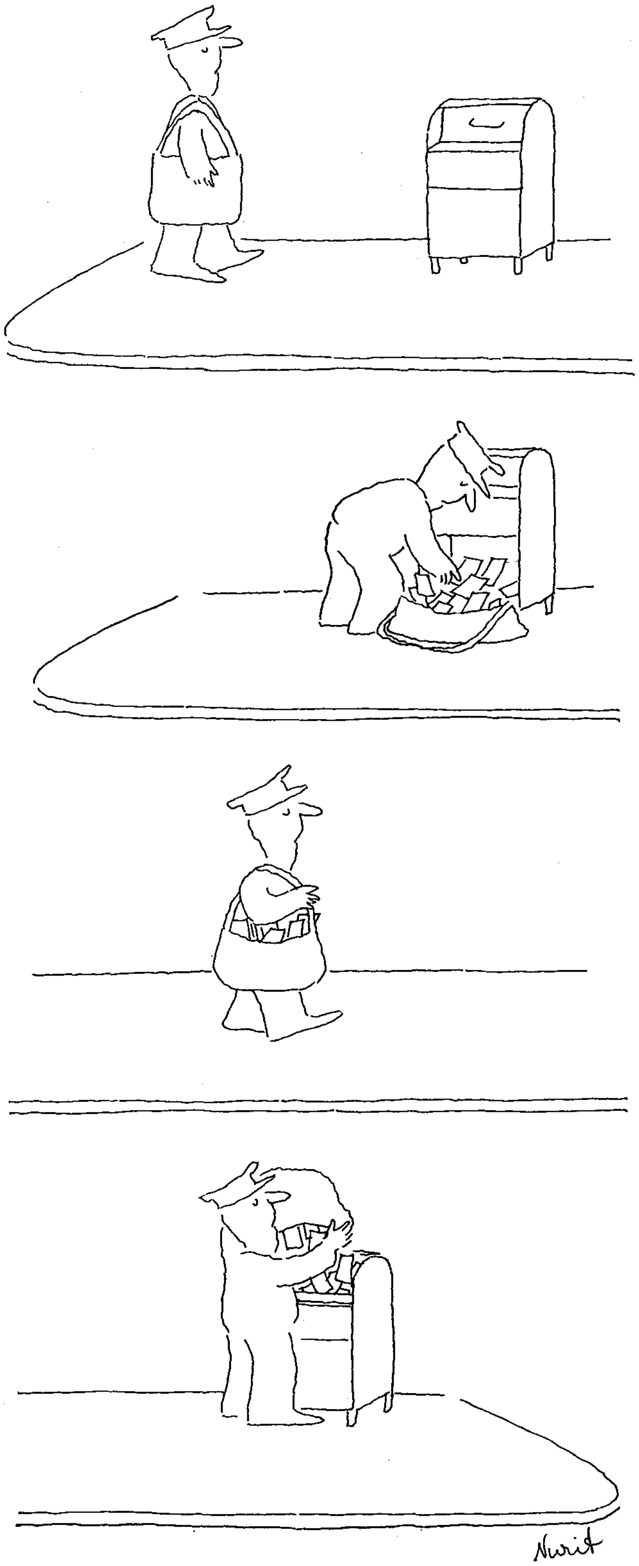
At the long boardroom table in his office not long ago, the Reverend Dr. Schuller was going over the plans for the cathedral with his architects, Philip Johnson and John Burgee. The Reverend was wearing white slacks and white shoes, a flowered sports shirt, and a navy-blue cardigan. Johnson and Burgee were in New York-cut dark suits. A problem had arisen regarding the amount of space needed in front of the chancel (which Johnson occasionally called the "stage") to accommodate the various choirs and other musical groups that enliven the Garden Grove services. The architects had lost space here to the two gigantic pipe organs that Schuller had ordered—one was being constructed in Italy, the other had been extracted from Avery Fisher Hall, at Lincoln Center, during its acoustical renovation—and they had been trying to recoup some of the space by tampering with the steps that led up to the chancel. Schuller would have none of this. "We cannot let it happen, we must not let it happen, we will not let it happen," he said, in a cadence familiar to anyone who has heard one of his sermons. The chancel of his present church, Schuller said, which was designed in 1961 by Richard Neutra, had been ruined by a clutter of television cameras, a grand piano, and other impedimenta; he felt strongly that to lose the long, clean sweep of the new design would be a desecration. "God is in the details—right, Philip?" he said. "I'm willing to give up space for myself on the podium, but I will not compromise on a single detail of this plan."

"Well, he's right, as usual," Johnson said to Burgee. "He won't really need that much space when he walks back and forth there in front of the penitents."

"No. And we don't call them 'penitents,' Philip. We call them 'new seekers.'" Schuller smiled thinly. A tall, handsome man with flowing white hair worn rather long, he seemed entirely at ease and serenely confident that the problem would be solved. "You cannot do it wrong," he said. "At the deepest level, you will not feel right about anything that compromises the design, and you will find the right solution."

Johnson and Schuller get along famously, perhaps because they have more in common than one would think. Johnson, the most elegant architect of his time, has always been something of a maverick and a gadfly to the profession. As founder and director of the Museum of Modern Art's Department of Architecture, in the nineteen-thirties, he led the battle for modern architecture in this country. Later, having become a practicing architect and having built his famous glass house in New Canaan—the epitome of reductionist modernism—he broke with the aesthetic of Mies van der Rohe, his great mentor, and outraged the established and increasingly doctrinaire modernists by insisting that "one cannot not know history." Brilliant, iconoclastic, he had held out for architecture as an art in a period when many other architects were trying to make it an instrument of social salvation. He had also done a lot of building. "Whoever commissions buildings buys me," he said once in an interview. "I'm for sale. I'm a whore. I'm an artist."

Robert H. Schuller is also a maverick—an Iowa farm boy who left a small suburban church near Chicago in 1955 and came to southern California with five hundred dollars and a sense of mission. He persuaded the owner of a drive-in movie in Anaheim to let him use the premises on Sunday mornings, and he preached his first sermons there, from the roof of a refreshment stand. His wife, Arvella, played a portable organ mounted on a trailer. As Orange County grew—what with the booming aerospace and electronics in-



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dustries, and the retirement communities, and the general burgeoning of southern California in the fifties and sixties—so did his flock gather and grow. Schuller, a great admirer of Norman Vincent Peale, likes to say that he is in the business of retailing religion, and he describes the church that he commissioned Richard Neutra to build as "a twenty-two-acre shopping center for Christ." When that church became too small, God led him to Philip Johnson.

The route was slightly circuitous. In the fall of 1975, on an airplane flight from Finland to New York, Mrs. Schuller called her husband's attention to an article in *Vogue* illustrated with photographs taken at the Fort Worth Water Garden, a five-block landscape project designed by Philip Johnson. Neither of the Schullers had ever heard of Philip Johnson, and at the time they assumed him to be a landscape architect. But a week later, back in Anaheim, Schuller read a magazine article that listed Johnson among the world's leading architects. Schuller was looking for an architect to design his new church—Neutra had died in 1970—and the coincidence of coming across Johnson's name twice in one week seemed reason enough to call him up. He did so the next time he was in New York, but Johnson was out of town and Burgee was out to lunch. Schuller left a message with Burgee's secretary, saying that he would like to talk to them about a job. When Burgee got back from lunch, he assumed that Schuller wanted to come to work for the firm, and he told his secretary to dodge him. But Schuller turned up at the office without an appointment, and Burgee discovered that the "job" was a multimillion-dollar church. (The budget has currently reached ten million.) Burgee showed Schuller photographs of the firm's work, but Schuller, he says, hardly looked at them. "I have only one question," he said as he was leaving. "Do you think I will have a spiritual experience with Mr. Johnson?"

Burgee said, "Oh, absolutely."

This is Schuller's version of what happened next: "About three weeks went by, and on a Monday morning I called and got Philip, whom I'd never met or talked to, and his first words were 'Bob, you're wonderful!' He'd been watching the 'Hour of Power.' Well, it shocked me. It's so rare to find a person who's sensitive and sophisticated but who hasn't become emotionally frigid. I think Philip has the same quality that Walt Disney had—the enthusiasm of a boy who's never grown up. Philip and I are just like peas in a pod, I found. Although he says he's not a religious person, I feel that Philip Johnson and I are on a very harmonious wavelength, and one that is transcendent enough to be labelled a spiritual relationship. And because of this I have no doubt whatsoever that this church will be Philip Johnson's greatest work."

Johnson and Burgee started out by designing a solid-walled church. When they showed Schuller the plans, over lunch at Johnson's regular corner table in the Grill Room of the Four Seasons, the Reverend was clearly disappointed. "He asked why we were restricting ourselves," Burgee recalls. " 'There are no restrictions,' he said. 'I want a *great* idea.' " Schuller also said he wanted a glass church. The present Neutra edifice has two glass sides, and he liked the feeling of being open to the outdoors. When Johnson asked whether he really wanted to look out on a sea of automobiles, Schuller was indignant. People spent a lot of their time in cars, didn't they? "I want God in the cars, because that's where *they* are," he said.

What finally emerged was a design for an all-glass church in the form of a four-pointed star—ten thousand panes of mirrored glass supported by a delicate lacework of steel, with louvres that would make air-conditioning unnecessary. Since mirrored glass reflects most of the incoming light, the worshippers would be bathed in a soft, amniotic atmosphere—a positive glow of good will. Ten thousand windows! The very idea brought what Schuller refers to as his "twinkle power" to incandescence. He had already lined up a thousand donors who would subscribe at least five hundred dollars each for a window—receiving in return a piece of the mirrored glass inscribed with the donor's name and that of the Reverend Dr. Robert H. Schuller—and three individuals had pledged a million dollars apiece. Now he would go out after the rest of the money. Johnson felt quite confident that Schuller would succeed. "I like Bob," he has said. "Why

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shouldn't I? He's letting us build a great building."

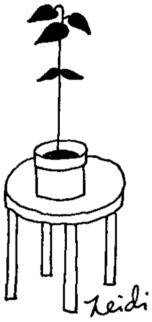
THE three great architectural experiences of Philip Johnson's life, he says, have been Chartres Cathedral, the Parthenon, and the Ryoanji Temple, in Kyoto. His mother took him to see Chartres when he was thirteen, in 1919. "There was a funeral going on," he recalls. "I was so moved I don't know why *I* wasn't dead." His mother knew about the arts. A Wellesley graduate, she used to show Philip and his two sisters (one older, one younger) "lantern" slides of Italian paintings—the Sienese school was her favorite—when they were growing up in New London, Ohio. Philip hung reproductions of Simone Martini and Piero della Francesca in his room at Harvard, but in his seven years as an undergraduate he never took an art-history course, and he never went near the Fogg Museum. He majored in philosophy, with a minor in Greek. This was after he had given up wanting to become a concert pianist. "I also had this hopeless adoration of ontology," he remembers. "I thought that the noblest calling was to be a mathematical physicist." Johnson was an undergraduate longer than most students because of a nervous breakdown. "But I was really the luckiest man in the world," he said not long ago. "I went to see a nerve specialist—as they called them then—in Boston, and he sent me home for six months. He said that I had something called 'cyclothymia,' and that it would go away on its own. I went home to Ohio and cried every day and read two detective stories every day, and finally I called up the doctor and said I couldn't stand it. He said, 'Why are you calling me? I told you it would take six months.' Well, he was right. Imagine how lucky I was. Imagine a psychiatrist today just sending you home for six months."

Although Johnson took his degree in Greek and philosophy, architecture had supplanted ontology by then as his ruling passion. "In 1929, I met Alfred Barr, which was the start of everything," he says. He met Barr at Wellesley, when he went there for the commencement of his younger sister, Theodate. They hit it off instantly, and talked for hours. Barr was then teaching a pioneer course in modern art at Wellesley—a course that contained, in embryo, most of the principal ideas that went into the formation of the Museum of Modern Art a year later. The museum really grew straight out of Barr's amazingly vigorous mind, and out of the conversations that Barr had with a few close associates at this time. Margaret Scolari, a graduate student in fine arts at N.Y.U. who would soon become Mrs. Alfred Barr, remembers the period vividly: "Philip was still at Harvard then, because he had lost a lot of time through illness. He would often come down to New York and join Alfred and me and several other friends at meals in a Chinese restaurant on West Fifty-sixth Street, right under the museum, which in its first years was in the Heckscher Building. The conversation was incredibly exciting and youthful. One idea would pile onto the next. Philip was very much part of this group from the start. He was handsome, always cheerful, pulsating with new ideas and hopes. He was wildly impatient, could not sit down. He looked just the way he looks now. His way of speaking, of thinking—that quickness and vibration—have not changed at all."

In the summer of 1930, graduated from Harvard at last, Johnson met Henry Russell Hitchcock, who had been teaching art history at Vassar (Margaret Scolari had introduced them), and together they travelled around Europe, looking at significant examples of modern architecture (there were not very many) and meeting the significant modern architects: J.J.P. Oud, in Holland; Walter Gropius and Mies van der Rohe, in Germany; Le Corbusier and André Lurçat, in France. While in Paris, they attended the wedding of Alfred Barr and Margaret Scolari. That fall, back in New York, Johnson began putting together a Department of Architecture at Barr's Museum of Modern Art. It didn't cost the trustees a penny. Johnson paid his own salary, as well as that of his secretary-assistant, and eventually even the salary of the museum's first librarian (and later curator of film), Iris Barry, because, in addition to being bright and articulate and madly energetic, he was also rich. His father, Homer H. Johnson, a well-to-do Cleveland lawyer, had once agreed to help a friend get an invention patented, and in lieu of a fee he accepted stock in the company that was formed to market it. The invention was

"Our Liz is not to be confused with the other Liz."

the Charles Martin Hall process of extracting aluminum from its ore; the company became the Aluminum Company of America. In 1926, Homer Johnson, who wanted to divide his estate while his three children were still young, gave his downtown-Cleveland real-estate holdings to his two daughters, and his Alcoa stock (in which he had little faith) to his son. By 1930, Cleveland real estate was worth relatively little, but the Alcoa was holding up very well indeed. Young Philip found himself, at the age of twenty-four, a good deal wealthier than his father.



Barr and Johnson really brought modern architecture to America. The sharp break with nineteenth-century eclecticism and neoclassicism which marked the early work of Le Corbusier, Gropius, Mies van der Rohe, and a few other Europeans (themselves influenced profoundly by the work of Frank Lloyd Wright); the use of new technologies and new building materials, such as glass and reinforced concrete; the emphasis on volume rather than on mass (space enclosed by thin planes, "curtain walls" that did not support anything); the absence of ornamentation; the idea that a building's form should reflect its function; the insistence on "structural integrity"—these major new tendencies were clearly enunciated for the first time in the Museum of Modern Art's 1932 exhibition called "Modern Architecture," organized by Johnson, and in the book that Johnson and Hitchcock published that year, called "The International Style" (Barr had coined the term two years before), which gave the movement its name.

The American architectural establishment hardly knew what had hit it. A year earlier, in 1931, Johnson and Barr and Julien Levy, the art dealer, had organized a show in a storefront at Seventh Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street called "Rejected Architects"—that is, architects excluded from the annual exhibition at the Grand Central Palace of the conservative Architectural League. They even hired a man to stand outside Grand Central Palace carrying a sandwich board that read "See Really Modern Architecture, Rejected by the League, at 907 Seventh Avenue." Indignation knew no bounds. The League tried to have the sandwichman arrested, and shock waves swept the small and fiercely competitive architectural profession (although the public paid little attention). The members of the Old Guard—the Beaux-Arts-trained heirs to McKim, Mead & White—felt they were being undermined, but they had no real intellectual position, no conservative ideology, to fall back on. The museum's 1932 exhibition changed the course of architecture in this country, because it presented a clear and coherent system of building that was not only more up-to-date and more functional but also, at the nadir of the Depression, intrinsically cheaper than neoclassic or neo-Georgian or neo-anything. Then, in 1934, Johnson's department shook up the establishment again, with an exhibition called "Machine Art"—the first to present ball bearings, faucets, toasters, locks, dinnerware, and other machine-made artifacts purely as examples of design. People who worked at the museum in those days remember Johnson's enthusiasm and energy spilling over into every department. He never walked in the corridors—he ran. He had dinner with the Barrs three or four nights a week. "We were all under thirty," he recalls, "and we had marvellous people to work with, and no bosses except for lovely Mrs. Rockefeller, whom we adored."

And then, quite suddenly, just before Christmas in 1934, Johnson threw all this over to go into right-wing politics. Johnson and Alan R. Blackburn, Jr., the museum's executive director under Barr (and a friend of Johnson's at Harvard and, before that, at the Hackley School, in Tarrytown), announced that they were forming a National Party, and that they were going to Louisiana to observe the Huey Long administration. Their party had a uniform of sorts (gray shirts) but no program. "We're adventurers, with an intellectual overlay," Johnson told a reporter for the *Herald Tribune*. "So we're almost articulate, but not quite articulate." Their resignations were headlined in both the *Times* ("TWO FORSAKE ART TO FOUND A PARTY") and the *Tribune* ("TWO QUIT MODERN ART MUSEUM FOR SUR-REALIST POLITICAL VENTURE") and greatly embarrassed their friends. "That is not a part of my life that it amuses me very much to think about," Johnson said recently. "It's very hard to recreate the climate of 1934. People were starving, which seemed very stupid in a country as rich as this one. I felt that since I was privileged enough not to have to earn my living, I should do *something*. Alan Blackburn and I were both fascinated by Huey Long. Long was not a Fascist—he was a Southern populist. We went down to see what he was up to. Of course, we got nowhere. One of his people said, 'How many votes can you deliver for Huey?' We didn't have any sort of idea of what we could do, and Huey didn't want any part of us, so we came home." (Home for Johnson at this point was still his family's three-thousand-acre farm near Cleveland.)

Since 1927, Johnson had been spending many of his summers in Heidelberg, studying German architecture. The country and the language appealed to him greatly. Once, he went to a Hitler rally; it was hard not to be impressed. Johnson does not talk about this period in his life, although he is not the first artist to have shown political bad judgment. In the summer of 1939, when war was imminent, he and his sister Theodate were travelling in the Balkans. Theodate got back to Paris and then to New York, but Johnson went on to Berlin. He got himself accredited as a correspondent for *Social Justice*, the right-wing organ of Father Coughlin, and wrote several articles in which he said things like "Mr. Chamberlain calls the world together for a supreme effort to destroy Hitlerism, but to date only Polish soldiers have died in England's war." During the Nazi attack on Poland, Johnson shared a war correspondents' billet near Danzig with William L. Shirer and some other journalists; in Shirer's "Berlin Diary," published in 1941, Johnson appears as "an American fascist" whom Shirer suspects of spying for the Nazis. Johnson came back to New York in October of 1939. "I was never an America Firster," he explains. "I felt we were going to get into it, and I wanted to be in the American Army."

ONE of the interesting things about Johnson's career is the apparent ease with which he lived down his flirtation with Fascism. The reference to him in Shirer's best-selling book was very damaging, of course, and he lost friends over it—but only temporarily. Even his Jewish friends seemed to be willing to make allowances. Edward M. M. Warburg, a wealthy Harvard classmate whose New York apartment Johnson had done over in severe modern style in 1932, thinks that the friendships that Johnson made over there "crossed his wires," so to speak, and that it was out of loyalty to these friendships that he began to entertain some of the doctrines of Nazism. "I think the idea that Philip was anti-Semitic at any time is impossible," Warburg said recently. "Perhaps his

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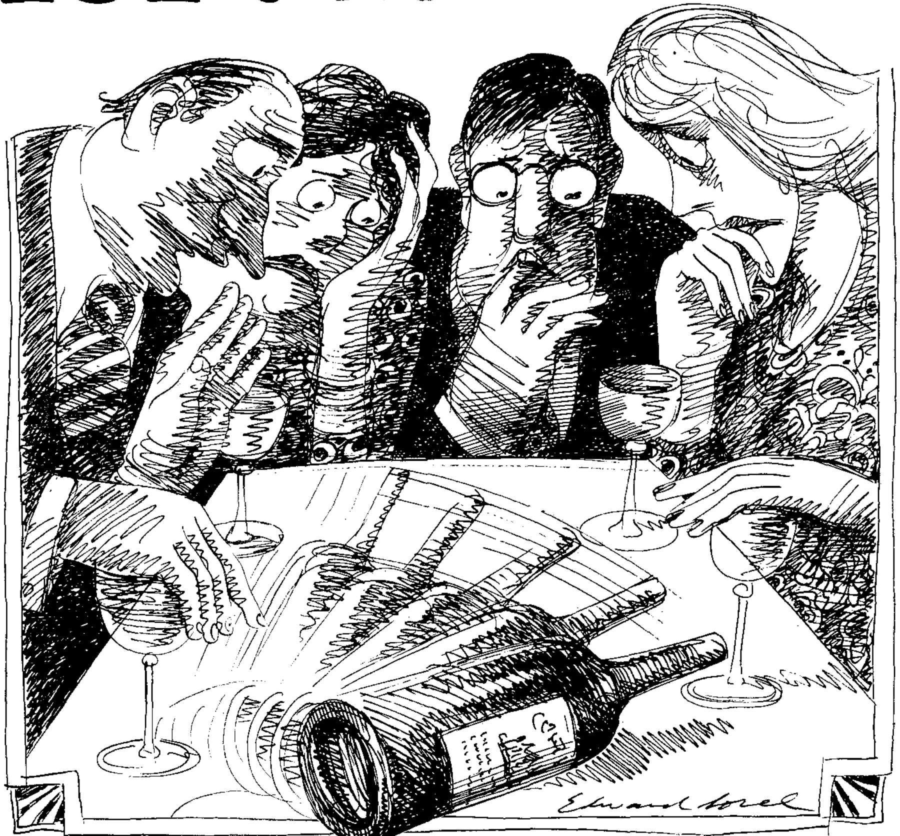

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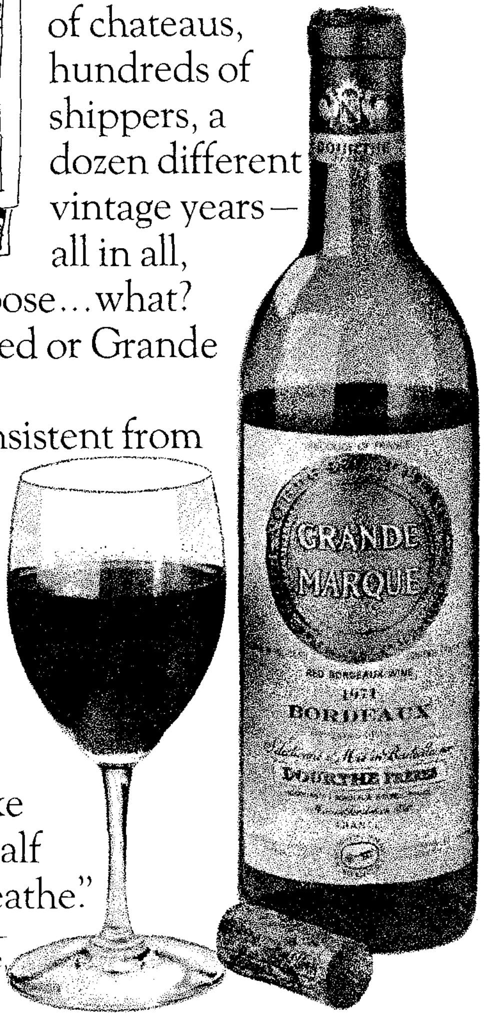

"All the French you need to know." Grande Marque is a product of France, imported by Munson Shaw, New York.

weakness was that he didn't react strongly enough against anti-Semitism. In any case, it never seemed to slow his relationship with me or with Lincoln Kirstein." In 1957, when Johnson's political past was brought up as a possible obstacle to his election as a trustee of the Museum of Modern Art, Mrs. John D. Rockefeller III settled the matter by saying she thought that "every young man should be allowed to make one large mistake." The shadow of his mistake no doubt pursues him to this day, but, far from blighting, or even delaying, his career, it seemed to propel him into the one decision he should have taken at the start, which was to become a practicing architect. In 1940, at the age of thirty-four, Johnson entered the school of architecture at Harvard.

The cause of modernism had made great strides in America since 1932, and some of the leading European modernists were teaching in this country. Mies van der Rohe, unable to get work in Germany under the Nazis, had come here in 1937 to see about building a house for the Stanley Resors in Wyoming—the project fell through—and in the following year returned to teach at the Armour Institute, in Chicago, which became the Illinois Institute of Technology. Walter Gropius was head of the architecture school at Harvard, assisted by his leading disciple, Marcel Breuer. By 1940, Johnson had become critical of the strict functionalism of Gropius and Breuer. In his view, the greatest architect of the twentieth century was Mies van der Rohe, in whose work form followed function only superficially, if at all. Mies's rigorously pure "skin-and-bones" aesthetic, summed up in his famous dictum "Less is more," did not prevent him from designing buildings of surpassing elegance and beauty. However, Mies, in Chicago, was not teaching many graduate students, and Harvard was Johnson's alma mater. So Harvard seemed to be the natural place for him to go.

Almost fifteen years older than his classmates, independently wealthy, and already famous as an architectural historian, Johnson cut an impressive figure on campus. One of his classmates remembers thinking that in another era he would have had a title—that his style and his ability to play with ideas were the essence of aristocracy. Johnson gave the impression of being able to do well in graduate school without overexerting himself. His graduate thesis, however, was something of a stunner—a house that he built for himself on Ash Street, in Cambridge. It was a Miesian house—a severe wooden rectangle taking up half the lot, with one glass wall, which made the front garden seem like part of the living room. To gain privacy from the street, he put up a nine-foot wall, which one of his neighbors, interpreting it as a spite fence, sued unsuccessfully to have removed. A lot of people disliked the Ash Street house, including Gropius and Breuer. "People felt that it didn't jibe with the street," Johnson says, "and they were right—it didn't." But an invitation to one of Johnson's Ash Street evening parties for students and faculty—at which the drinks and the hors d'oeuvres were as scintillating as the conversation—was considered a great coup. "It was the first Miesian house that any of us had seen," Ulrich Franzen, who was a couple of classes behind Johnson, says. "A very beautiful house. It was also the first place where I saw someone walk into a glass wall. He fell to the floor more or less unconscious, and I remember Philip looking very annoyed and saying something like 'Damn fool!' " When Johnson graduated, in 1943, he sold the house for twenty-four thousand dollars—about what it had cost him to build it—to a couple who are living in it today.

The next two years Johnson spent as a private in the Army. His political background, he suspected, kept him from being promoted, but he says that he was not singled out for any other form of discrimination, and that his service, mostly at Fort Belvoir, Virginia, was not unpleasant. (His sister Theodate remembers it as the worst period of his life.) Discharged in 1945, he came to New York and set himself up as an "independent designer" in an office on East Forty-second Street. An architect usually puts in a three-year apprenticeship with an established firm before going out on his own, but Johnson had no time for that. He found a client, Eugene Farney, and built a Breuer-influenced summer home for him in Sagaponack, Long Island. Even though it was then legal to build a private house without an architect's license—except in the city itself—the police came around to Johnson's office and threatened to padlock it (one policeman told him he had "enemies in high places"), and eventually Johnson moved his base of operations to New Canaan. He kept taking the New York State licensing exam and failing it, because of deficiencies in the "design" section. After several years of this, he signed on for a well-known cram course run by Vito Battista, the Brooklyn machine politician, who was also an architect. Battista looked at Johnson's previous exam attempts and

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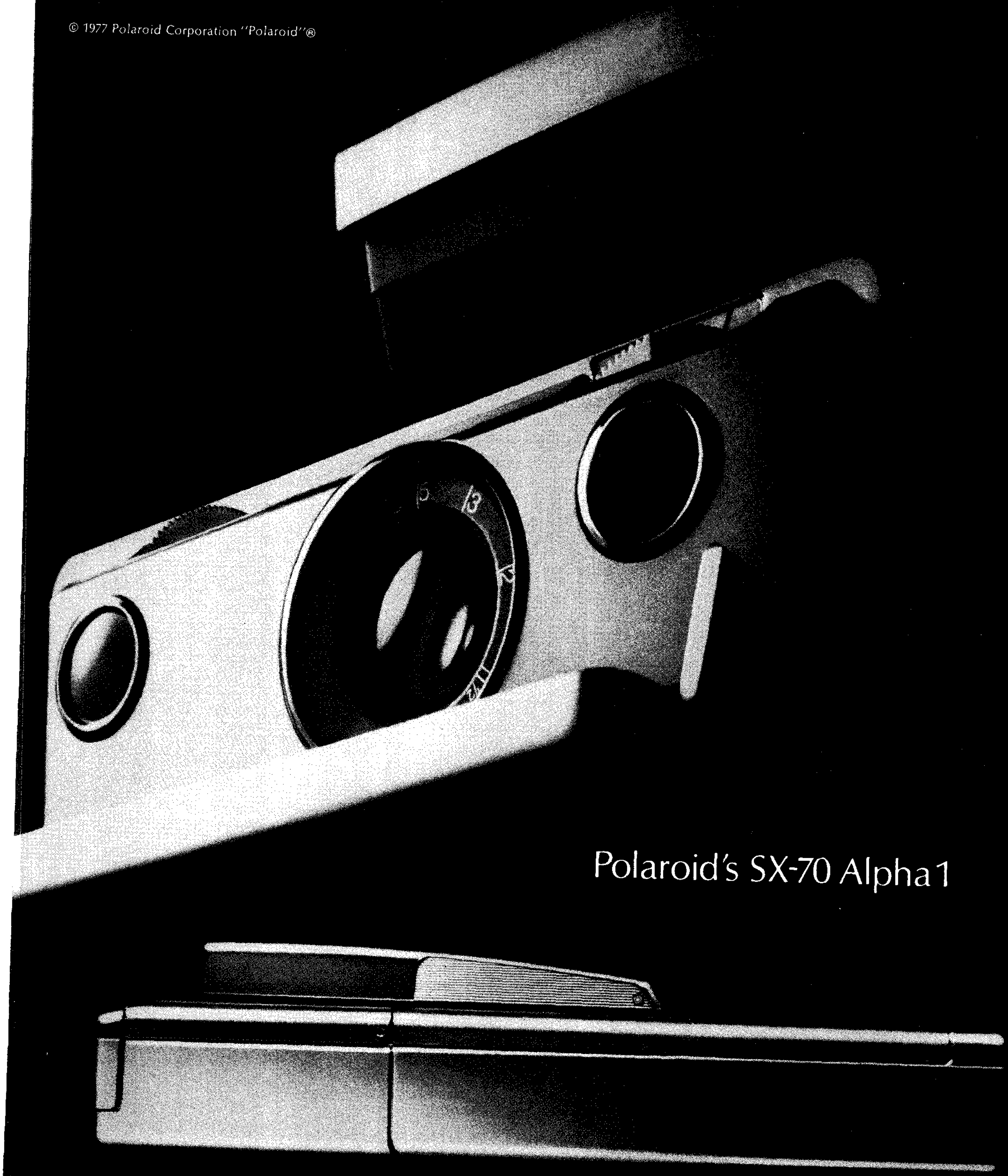

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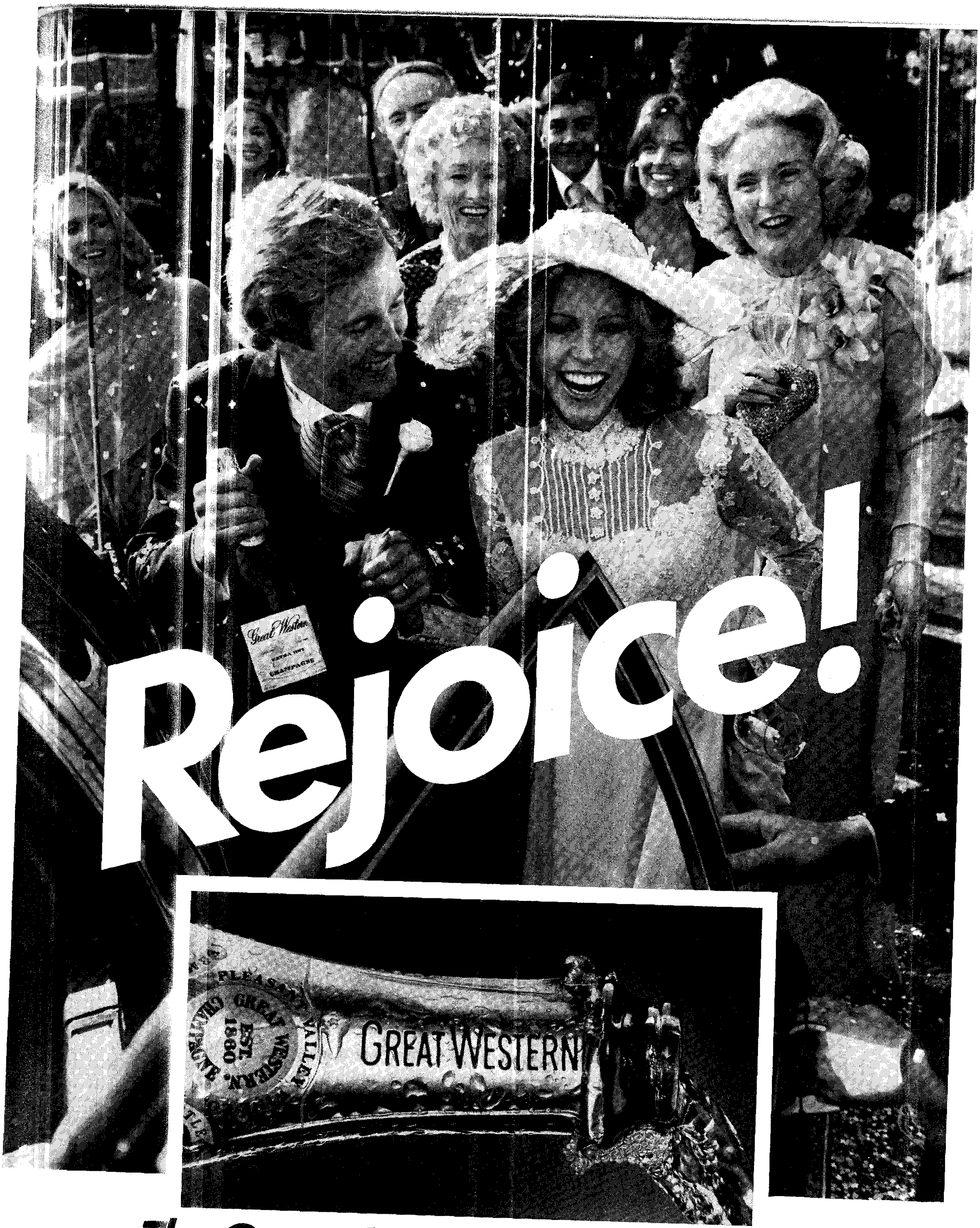
told him what he had been doing wrong. "You're trying to design a real building," he said. "You should concentrate instead on filling the page—with trees, if you can't think of anything else." On his next try, Johnson filled the page and passed the exam, after which he wrote a letter of thanks to Battista, who had it framed and hung it on his office wall.

Uncertain, perhaps, of his prospects as a practicing architect, Johnson came back to the Museum of Modern Art in 1946. In 1947, to coincide with a Mies exhibition at the museum, he published what was for many years the definitive book on Mies van der Rohe. A few years later, he also started buying modern art—primarily Abstract Expressionist pictures that Alfred Barr wanted but could not persuade the trustees to pay for. Johnson would buy what Barr wanted and give it to the museum later—a practice that he continued until his own funds dried up, in the late sixties. Over the years, his gifts have surpassed in significance those of any other museum benefactor except Mrs. Lillie P. Bliss, one of the founders. "I've seldom in my life known such a generous person," Dorothy Miller, for many years Barr's principal assistant, said last winter. "And he was always way ahead of everyone on the acquisitions committee."

Johnson's museum contacts did not exactly hurt him professionally, of course. Mrs. Rockefeller, riding up in a museum elevator with him one day in 1948, asked him to recommend an architect for a guesthouse that she wanted to build in the city as a place to hang her modern pictures, which her husband did not like. Johnson began naming a few, but Mrs. Rockefeller suddenly had an idea. "You're an architect—why don't you do it?" she said, and he did. (Johnson now lives in this house, which is on East Fifty-second Street. In 1958, Mrs. Rockefeller gave it to the museum, which used it for entertaining important guests; in 1964 the museum sold it to Robert Leonhardt, for whom Johnson had built another house; and since 1972 Johnson has rented it from Leonhardt's widow.) Other commissions for private houses came about, directly or indirectly, as a result of his museum work, and René d'Harnoncourt, who succeeded Barr as director in 1949, wondered whether there might not be some impropriety in this. According to Johnson, though, it was Frank Lloyd Wright who persuaded him to stop "carrying water on both shoulders"—as a practicing architect and as a museum man in a position to pass judgment on his colleagues. Johnson resigned as director of the Department of Architecture in 1954, and was succeeded by Arthur Drexler. Three years later, he was elected to the MOMA board of trustees.

From the beginning of his career, though, Philip Johnson's best client has always been Philip Johnson, and his best-known work is still the glass house that he built for himself in 1949, on a green hillside in New Canaan. Just about every architecture critic has either praised it or condemned it, and in 1950 *The Architectural Review* of London, the profession's leading international journal, devoted eight pages to it. In the article, Johnson himself, breaking all precedent, discussed the historical and contemporary sources of his design. These included Le Corbusier, Theo van Doesburg, the Acropolis, Karl Friedrich Schinkel, Claude Nicholas Ledoux, Kazimir Malevich, and, most particularly, Mies van der Rohe, who as early as 1945 had discussed with Johnson his concept of a house built entirely of large sheets of glass. Mies, in fact, had designed a glass house for Dr. Edith Farnsworth in Plano, Illinois, and Johnson had seen the plans for this house, whose completion was delayed until 1950. Johnson has never made the slightest effort to conceal his debt to Mies or his use of specific details from the Farnsworth house. The two houses are very different, though, and the differences are revealing. The Farnsworth house is a floating glass rectangle, narrower than Johnson's, raised on metal columns above the floodplain of the Fox River (raised not quite high enough, it turns out; the water occasionally comes in) and sandwiched between two horizontal planes of white-painted steel. Johnson's house rests on the ground, on the shelf of a hill, and its steel frame is painted black. The Farnsworth house is a sculptural object in a landscape; Johnson's is part of the landscape, a semitransparent image that sometimes reflects its surroundings and sometimes seems to disappear as you look at it. "It doesn't have as good details as the Farnsworth," Johnson has said. "It hasn't got the absolute refinement, the pure white, floating elegance of that rather cold masterpiece." Most people who have seen both consider Johnson's house infinitely the more hospitable, and it has certainly had more influence on architectural history. "I think it's one of the most important buildings in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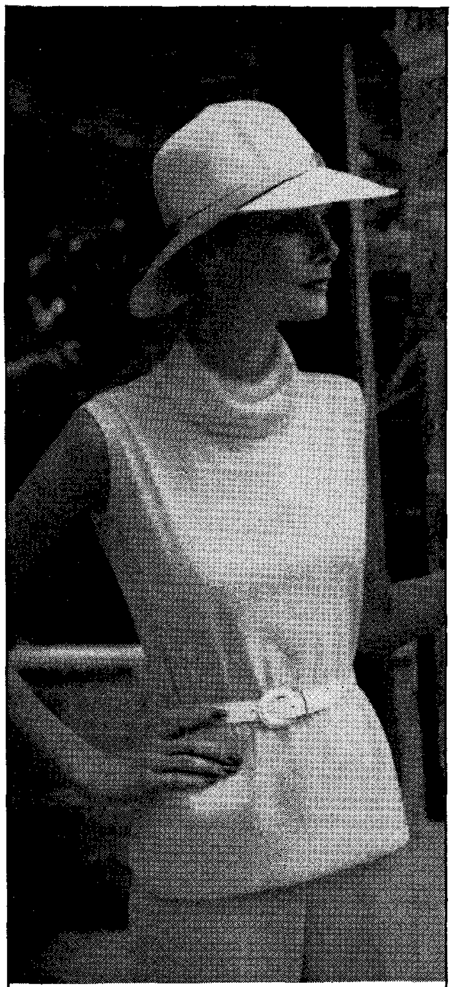

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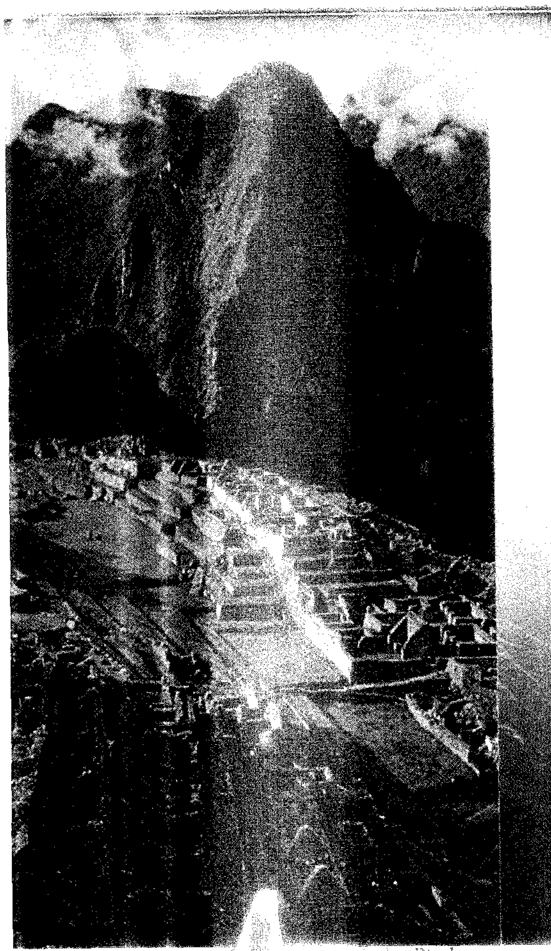
America," the Yale art historian Vincent Scully said last spring. "The glass house is a real archetype—a fundamental piece of architecture, like a life-support pod—and as such it is full of suggestions for the future."

A Sunday in spring—warm but not hot, with a slight breeze stirring the leaves of the big oaks that shade the glass house, where Philip Johnson and some friends and I are enjoying a late lunch. In palmier times, in the early sixties, Johnson had a staff of servants and entertained lavishly—up to fourteen for lunch nearly every weekend, and sometimes for dinner as well. (The servants lived in a conventional house on the property, which Johnson bought when he discovered that his glass house offered none of the more prosaic amenities, such as storage space.) Now he lives more simply. He uses his weekends at the glass house mainly to read and to work. This is where he does most of his designing.

"One problem with glass houses is when an inside wall hits the glass," Johnson says. "If that happens, you don't have a glass house anymore. How do you provide rooms and yet never touch the glass with a partition?" Both Johnson and Mies solved it by having no partitions. The bathroom, fireplace, and service facilities in Johnson's house are contained in a circular, freestanding brick cylinder that breaks through the flat roof like a big chimney, and that appears from the outside to anchor the house to its site. (In the Farnsworth house, the service core does not extend through the roof line.) The bathroom unit divides the "bedroom," at the far end of the house, from the "living room," an austere arrangement of Mies van der Rohe stainless-steel-and-brown-leather furniture on a white rug. The dining table and chairs (also Mies) are at the near end, opposite a waist-high kitchen unit. There are only two works of art: a sculpture of two women by Elie Nadelman, near the kitchen unit, and "The Death of Phocion," painted by Nicolas Poussin and acquired by Johnson in 1946 (his only noncontemporary work of art), on an easel near the fireplace. Johnson's friend Rosamond Russell (formerly Rosamond Bernier) remembers coming here for the first time, in the nineteen-sixties, with the Barrs and casually dropping her handbag on the Mies chaise longue. Marga Barr quickly corrected her, whispering that one does not leave extraneous objects lying about in the glass house. The interior is a still-life.

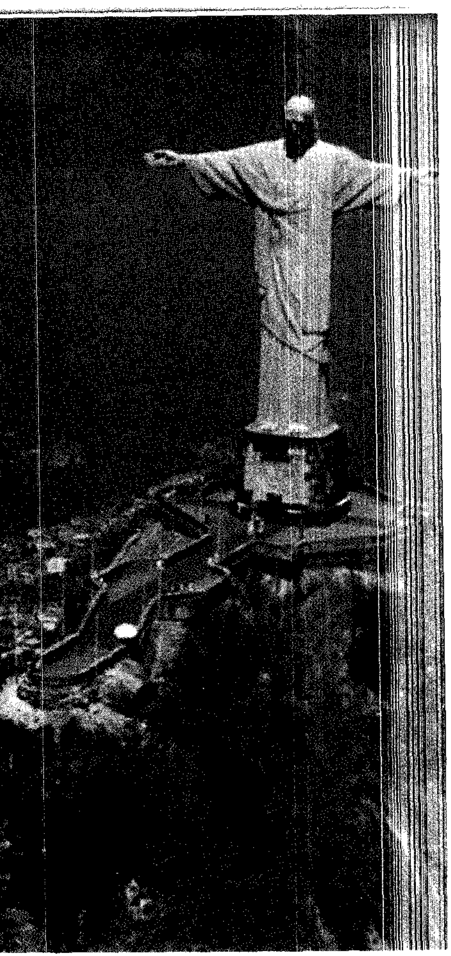
Another problem with glass houses is the practical one of privacy. Johnson's solution to this was landscaping. His house overlooks a valley, also owned by him, that has been cleared of all but the largest trees; in the valley are a man-made pond, inhabited by two Canada geese and a school of venerable goldfish, and a little white pavilion—a concrete "folly." Though its myriad arches and columns are only half the normal scale, and one can enter it only by ducking one's head, it looks full-scale from the glass house. (The pond used to have a water jet that rose to a height of a hundred and twenty feet, but no longer; it was too expensive to operate, and the pump has been removed.) Because the glass house was built in the middle of a hill rather than on top of one, its uphill side could be screened from the road by a high stone wall and by trees and other plantings, and also by a solid brick guesthouse, which was completed in 1949, shortly before the glass house, and which is, in a sense, its antithesis—an opaque rectangle with three port-hole-type windows. Over the years, Johnson has bought up land on either side of his property, so that the original five acres have increased to thirty-two. His privacy is well established, although, as the architecture critic Paul Goldberger once observed, in order to live successfully in Philip Johnson's glass house one would probably have to be Philip Johnson.

After lunch, Johnson and I walked down to the little pavilion, following a zigzag path through woods carefully pruned of everything but wild flowers. (Johnson still employs a gardener.) "This was my most extreme break with the Miesian aesthetic and the International Style," Johnson said of the pavilion. "I built it in 1962, mainly to thumb my nose at modern architecture that had to have a use." Having been responsible in large part for establishing the International Style in this country, Johnson was one of the first to abandon it. His pavilion is an exercise in sheer, history-laden playfulness, and as such it has outraged every true-blue modernist. "I was thinking about the quarters that the Duke of Mantua made for his dwarfs, in the sixteenth century," Johnson said as we sat down on the concrete floor. (When we were sitting down, our heads were at the level they would have been in a normal room if we had been standing up.) "Also about an island house, like the one you see in Böcklin's 'Island of the Dead.' Also about tree houses and doll houses—the appeal of the small. At that time, I was working on the Mondrian plan—you can see how this is all built



[illegible] Picchu, [illegible] Incas.

Chile. Ski Portillo, where our summer is their winter.



Brazil. Christ the Redeemer overlooking Rio.

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You could h[illegible] about Machu [illegible] all your life an[illegible]epared for the incredible [illegible] being there. That ancient lo[illegible] the Inca lies cradled betwee[illegible]ctacular mountain peaks in Peru. [illegible] the wonder is how it could have been built at all in such an inaccessible place. But then, all of South America is a vacation beyond anything you might have expected. You'll never know—until you've been there—that skiing in July at Bariloche in Argentina or at Portillo in Chile is as fantastic and socially dazzling as Aspen or St. Moritz in February.

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on squares, differently treated. And I was also working on the basic problem of the Renaissance, which was how you turn corners in a columnar system—you see, I've invented a column here that turns all ways, inside and out, without any change of pattern, which was something they never did in the Renaissance. And one more thing I had in mind was the great Moslem mosque in Córdoba, with all those columns that you look through, and with that sense of mystery. I even put gold leaf on the ceiling, you see. It's disintegrating now, but it makes a wonderful contrast with the concrete. When I had servants, I'd put down straw mats and we'd have little *fêtes champêtres* in here—all sorts of Pompeian conceits."

While Johnson was working his way out of the International Style in the fifties, mainly by delving into architectural history, he was also influencing a whole new generation at Yale. Largely because of Louis Kahn, who went there to teach in the late forties, the Yale Department of Architecture had become the principal center of new architectural ideas. Paul Rudolph, Robert Venturi, and other advanced practitioners also taught there, and the visiting-critic program brought in talents as diverse as Johnson and Buckminster Fuller. Johnson, who for many years went up to New Haven regularly to lecture, proved to be an enormously stimulating presence. His flippant wit contrasted oddly with his passionate dedication to architecture as art. Johnson has never hesitated to take sly digs at his confreres—calling Marcel Breuer a "peasant Mannerist," for example, and Edward Larrabee Barnes "a sheep in sheep's clothing." Students appreciated this sort of thing no end, of course. They also admired his lucid and totally unsentimental intelligence, and his withering attacks on the form-follows-function dogma of the Bauhaus loyalists. Form follows form, he argued—always had and always would. And as for structural honesty—that, said Johnson, was "one of the great bugaboos that we should free ourselves from very quickly."

The Bauhaus people had seen modern architecture as the key to social regeneration—a brand-new tool, with no debts to history. Johnson, who had begun his career, after all, as an architectural historian, saw matters differently. "You cannot not know history," he now told his Yale students. But Johnson did not make the mistake of confusing architecture itself with architectural history. In a 1954 lecture at Harvard

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entitled "The Seven Crutches of Modern Architecture" (the title itself was a sly dig at John Ruskin's famous nineteenth-century book "The Seven Lamps of Architecture"), he had come down in the end to Corbusier's famous definition: *"L'architecture, c'est le jeu—savant, correct, et magnifique—des formes sous la lumière."* History, structure, pretty drawing, utility, serving the client—none of these were essential elements; nothing really mattered but the wise, correct, and magnificent play of forms under light. "I would rather sleep in Chartres Cathedral with the nearest john two blocks away than in a Harvard house with back-to-back bathrooms," Johnson told an audience at Harvard. In the fifties, this was heresy, and the students loved it. (They also liked the mystical musings of Louis Kahn, who would say that he had asked the brick what it wanted to become, and that it had wanted to become an arch. Kahn, who had received a Beaux-Arts training, and who never assimilated the International Style, went on to design what Johnson believes are the most significant buildings of the nineteen-sixties. It was Kahn, Johnson has said, who "showed us the route to freedom from the International Style.")

For many of his students at Yale, Johnson's insistence on architecture-as-art was profoundly liberating, and invitations to the glass house on weekends were greatly coveted. A visit there in the nineteen-fifties was a sort of running architectural seminar, where students could meet important architects like Paul Rudolph and explore ideas of all kinds. In some of the houses that Johnson was then building for wealthy clients, and in the Kneses Tifereth Israel Synagogue in Port Chester—the fee for which, significantly, he donated to the synagogue itself—Johnson was already a long way from the spare, reductionist perfection of his glass house. The delicate arches and columns of his little pavilion led directly to the neoclassic Sheldon Memorial Art Gallery, at the University of Nebraska (1963), and to the New York State Theatre at Lincoln Center (1964). Many of his colleagues feel today that this was far from his best period. "The English were especially critical," Johnson reflected, as we started back up the path toward the glass house. "They called it my Ballet School Period, and they felt it was a betrayal of the whole modern movement."

"What did Mies think about your glass house?" I asked, a bit later.

"He never said anything to me about it, one way or another," Johnson

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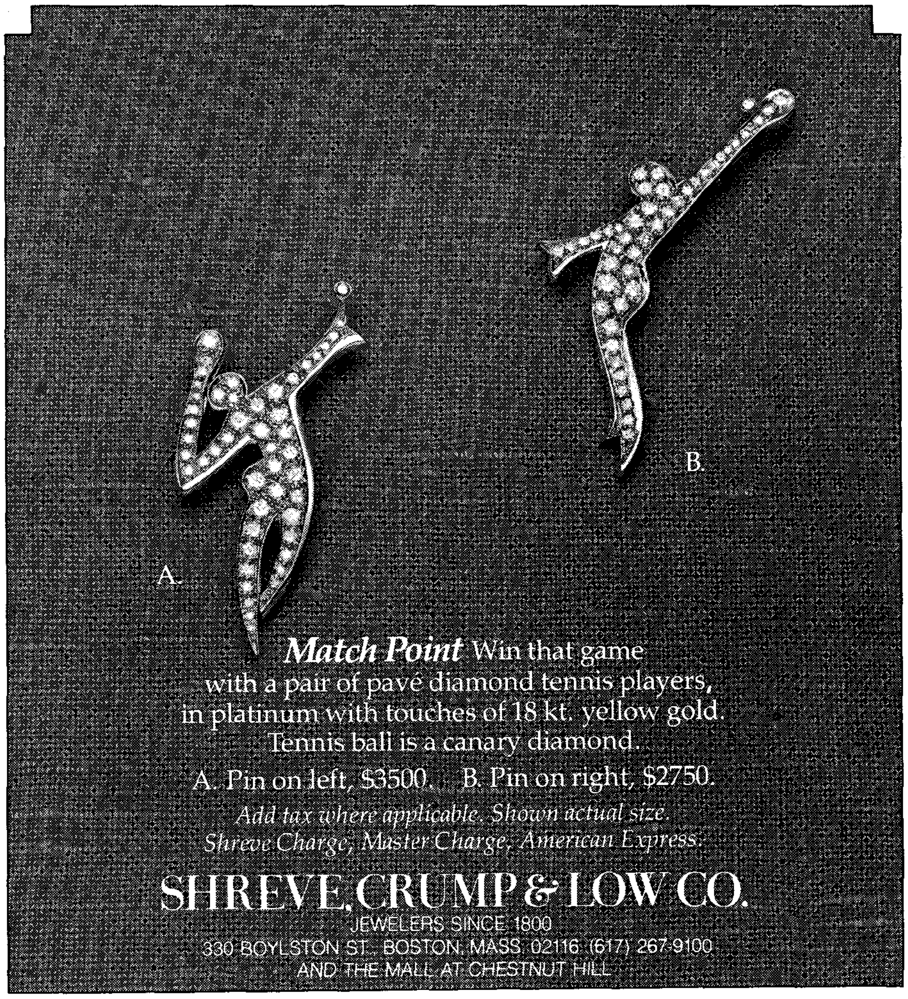

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replied. "But I know that his students in Chicago always considered it a poor imitation of his Farnsworth house, so that's probably what he thought. He came here many times, but then one night we got into a philosophical argument about something, and Mies became so angry that he insisted on spending the night under another roof. I had to drive him to a neighbor's. The next day he apologized, and our relationship continued, but he never again set foot in the house. Frank Lloyd Wright was much more outspoken, of course. He hated the whole International Style, which he called 'flat-chested.' Wright really built the Edgar Kaufmann house, Fallingwater, as an answer to our 1932 show at the museum—as though he were saying, 'All right, if you want a flat roof, I'll show you how to really build a flat roof.' It was a wonderful answer. But that was in 1938, and we didn't know then how good Wright was. I thought he was good but terribly old-fashioned. Russell Hitchcock and I went to see him at Taliesin, in Wisconsin, when we were planning the 1932 show. He had no phone, and there were two-by-fours under all the cantilevers, and the plumbing didn't work. He'd hardly built anything in ten years. But he was just as determined as ever. What appealed to him about Russell and me was that we were really interested in the art of architecture. I remember one time Wright came into my glass house and stood there, wearing one of his wide-brimmed hats, and said, 'Philip, should I take my hat off or leave it on? Am I indoors or am I out?' Then, in the fifties, I made the mistake of referring to him in a lecture as 'the greatest architect of the nineteenth century,' and he heard about it and was furious. The next time we saw each other was at Yale. He came up to me and said, 'Why, Philip, I thought you were dead.' And later he said, 'Little Phil, all grown up and building houses and leaving them out in the rain.' " (Vincent Scully, who was present, remembers that Wright was so pleased with himself over this sally that he became positively benign for the rest of the evening.) "Wright joked about my house, but he kept coming back," Johnson said. "His eyes stayed open."

ONE day in 1954, Phyllis Lambert, then living in Paris, received in a letter a newspaper clipping about the new office building that her father, Samuel Bronfman, was planning to put up in New York as the corporate headquarters of his firm, Joseph E. Seagram & Sons. The clipping included a preliminary sketch of the building by the firm of Charles Luckman Associates. Mrs. Lambert, who had done graduate work in architectural history, thought the drawing looked "execrable." She wrote her father a long letter saying that he owed it to the firm, to the family, and to New York to do better. Bronfman *père*, who had made no final decision regarding an architect for his building, thereupon turned the job of selecting one over to Bronfman *fille*.

Mrs. Lambert came to New York and called first on Lewis Mumford, the historian and architecture critic, and then on Alfred Barr, who invited Johnson in; Johnson drew up a list of eminent practitioners for her to see, among them Gropius, I. M. Pei, Paul Rudolph, Minoru Yamasaki, Mies van der Rohe, and Eero Saarinen. Johnson arranged to have her meet Saarinen at his glass house, and Saarinen drew up his own list—it included people who could but shouldn't, people who should but couldn't, and those (among whom Saarinen naturally placed himself) who could and should. After careful consideration, Mrs. Lambert chose Mies van der Rohe—primarily, she says, because all the younger people seemed to be talking in terms of Mies and his work.

It was an exciting prospect—the first significant building in New York by one of the acknowledged masters of modern architecture. But Mies, who was almost seventy, lived in Chicago and had no New York office. It was Lou R. Crandall, the head of the George A. Fuller construction company and an old friend of Samuel Bronfman's, who suggested that Philip Johnson be hired to help out. Mies liked the idea, and Johnson, when he was offered the job, was moved almost to tears. Ironically, he was then in the process of breaking out of the Miesian idiom in his own work. But he still admired Mies above all other architects, and the commission offered him a chance to fulfill every young architect's dream—to work on a skyscraper. "Mies did all the thinking," Johnson maintains. "I helped with the politics, and I did the interiors, including the Four Seasons restaurant on the ground floor, but I didn't touch the design of the building. Pure Mies."

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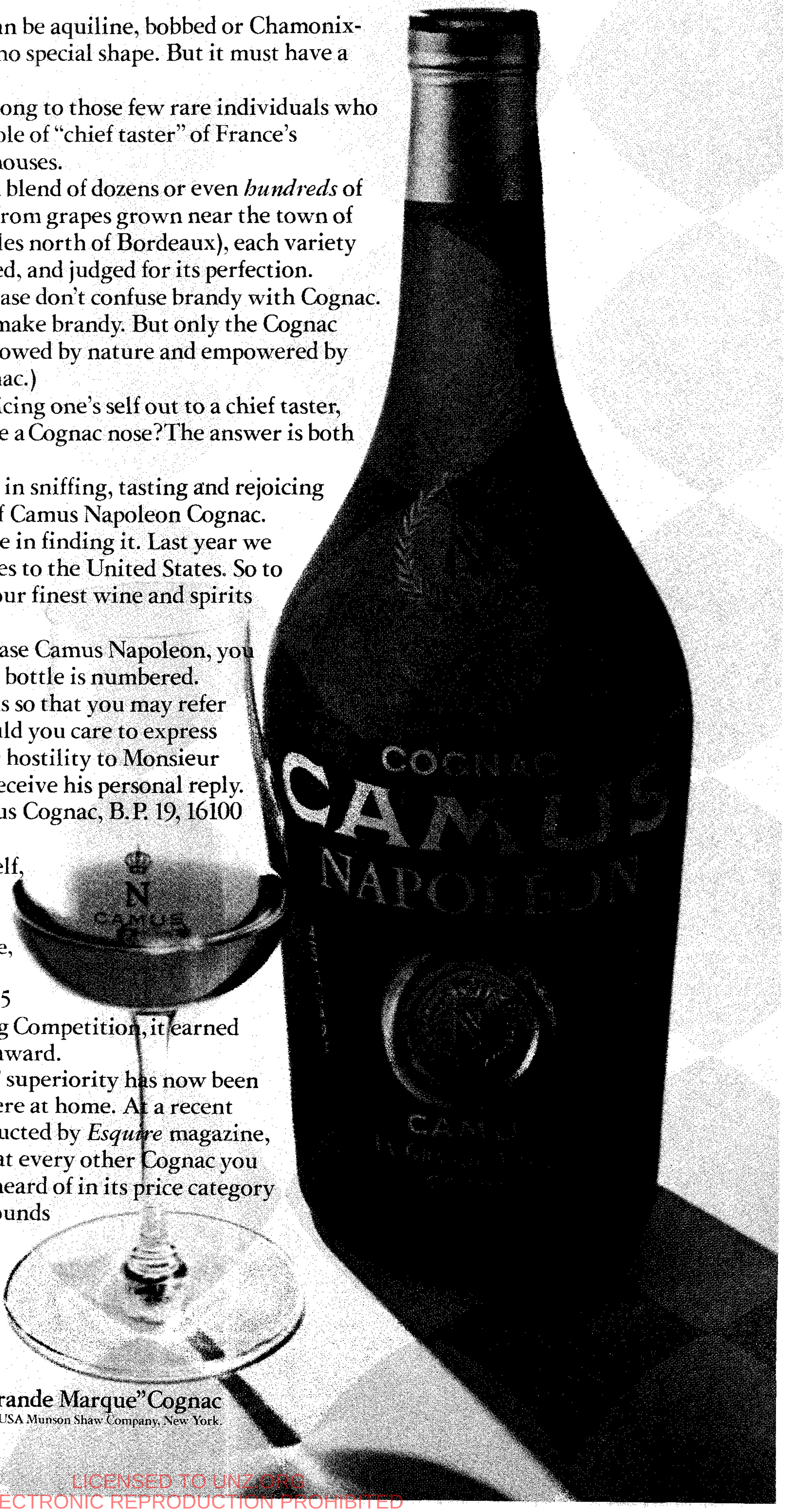

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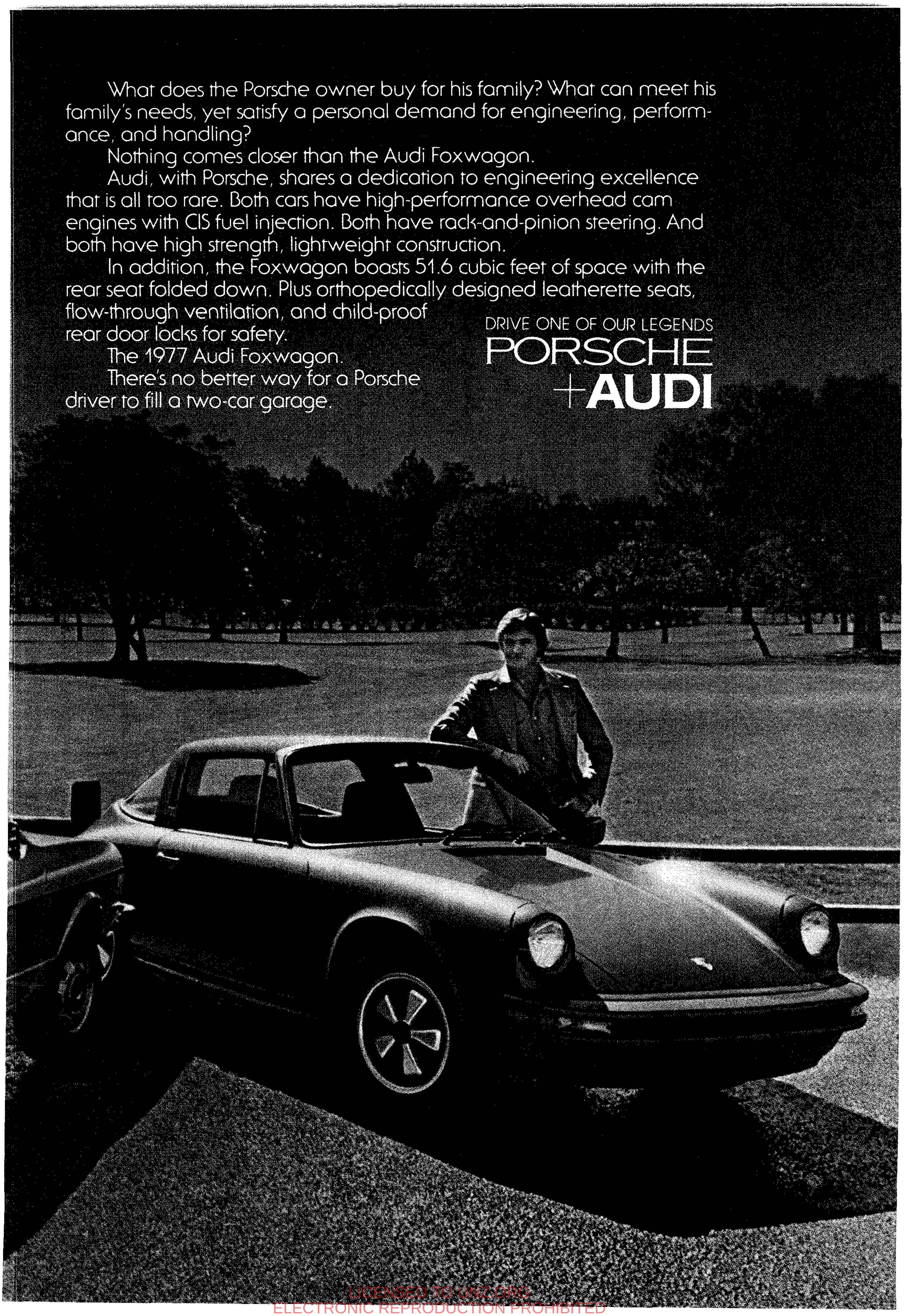

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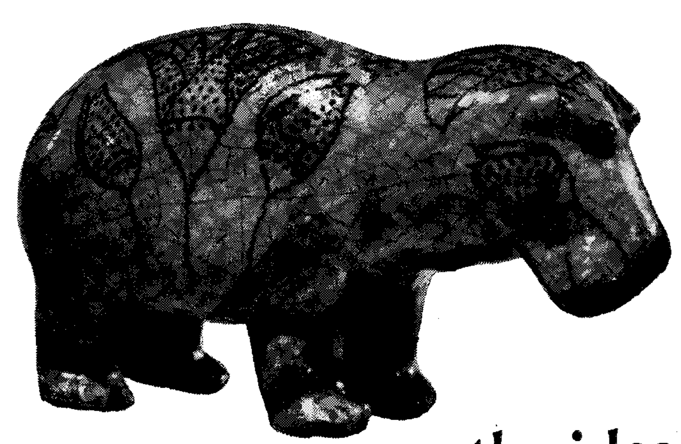
on twenty-four-foot columns and surrounded by an open pink granite plaza, it is the quintessential rendering of the International Style. Although not the first steel-and-glass office building in the city (Skidmore, Owings & Merrill's Lever House, on the opposite side of Park Avenue a block to the north, went up two years earlier), it is still the most beautiful, the most subtly proportioned, the most rigorous and uncompromising in its claim to be a work of art—and it was certainly the most expensive. Bronfman turned out to be the ideal client, mainly because he referred all major decisions to his daughter. ("Do I have to build that?" he is reported to have complained when he was first shown the model.) Mrs. Lambert saw to it that Mies never lost a battle. The building is said to have cost twenty-five million dollars, and it is highly unlikely that anybody will ever again put up a bronze building. What everybody *did* do was to copy Mies's methods, leaving out the genius and the exquisite detailing and the costly materials. Curtain-wall office buildings of steel and glass now line Park Avenue and Sixth Avenue in midtown New York; Chicago has become a Mies van der Rohe city. The Seagram Building still stands alone—a dark, splendid oak in a forest of Emery Roth second growth.

On the thirty-seventh floor of the Seagram Building are the offices of Johnson/Burgee. John Burgee, who is forty-three, seems in many ways to be the antithesis of Johnson. His large, rumpled Irish amiability makes a fine contrast to Johnson's high-strung, nervous impatience. The son of a well-known Chicago architect, he also happens to be a brilliant designer, and Johnson, who has always liked to work with a partner (before Burgee it was Richard Foster, and before Foster it was Landis Gores), says that it is often impossible to tell which design ideas originate with which partner, so close together does their thinking run. Johnson/Burgee, formed in 1967, is a relatively small firm, with thirty-five architects (as opposed to Skidmore, Owings & Merrill—sometimes called "the three blind Mies"—which employs almost five hundred), but it has projects all over the place: an airport in Tel Aviv, a cultural center in Bombay, a civic center in Peoria, and, of course, the Crystal Cathedral.

The first job that Burgee worked on with Johnson was the firm's first big office complex—for Investors Diversified Services, in Minneapolis. Originally, Johnson/Burgee had been asked to serve as design consultants to the



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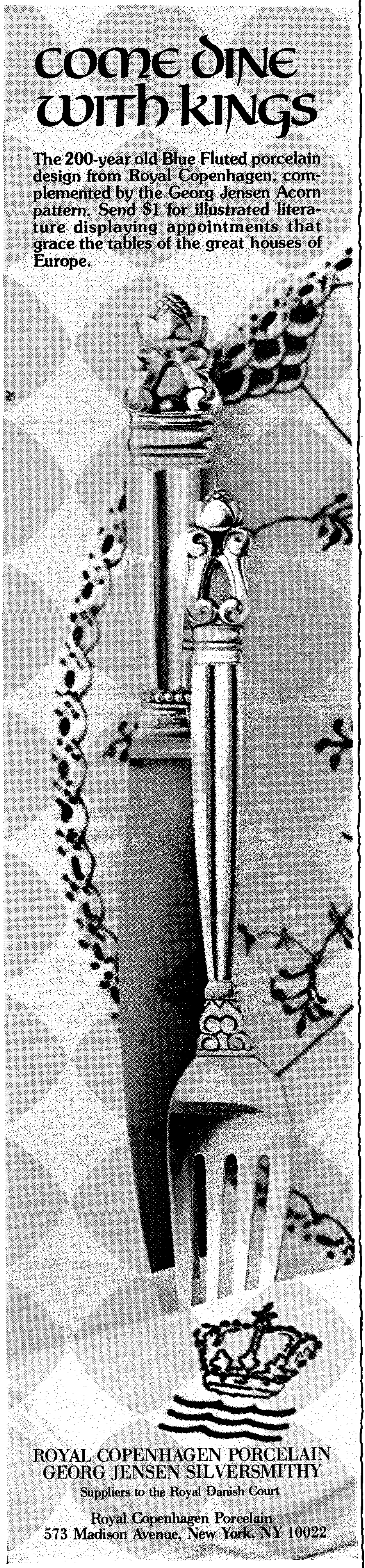
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Minneapolis architectural firm of Edward F. Baker Associates, which had already drawn up plans for the IDS building; then the project developed into a joint venture and the original design was scrapped. In the end, Johnson/Burgee took over the design responsibility, which did not make for easy relations with Baker Associates. This was in 1968, when the Seagram Building was ten years old, and a number of architects were trying to develop new forms of the office skyscraper, to go beyond the ubiquitous glass box. In Minneapolis, where winters are polar, the Miesian concept of a skyscraper set in an open plaza did not have great appeal anyway. "So we took Seagram and turned it inside out—putting the plaza inside, and in the center of the site instead of in front," Johnson says. Having persuaded their clients to buy the whole block instead of only half of it, as originally planned, Johnson and Burgee proceeded to enclose the space that corresponded to the Seagram's open plaza, producing a glass-roofed court a hundred feet high—a *galleria* of shops and restaurants and public spaces—that has become one of the most delightful urban areas in America. This "crystal court" has four entrances from the surrounding streets, as well as easy access to the buildings in the complex (all done by Johnson/Burgee): a fifty-one-story glass office tower, by far the tallest in Minneapolis; a nineteen-story hotel; an eight-story office building; and a two-story store.

While the IDS Center was being hailed as a major breakthrough in urban design, the IDS corporation was reported to be in financial straits, partly because of the building's cost. Both Johnson and Burgee deny that any cost overrun could be blamed on their office: when the final contracts were signed, Burgee says—for the enlarged site and the greatly expanded building plans—the architectural budget agreed upon was within two per cent of the final architectural costs. Still, articles in the financial press about the cost overrun of the IDS Center tended to reinforce Johnson/Burgee's reputation as the most expensive architects around, and may have deterred potential clients. Fortunately, they did not deter Gerald D. Hines, the developer who made possible Johnson/Burgee's recent office buildings in Houston.

Texas has been very hospitable to Johnson over the years, and Houston, the energy capital of the world, is one of the few places where large-scale building goes on today. Hines arrived there from Indiana soon after the Second World War. A refrigeration engineer, he had the foresight to buy an old house, air-condition it, and lease it as office space—possibly the first air-conditioned offices in that hot and sultry town. Today, he is one of the country's leading real-estate developers, and, as such, an important architectural patron. Hines had been so impressed by Johnson's ability to get along with one of Hines' own partners—I. S. Brochstein, a tough and demanding man on whose land Hines was putting up a twenty-four-story office building in the City Post Oak section of Houston—that he introduced him to a much bigger and tougher man: J. Hugh Liedtke, the chairman of the Pennzoil Company. Liedtke told Johnson and Burgee very specifically what he did *not* want: "another upended cigar box." He didn't want the tallest building in town, either, but he did want a distinctive image for his oil company's corporate headquarters. This image took form on the return flight from Houston to New York, as Johnson and Burgee, buoyed by creative euphoria and Martinis, sketched and exchanged visual ideas. What they eventually built, with Liedtke's enthusiastic approval, were two thirty-six-story towers of dark-bronzed mirrored glass, trapezoidal in shape and notable for the fact that each building is sheared off at the top at a forty-five-degree angle. The steeply pitched roofs begin at the twenty-ninth floor and give the buildings an arresting, slightly domestic look. An enclosed lobby similar to the one in Minneapolis joins the twin towers at ground level. Viewed from the street—or, even better, from the freeway that girdles Houston—the towers reflect and comment on one another, and the ten-foot space, or "slot," between them, which opens and closes unexpectedly, depending on the angle from which one sees it, is something that Houstonites now point out to visitors. Ada Louise Huxtable, whose *Times* judgments carry considerable weight, canonized Pennzoil Place last winter as the "building of the year." From the outset, demand for office space in it was so great that Hines told the architects to add two floors during construction. The upper-story offices with slanted ceilings rented first, proving, one might suppose, that Houston oilmen secretly long to work in garrets.

The firm's great success in Houston could not, alas, offset the crushing disappointment of Johnson's not having been asked to design the Museum of

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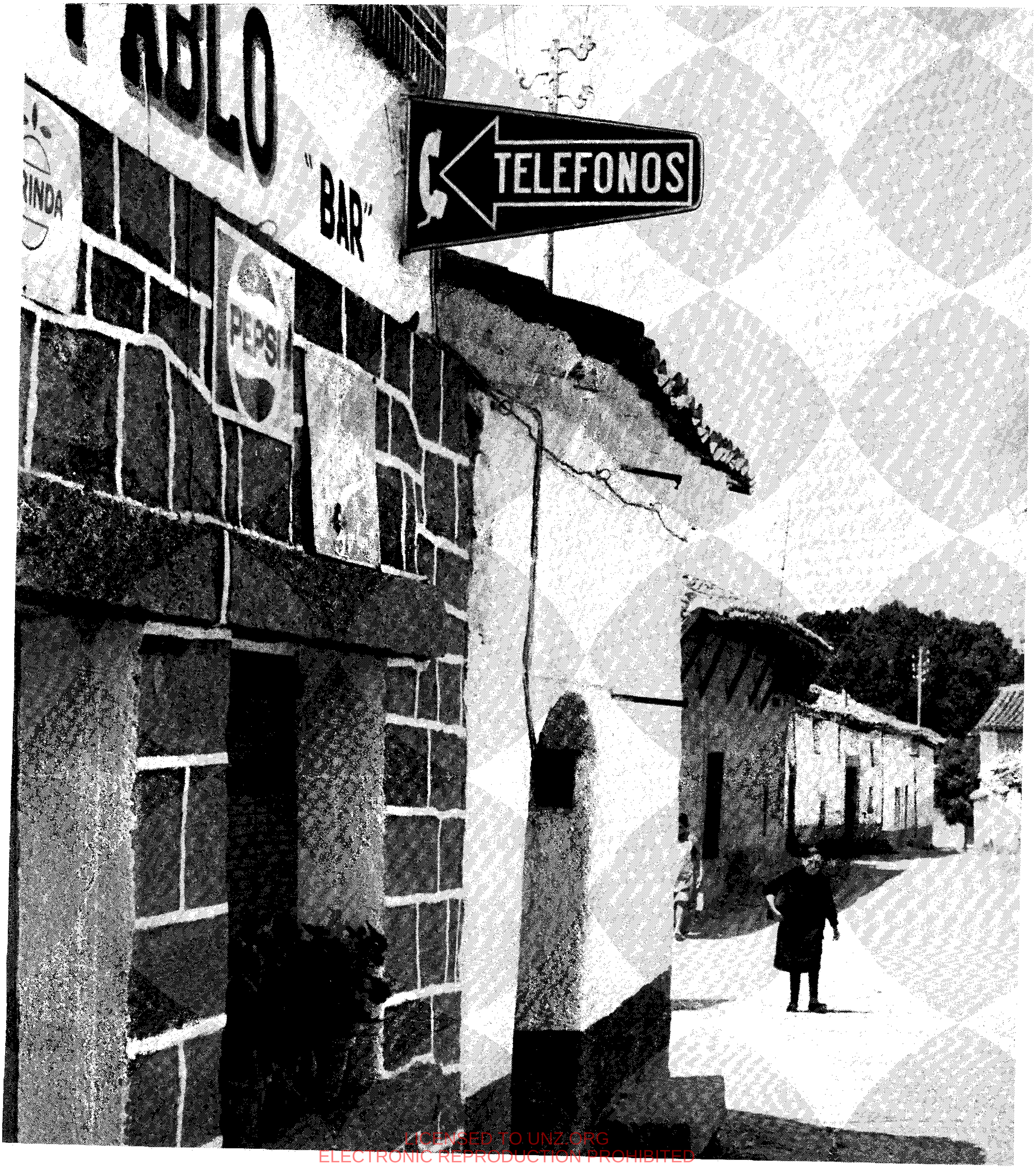

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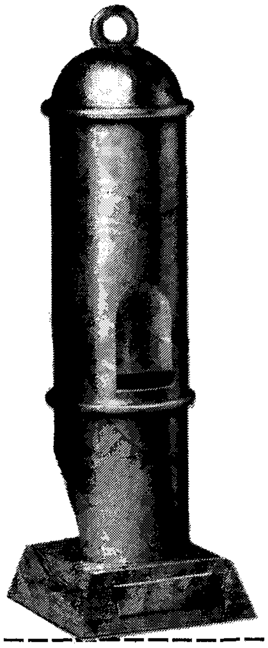

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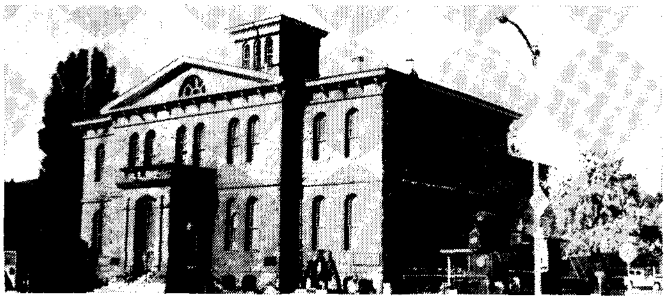

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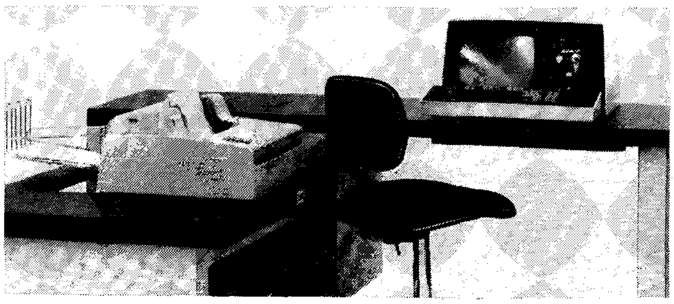

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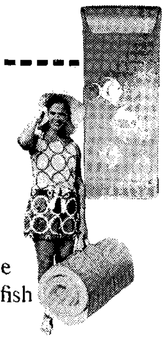

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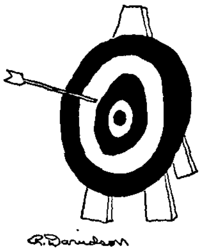
Modern Art's proposed condominium tower in New York. For years, Johnson had been the museum's resident architect—designer of the museum offices, at 21 West Fifty-third Street, in 1951; of the Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Sculpture Garden in 1953; and of the new East Wing and Garden Wing in 1964. Having been a museum trustee since 1957, the founder of the Department of Architecture, a benefactor whose generous gifts filled gaps all through the nineteen-sixties and whose private collection was destined (until recently) to go to the museum in toto—whose own purchases of art, in fact, had often been made primarily with the museum's needs in mind—Johnson was as emotionally involved with the museum as he was with the practice of architecture. And when the trustees began to think about solving some of the museum's financial problems by building a condominium tower to the west of their main building, Johnson naturally assumed that he would be the architect.



His assumption was wrong. For a time, rumor had it that he was being passed over for the job because of his reputation as the most expensive architect in New York. In fact, the condominium project was dependent on some complex state legislation regarding the commercial use of tax-free space which made it illegal for anyone on the MOMA board to profit from the new building. This ruled out Johnson and the three other architects on the board—Gordon Bunshaft, Wallace K. Harrison, and Edward Larrabee Barnes. Somehow, though, the manner in which this was made clear to Johnson fell short of the tact that the situation seemed to require, and he was grievously offended. It is not Johnson's style to bear grudges, however. He had a large hand in the choice of Cesar Pelli, an architect whose work he greatly admires, to do the tower. He continues to make generous gifts to the museum's collections. But he has recently let it be known that his personal art collection will not end up at the museum after all, and—for the moment, at least—his forty-seven-year relationship with that institution is tinged with bitterness.

FOR a period in the nineteen-fifties and nineteen-sixties, Johnson seemed to be *the* museum architect—designer of the MOMA additions and of Asia House, in New York; of the much admired Munson-Williams-Proctor Institute, in Utica; of the Amon Carter Museum of Western Art, in Fort Worth; of the Sheldon Memorial Art Gallery, in Lincoln, Nebraska; of the Bielefeld Art Gallery, in Bielefeld, West Germany; and of the Pre-Columbian Wing of the lovely small Dumbarton Oaks museum, in Washington. He also built extensively on college campuses: an auditorium and classroom buildings at the University of St. Thomas, in Houston; dormitories at Sarah Lawrence; a computer center and an art center at Brown; the Kline Science Tower at Yale; the Neuberger Museum at the State University of New York at Purchase; the Bobst Library and three other buildings for N.Y.U. For a good many years, though, Johnson had let it be known, only half jokingly, that his real ambition was to become *"l'architecte du roi"*—the nation's official architect for its great public monuments. Until fairly recently, the only commission that he might have considered worthy of that title was his New York State Theatre at Lincoln Center—and that, he readily concedes, was something less than a triumph.

In the late fifties, a committee of American architects, among them Johnson, was brought together by John D. Rockefeller III to conceive a general plan for Lincoln Center. The coördinator was Wallace K. Harrison, Nelson Rockefeller's *architecte du gouverneur*, who had already been chosen to build the Metropolitan Opera House. (Harrison's partner, Max Abramovitz, was to build Philharmonic Hall, the acoustically plagued auditorium—now called Avery Fisher Hall—whose total interior renovation last summer by Johnson/Burgee and Cyril Harris seems at long last to have cured the affliction.) Johnson remembers the master planning sessions as being vitriolic in the extreme. "Architects are just as small, just as self-centered, just as egotistical as any group of sopranos," he said last spring. "There's nothing worse, except professors of biology. Anyway, we fought from the minute we walked in the door."

Johnson himself came up with the plan that put the three major buildings on the sites they now occupy—the Opera House at the apex, flanked by Philharmonic Hall and the State Theatre. But that was only part of his notion: he thought that the entire complex should have a strong unifying design, and what he proposed was a great colonnade—an unbroken screen of porticoes enclosing the square on all four sides and incorporating the façades of the three buildings. "Like Bernini," Johnson recalls. "Wally Harrison said, 'Well, who's going to design the colonnade?,' and that was that. We were right back at Square One, because nobody would agree to let anybody else do it. You can see how Wally got where he is. I was just being a stupid little brat."

The three theatres were built without the colonnade or any other unifying device, unless the monumental use of travertine marble, arched columns, and neoclassic design can be said to unify what most younger architects now look upon as a pompous, overbearing group of buildings. These critics generally agree that Johnson's New York State Theatre is the best of the three. (Johnson received the commission to do this building largely at the insistence of his old friend Lincoln Kirstein, the co-founder of the New York City Ballet, whose new home it would be.) The State Theatre exemplifies to good effect Johnson's idea of the "processional" element in architecture, which he elaborated around this time in several articles and lectures. "Architecture exists only in time," he wrote. The most important experience that architecture could give, he felt, was the experience of moving into and through a space—"the relationships and effects of spaces as you move about in them." In the State Theatre, as Johnson conceived it, "the pop up the 'baroque' stairs into the Mississippi-steamboat promenade is of the essence. So are the stairs up and down from the upper balconies. So are the silhouetted moving people who form the living frieze to the space."

Johnson agrees with much of the criticism of Lincoln Center and the multimillion-dollar "cultural ghettos" it has spawned. "Given the political situation at the time, though, we really couldn't have done anything else," he said last spring. "The whole idea was wrong to start with, but that's the American way of doing things. You can raise more money if you say you're building the best and the biggest. Still, we could have designed better buildings. My façade is hardly better than Abramovitz's, although my theatre worked better. Of course, it was easy enough for me to compromise then, because I was in my period of reaction—my period of rediscovering history." History had been for him a way out of the severities of the International Style, but by 1965 this phase of his career was over. The New

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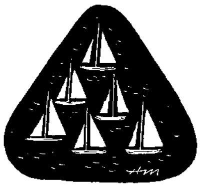
York State Theatre was Johnson's last neoclassic design.

In place of history, Johnson looked to contemporary American art for inspiration. Although he had been buying paintings for years, he did not really start to collect in earnest until the sixties, and what he collected then was Pop and Minimal art. Advised by his friend David Whitney, who is a museum consultant, he bought early works by Robert Rauschenberg and Jasper Johns, the artists who led the way out of Abstract Expressionism, and shortly thereafter he began buying Andy Warhol, Roy Lichtenstein, and Frank Stella. In 1965, he built his own paintings gallery on the New Canaan estate, burying it in the hillside so that it would not interfere with the view of or from the glass house. Johnson also collected the spare, reductionist "primary structures" of the Minimal sculptors Donald Judd, Dan Flavin, and Richard Serra, as well as the antiformal soft sculptures of Robert Morris and Claes Oldenburg, and in 1970 he completed a sculpture gallery on his estate to house them. All these young artists were thumbing their noses at tradition (this naturally appealed to Johnson), and most of them had dispensed more or less completely with the technical skills—the fine craftsmanship—that used to be considered an essential component of painting and sculpture. The Pop artists' celebration of the ordinary and the banal—of beer cans and advertising art and comic-strip images—carried over into architecture mainly through the work of the Venturis (Robert Venturi and his wife, Denise Scott Brown), who saw Las Vegas and the suburban shopping strip as legitimate architectural models for our time. Johnson himself was more directly influenced by the geometric simplifications of Minimal sculpture—in his John F. Kennedy Memorial, in Dallas, for instance, and his Art Museum of South Texas, in Corpus Christi. The austerity and the unadorned, direct quality of these recent works have obvious affinities with his earlier, Miesian buildings, but the spirit is different—cruder, stronger, more closely related to the surrounding environment. The spirit, in fact, is wholly contemporary.



By the late sixties, architecture students at Yale and Columbia and a few other places were in revolt against architecture-as-art. Social relevance, respect for the natural environment, and housing for the world's poor were once again "in" (much as they had been during the heyday of the Bauhaus), and Philip Johnson, Kevin Roche, Paul Rudolph, and other stars of the older generation were scorned as builders of expensive and meaningless monuments. Johnson, as usual, took a lively interest in the new thinking. He has always been intensely curious about the generation on its way up, and, more than any other living architect, he has gone out of his way to meet his younger colleagues, look at their work, and discuss it with them. "Philip keeps on trying to grow," Vincent Scully said last summer. "He's pretty sure that the young are going to be right, which is one of the most disarming things about him." While Johnson never wavered in his commitment to architecture-as-art, he could hardly help being swept up in that aspect of the "socially relevant" thinking which envisaged the remaking of cities. In the heady atmosphere of the late sixties, Johnson and Burgee devoted a great deal of their time to massive urban projects in Philadelphia (the Franklin Town development), in Harlem (a state-office-building complex), and in the Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn (a retail shopping center)—none of which ever got built. The transformation of Welfare Island into a new residential community, however, did get beyond the drawing board, before the Urban Development Corporation's funds ran out two years ago. Johnson and Burgee's master plan for the island (renamed Roosevelt Island) called for a pedestrian community—private cars were banned, and so were dogs—whose center lay along a curving main street, and whose apartment-house complexes, each to be designed by a different architect, would all afford sweeping views of the East River. Two thousand of the projected five thousand apartment units have been built so far, but the cutoff of government funding has left the future of the project very much in doubt. Nothing can really be done about the plight of cities without heavy federal aid, of course, and Johnson sees scant hope of this. "It is clear that our cities decay for the same reason that our air becomes polluted," he told a Mount Holyoke graduating class in 1966. "We do not care enough." The near-obliteration of Grand Central Station by the Pan Am Building, the demolition of Penn Station, the erection of "a money-making cheapie on our most prestigious plaza" (the General Motors Building at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street), and countless other local abominations confirm his

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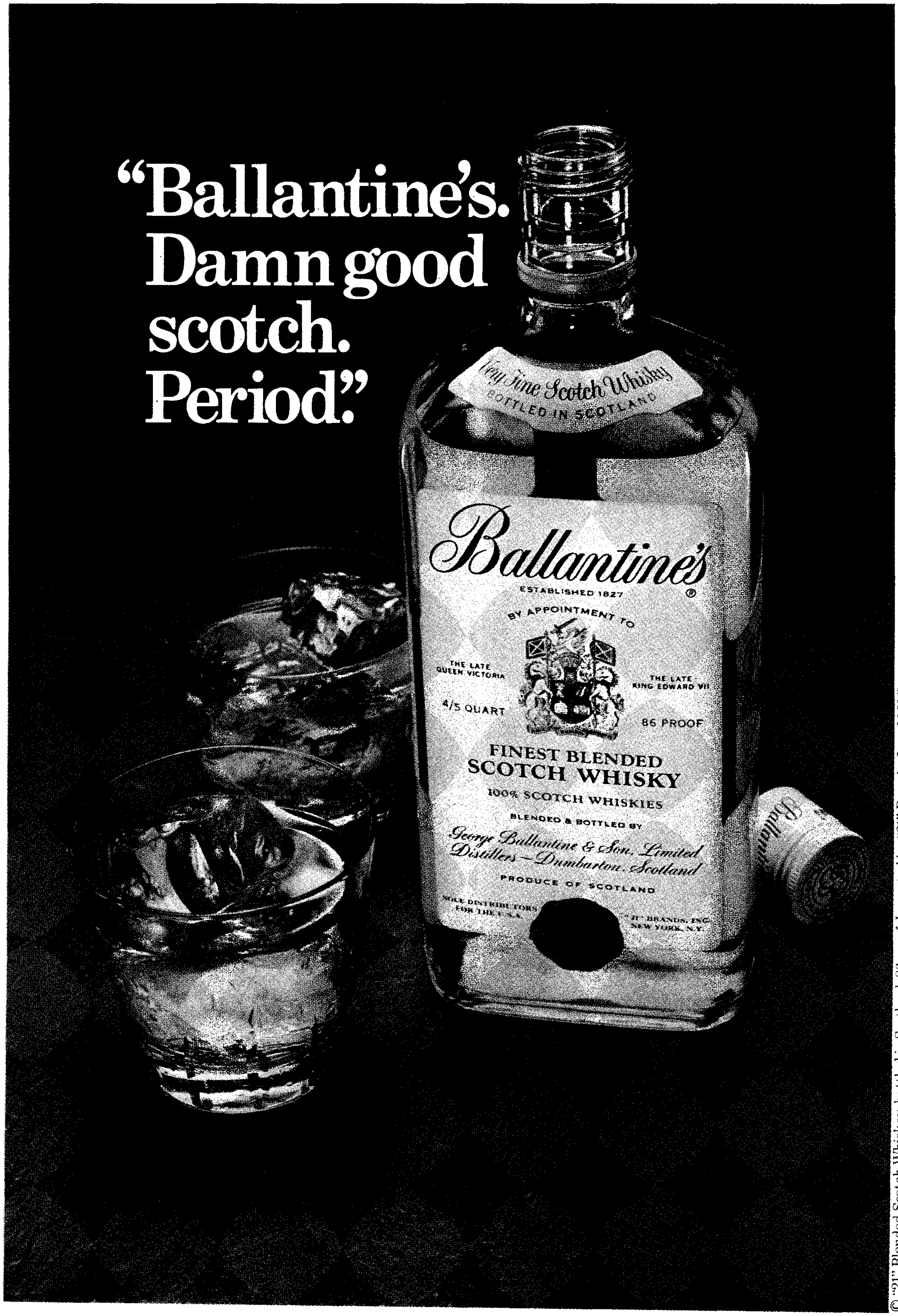
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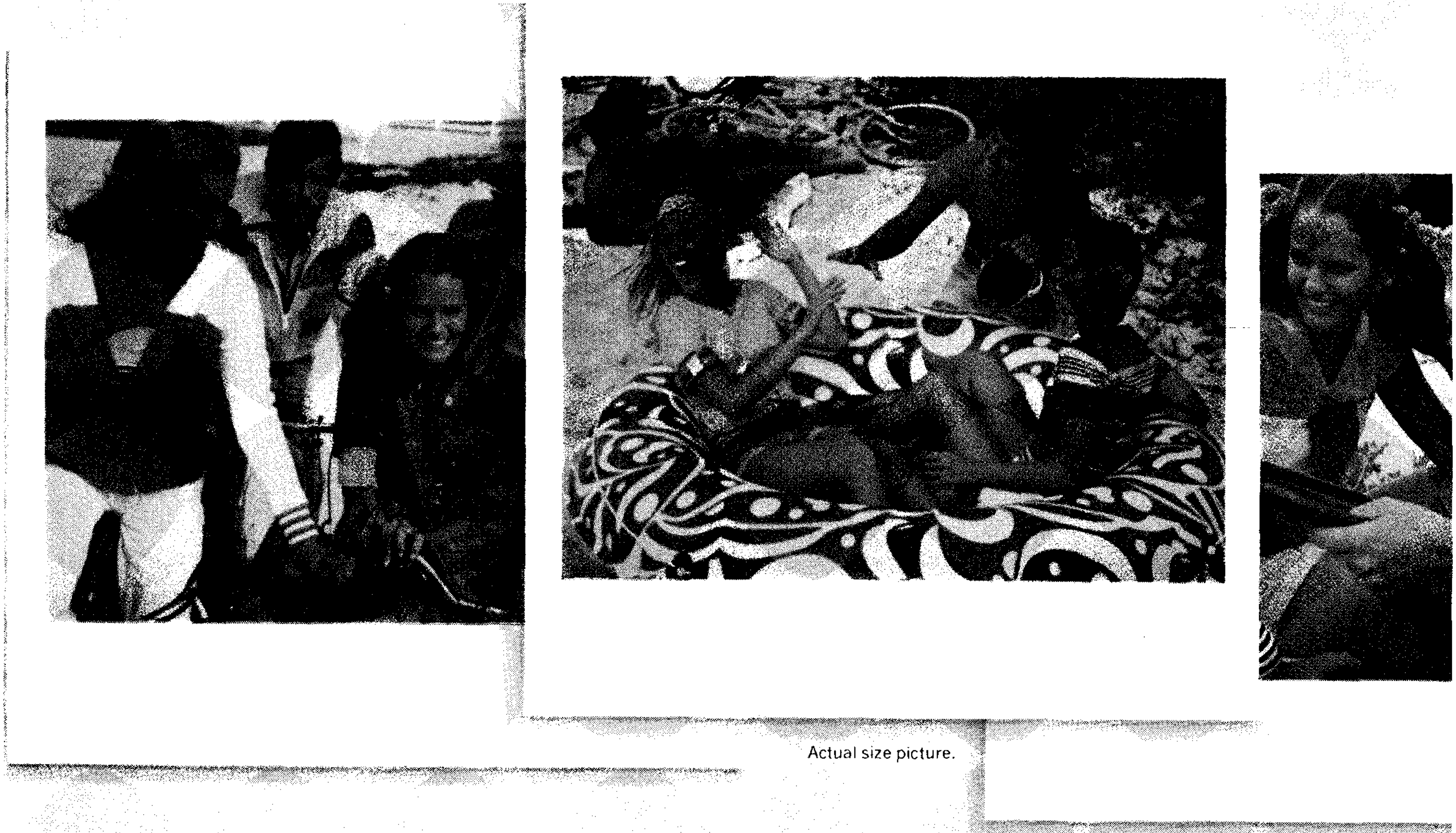

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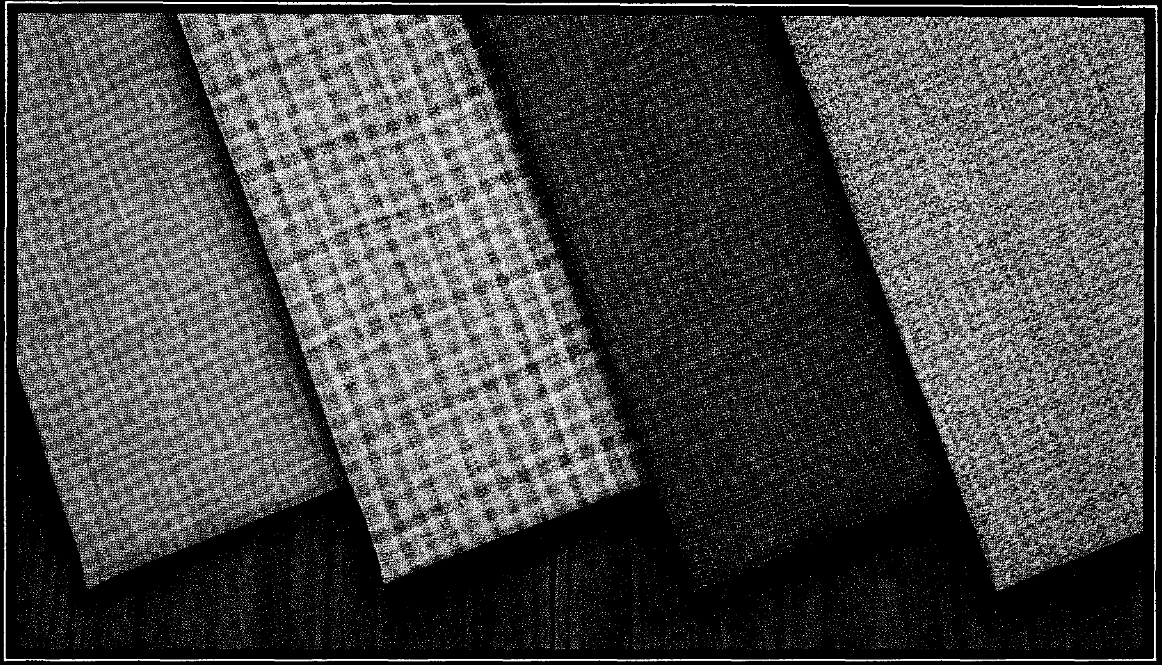

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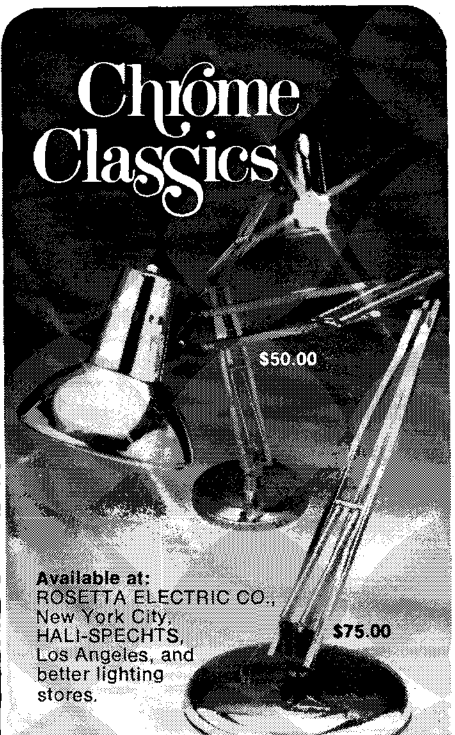
worst fears. "My favorite Roman Emperor, Augustus, used to boast that he had found Rome a city of brick and left it a city of marble," he said at the Mount Holyoke commencement. "Now we, on the contrary, actually are proud to say that we find a city of stone and brick and are leaving it a city of precast concrete and corrugated tin."

THE tour of the New Canaan estate usually ends in the sculpture gallery. It is near the northern boundary of the property—a low-lying structure that fits into the hillside as comfortably as the line of maples that mark what must once, a hundred years ago or more, have been a farm road. The exterior walls are white-painted brick. The roof is glass—the same sort of mirrored glass that Johnson used later in the lobby of Pennzoil Place in Houston, and will use throughout the Crystal Cathedral in Garden Grove. Inside, the tubular-steel framework of the roof casts a grid of barred shadows on the white brick walls—an unplanned effect that is very pleasing. (There is a certain element of luck in architecture; Johnson did not know when he designed the metal chain-link curtains for the windows of the Four Seasons restaurant that they would be in continuous, rippling motion.) The gallery itself is one large room on five levels, with a twisting stairway down the center. Each landing becomes, in effect, a separate room, yet all of them can be seen from any other. (Only a sixth space, at the very bottom, is not visible from the top.) The lines here are all diagonals and forty-five-degree angles. It looks immensely complicated architecturally, but Johnson says it is very simple—"two almost-cubes that have been partially twisted." The sculptures are wonderfully visible in the soft natural light—big pieces, mostly, by Mark di Suvero, Donald Judd, Bruce Nauman, Robert Rauschenberg, and others. "It's perfect nondirectional light," Johnson explains. "Only fourteen per cent of the light comes through the mirrored glass, which makes it cool, and you can keep your eyes open just as though you were in the shade. This is where I work now on weekends; it's a perfect concentrational place. To me, it's still the best room I've ever done. The best way to see it is with people around—they make the decoration."

The sculpture gallery was finished at the worst point of the recession, and it cost a good deal more than Johnson had anticipated. By that time—1970—he had disposed of the last of his Alcoa stock and was living entirely on his income as an architect. Commissions were beginning to dry up; building construction was slowing down. The Johnson/Burgee office had to let a number of people go. Johnson closed the glass house (which costs a great deal to heat—its only real functional drawback) and got rid of his domestic staff. It was a difficult period, made worse by poor health. For a while, Johnson thought he was just suffering from old age, but he turned out to have an obstruction in the blood vessels leading to the heart. He resisted surgery for some time, but finally, in 1975, he consented to have an open-heart operation. It was completely successful. Two weeks after the operation, he had returned to the office, and within six weeks, according to Burgee, his energy level was right back where it had been five years before. He resumed his usual pattern of work, business travel, and more work. Johnson had his seventieth birthday last July. He looks tip-top—lean and trim, his features sharply defined in a head as naked and as ascetic as a Roman portrait bust. Business is much better. Johnson and Burgee, it is generally agreed, are currently doing the best work of their careers.

INTELLIGENCE has been the hallmark of Philip Johnson's career. Even his failures have been intelligent failures—the products of an alert, questioning, unsentimental, and well-stocked mind. Kevin Roche, the architectural heir of the late Eero Saarinen, is sometimes described as the architects' architect—the designer whose buildings (the Ford Foundation headquarters in New York, to name one) are admired most ungrudgingly by his colleagues. Roche, for his part, is an ungrudging admirer of Philip Johnson. "When I first went to Egypt and saw Sakkara, I realized that Philip had been there thirty-five hundred years ago," he told me last spring. "He was the first person I thought of when I saw those marvellous, sophisticated buildings—they were saying the same things to one that Philip's buildings are saying today. But, you know, I never really think of Philip as an architect. With him, it's always seemed more like an avocation—like being a gentleman farmer. The rest of us are farmers, but Philip is a gentleman farmer."

Johnson himself has never claimed to be an innovator—a form-giver, like Wright or Le Corbusier or Mies. Even the Fort Worth Water Garden—commissioned by the Amon G. Carter Foundation and one of his most ex-



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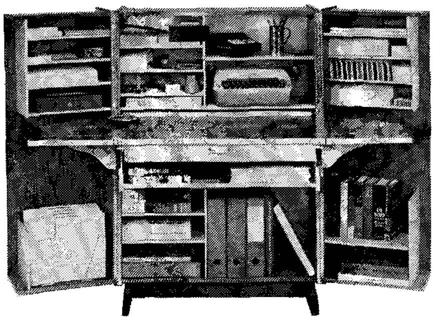

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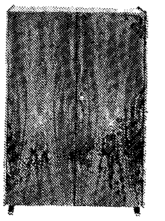

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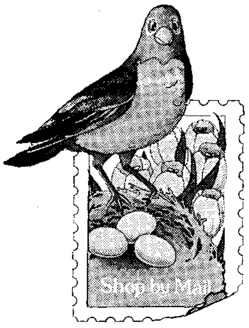

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travagantly admired achievements, which has transformed five deteriorating blocks of downtown Fort Worth into a fantastic landscape of fountains, reflecting pools, and a great cataract, whose rushing waters lead the intrepid visitor, adroitly stepping from stone to stone, down into the roaring heart of an urban maelstrom—had a precedent in the landscape-with-water that Lawrence Halprin designed for the city of Portland. And, according to Scully and others, the recent Johnson/Burgee office buildings in Minneapolis and Houston reflect to some degree the work of Roche and John Portman. Johnson likes to quote what Mies once told him: "Philip, it is much better to be good than to be original." Johnson has usually been good, and sometimes very good, and always intelligent. Also, more than any of his colleagues, he has remained open to new ideas and to shifting currents in contemporary architecture.

At the moment, these currents are shifting in all directions. The general feeling seems to be that modern architecture is over—that the movement that started fifty years ago with Le Corbusier and Gropius has come to an end—but nobody has a very clear idea of what is going to take its place. A sort of irreverent lawlessness prevails. The social-consciousness wave of the sixties has receded, and younger architects are experimenting with historical styles of all periods. (The Museum of Modern Art recently put on a major exhibition of nineteenth- and twentieth-century architectural drawings from the École des Beaux-Arts—a historical turnabout whose effect was not as shocking as it might have been, simply because so many young architects were already busy ransacking the past.) They are also looking hard at filling stations, pizza huts, and other flowerings of the vernacular impulse ("Main Street is almost all right," according to Robert Venturi), and they are experimenting with spatial concepts that sometimes seem to have as little to do with architecture as the linguistic games of the Conceptual artists have to do with art. The new architectural age of irony, characterized by what Vincent Scully calls the "symbolic and . . . somewhat ironic acceptance of modern life," is one in which Johnson finds himself very much at home.

"That whole modernist argument is *over*," Johnson said somewhat gleefully as we sat in Italian free-form chairs on one of the middle-level landings of his sculpture gallery. "It's won. I've fought nearly all my life against 'Form follows function,' and now I don't have to fight it anymore. Functionalism is really dead, and people are just doing architecture, using anything and everything they want from the past. Frank Gehry, out in Santa Monica, is doing stuff with chain-link fencing. Stanley Tigerman, in Chicago, has built an all-black house that strikes you as all silhouette—no edges or shadows, pure form.

"I'm beginning to think that maybe the terms 'form' and 'function' were always meaningless," he went on, after a pause. "What is function in Chartres? When the people come in and see the high altar, with the ceiling over a hundred feet up, and experience all that religious emotion, is that aesthetics or is it function? The whole technology argument is dead. Nobody believes it anymore. Pure mathematics does not necessarily make good aesthetics. The main thing has always been to do great architecture, to make a work of art."

Soon after his work on the New York State Theatre, Johnson said, he began to realize—mainly from looking at the work of younger architects—that the type of building represented by Lincoln Center was hopelessly obsolete. "That sort of expensive detailing is pure nonsense," he told me. "There just isn't that sort of craftsman around anymore. So we have to get our kicks elsewhere. There's very little detailing in this gallery, as you can see. That's bad brickwork over there, done on purpose. The workmen refused to do it that way at first, and I had to make them take the wall down and do it over. And the crudity of those space heaters in the ceiling—I never could have done that before. I would have concealed them somehow. But now we accept that—we accept all the standard industrial parts just the way they come. It was during the late sixties that I realized it was more interesting to use those shapes—more in the spirit of the times—than to want all that fine detailing that can no longer be done. Another thing—I don't think that an artist can get as far out of his own period as I was trying to do with my arches and columns. By hooking on to a tradition that was not viable in this non-craft age, I was violating it.

"Of course, the youngsters have gone way beyond me. Frank Gehry won't make detailed drawings—just models. That would have been anathema to me a short while back. But it's the way things are going. They use air-conditioning pipes for decoration. I'm still more careful than that. I can't any

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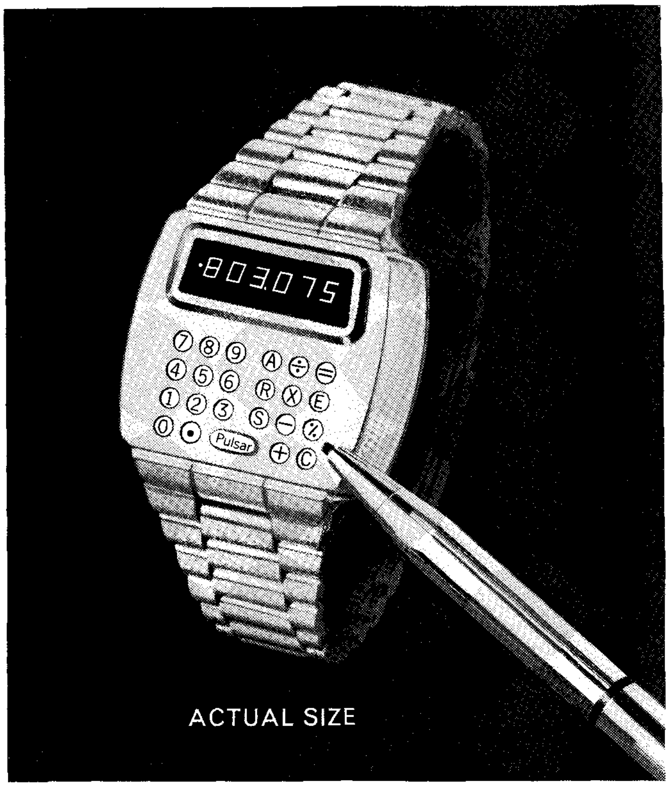

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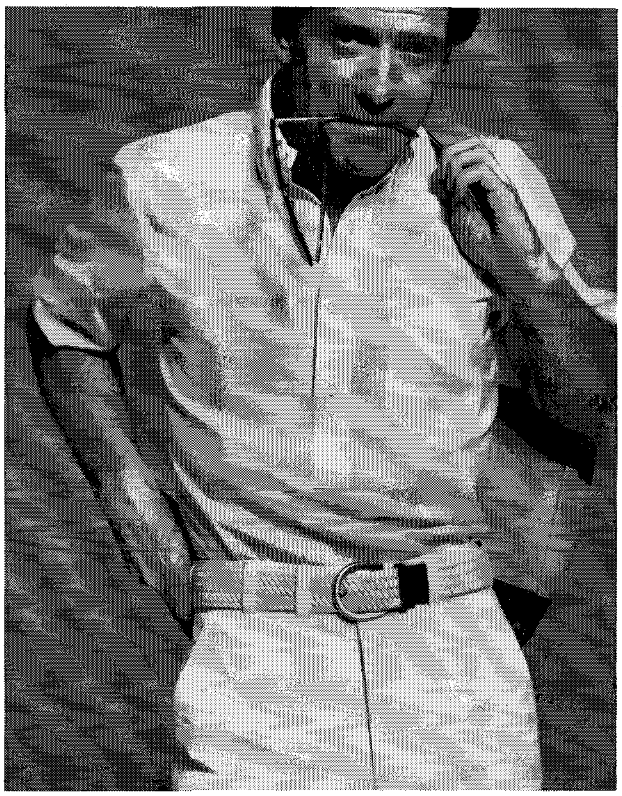

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more not be seventy than fly. Venturi and those people are really on the fringes of my understanding, just as my work was on the fringes of Frank Lloyd Wright's. Lou Kahn to me was the apogee of an era that's now been blasted by the Venturis, and by Hardy Holzman Pfeiffer Associates, who are even farther out. They break every canon in the book. They fascinate me. Their work is all curves and pipes—hanging pipes for air-conditioning, vertical pipes for plumbing—going up through curved walls and glass walls painted in violent colors, especially a bilious purple and chartreuse. Like all new and unfamiliar art, either it's good—in which case we'll get used to it and build on it—or it's no good and will disappear.

"We did break the square box, though—that's one thing. We just deliberately dented it. There was no geometric or functional reason for doing what we did on Pennzoil. There are no rules in sculpture—only choices. And it's true: what we're doing now is sculpture, which means a great deal more freedom from restraints. You want a window there? Stick it in! And, of course, there's the element of publicity. You publish a new design, and within five minutes the whole world view turns at right angles. It took me years to get across the idea of the International Style; now the whole switch happens from one year to the next."

I asked Johnson whether he found the new way of working more or less satisfying than the old way.

"Oh, more," he said. "Absolutely. I just find life more satisfying every year." —CALVIN TOMKINS

•

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[*From the Congressional Record*]

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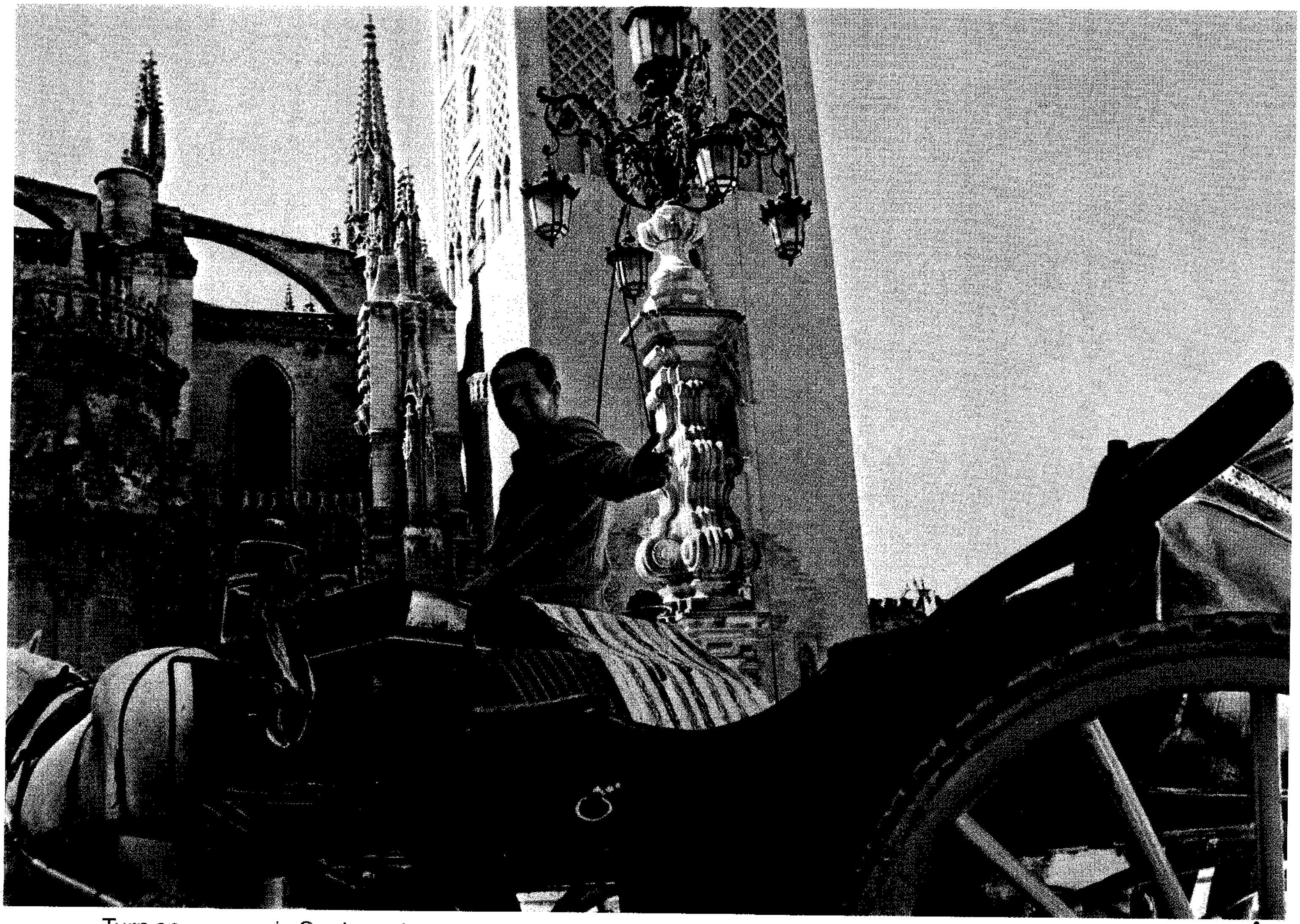

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CONSOLATIONS OF MEMORY

American artists and writers have always sought out Left Banks wherever time in the New World has achieved at least a few of the choice effects that it long ago achieved in the Old, in that quarter of Paris which, once rich and fashionable, fell upon evil days, leaving behind as a heritage seemingly of little value a number of big, high-ceilinged houses, decaying gardens, and the hint, as audible in every courtyard as the gurgle of ancient plumbing gone awry, that some once easily attainable *douceur* of life had vanished forever. Over the decades, Greenwich Village, North Beach, and especially the Vieux Carré have been the most conspicuous of our local Left Banks. To Sherwood Anderson, Faulkner, and Tennessee Williams, among many others, the French Quarter of New Orleans has proved a fruitful substitute for Paris. True that for generations the skills of architectural and decorating cosmeticians have been devoted to making it, for the sake of a booming tourism, more French even than it originally was (nobody sees profit in making it more Spanish than it was), but back of the phony flickering gaslights and the newly fabricated antique cast-iron balconies something authentically French—or, at any rate, something authentically un-American—persists. The shopkeepers and hotel owners of the Vieux Carré strive to turn it into a Disneyland, and it refuses the opportunity. One imagines that there arise by night out of the innumerable ossuaries of the quarter the ghosts of those who founded first a fortified town and then a tiny provincial capital on the banks of the greatest of rivers; thanks to levees, one can no longer see the Mississippi from the Old Square, but one is aware of its presence, and so, no doubt, are the ghosts. Despite the tourists and the canned, magnified sound of Bourbon Street jazz, they remain in possession of their hard-won outpost.

Tennessee Williams, who appears to have a fondness for ghosts, has often made use of New Orleans in his writings. Now he has written a play (at the St. James) to which, as if in a gesture of homage, he has given the title "Vieux Carré." I'm sorry to report that the gesture is a shaky one, for Mr. Williams has chosen to write the play in the languidly discursive style of his recent experiments in autobiography. The two acts are like two chapters in a longish book: one follows the other and yet has no necessary connection with it. In the first act, we are concerned with a gaunt and sad-eyed young man, listed in the program as "Writer," who lives in a shabby boarding house in the quarter and dreams conventional dreams of future literary glory. One of his fellow-boarders is a notably uneasy homosexual, listed in the program as "Painter," whose rapid progress downward into total self-loathing is sketched with sympathy. In the second act, we encounter a pretty blonde named Jane, who is trapped in a miserable relationship with a handsome stud named Tye. Jane and Tye have little to do with Writer and Painter, who, in turn, have little to do with the keeper of the boarding house, Mrs. Wire. It is Mrs. Wire whose powerful character is evidently intended to provide a center for the play, but Mr. Williams has oddly neglected to give her any lines. An aging slattern, she sleeps in the front hall and rudely shines a flashlight into the eyes of anyone who enters the house—conduct insufficient to turn her into a Southern Lady Gregory. The play breathes gently, with an air of politely disguised fatigue, but shows few other signs of life; in spite of its title, it could just as easily have been laid in Key West, or even on Fire Island, as in New Orleans.

The cast is excellent; how hard they work with how little! Richard Alfieri, Tom Aldredge, Diane Kagan, John William Reilly, and Sylvia Sidney play, respectively, Writer, Painter, Jane, Tye, and Mrs. Wire. The set and lighting are by James Tilton, the costumes are by Jane Greenwood, and the desultory direction is by Arthur Allan Seidelman.

So much for the bad news; the good news is that the revival of "The King and I," at the Uris, offers a very pleasant evening indeed. After twenty-six years, the construction of the musical may strike you as a trifle too arbitrary for its own good—a single line of dialogue is often enough to shoo us sideways into a song—but what does such a defect amount to when the songs are "I Whistle a Happy Tune," "Hello, Young Lovers," "March of the Siamese Children," "Getting to Know You," "Shall We Dance?," and a good half dozen more? "The King and I" is a model specimen of the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical; to a degree that I hadn't expected, I find that it has become precious to me not only because it is admirable in itself but because it appears impossible for anyone to write musicals of a similar nature nowadays. The mystery of the continuous need for change in the arts is far easier to observe than to explain (though a clue is provided by Tennyson, who wrote that change is required lest one good custom corrupt the world); meanwhile, let your heart be lifted at the Uris.

As the fierce but tenderhearted King of Siam, Yul Brynner is, if anything, more attractive and compelling than he was in 1951. It is plain that Mr. Brynner has decided never to grow old, and I congratulate him on a wise decision. Constance Towers is charming as the English governess, and so are June Angela as Tuptim, Hye-Young Choi as Lady Thiang, and Gene Profanato as Prince Chulalongkorn. The splendidly bedizened settings are by Peter Wolf, the lighting is by Thomas Skelton, and the costumes are by Stanley Simmons, based on costumes designed for the first production by Irene Sharaff. The choreography is descended from Jerome Robbins's original handiwork (footiwork, as the King of Siam might say), and the entire production has been directed with spirit by Yuriko. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Twenty-four Years Later

A distinguished revival of the late Jane Bowles' distinguished "In the Summer House" is running at the Manhattan Theatre Club through May 29th. The play was originally done on Broadway in 1953, with Judith Anderson in the principal role, of the chilling Gertrude Eastman-Cuevas. The plot is extremely complicated, skidding off the main road into any number of byways, but at its core are the attempt by Mrs. Eastman-Cuevas to dominate her daughter and the consequences of that attempt. At the outset, the daughter, half in love with her mother, yet wary of her and conscious of inherited violence within herself, spends much of her time hiding in the summer house

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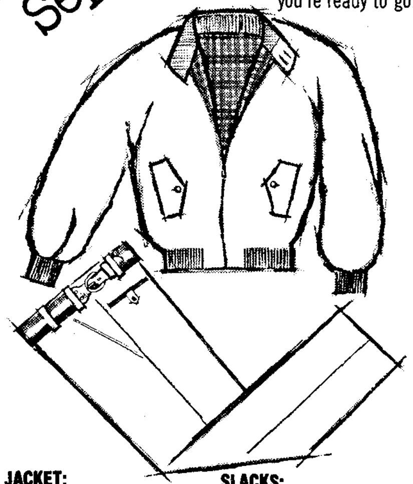

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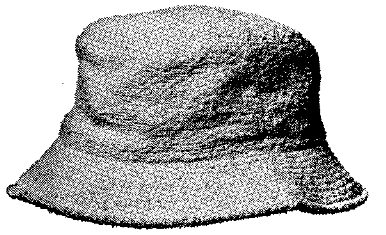

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on Mrs. Eastman-Cuevas' estate, near the sea in southern California. By the time the evening is over, she has married a young man who runs a seafood restaurant; Mrs. E.-C. has married, with some distaste, a fun-loving, catch-as-catch-can Mexican and gone off to Mexico not only with him but with his boisterous sister and a complement of gambolling female relatives; and a grabby young woman has died mysteriously on the beach, leaving her put-upon mother, a Mrs. Constable, at first grief-stricken and then, realizing that the girl never cared for her much anyway, a quite merry, sensible alcoholic. And at the very end Mrs. E.-C. has returned from Mexico to try to woo her daughter back. In all this, it is really only the characters that matter. Wolcott Gibbs wrote of the original production, "An unusual amount of intuition, intelligence, and compassion has clearly gone into the drawing of even its least happily imagined characters." Mr. Gibbs mentioned a number of faults, which didn't happen to bother me, before concluding that "to offset these disadvantages, it is often extremely funny in a rather bloodcurdling way; it rises on occasion to passages of considerable eloquence and pathos; a basic integrity of purpose is obvious." The script, within its own outlandish boundaries, is always clear, and Mrs. Bowles' writing, by and large, is of a quality we seldom hear in the theatre. Still, there is too *much* writing; the play, for all its melodramatic carapace, seems at times like a novel being acted out. Mrs. Bowles was in fact a novelist, and "In the Summer House" was her only play.

It is an odd and fascinating play, full of enigma and foreboding and, as it turns out, afterboding. The production, under the direction of Stephen Hollis, is worthy of it from beginning to end. Carolyn Coates plays Mrs. Eastman-Cuevas with quiet, sinister elegance, and makes the character so much her own that I cannot imagine anyone else, even Dame Judith, in the role. Leora Dana is splendid as Mrs. Constable, finally gaining heart as the booze courses through her veins, and becoming witty and understanding and damn good company. Kristin Griffith does well as young Molly Eastman-Cuevas, and I also admired Francisco Prado's comic, full-bodied performance as Mrs. E.-C.'s successful Mexican suitor; Antonia Rey as his rackety sister; Christine Estabrook as the bossy, doomed Miss Constable; and William Carden in the barely sketched-in part of Molly's husband. John Kasarda's setting, with its backdrop of the sea constantly in motion, and Dennis Parichy's lighting are especially effective.

THE "Macbeth" that Orson Welles adapted and directed for the Negro Federal Theatre Project in Harlem in 1936 was, according to "Runthrough," the autobiography of John Houseman, who was Mr. Welles' producer, a tremendous artistic success. It has now been successfully revived, under Edmund Cambridge's imaginative, meticulous direction, and again with an all-black cast, at the New Federal, where it, too, will run through May 29th. The setting is not Scotland but Haiti, the witches are "obeah persons," and Hecate presides over all. It is Hecate (Louise Stubbs, in a bushy gray wig) who becomes the mysterious Third Murderer and who finally, alone on the stage with an arm upraised, closes the proceedings. As this tragedy of regicide and passionate ambition and their fearful results rolls forth, we are never allowed to forget that we are in Hecate's domain—the land of the supernatural. It must be said at once that Shakespeare is not betrayed or skimped but actually enhanced by this inspired transformation. In the hubbub that follows the discovery of Duncan's corpse, the stage, sparsely populated for a moment, suddenly fills with people chanting and whispering and muttering. The witches' scenes take place not on some barren heath but in a jungle, to the accompaniment of African drumming and wonderful dancing by other ghostly spirits, lifting huge African masks. The principals are allowed little privacy: from a terrace above the stage, the witches, shrieking with laughter, watch the murder of Banquo, the sleepwalking scene, and the final duel between Macduff and Macbeth. Yet through all the activity the play itself is intact. Lex Monson is the eloquent Macbeth, Esther Rolle is his lady, Arthur French is Banquo, Johnny Barracuda is Ross, Hannibal Penney, Jr., is Macduff, Ethel Ayler is his lady, Paul Knowles is Malcolm, and Leonard Jackson is the drunken porter. (Mr. Jackson, by the way, is the only porter who has ever made me laugh out loud.) What a marvellous extra gleam the Caribbean lilt gives to Shakespeare's lines! This production was originally referred to as the "Voodoo Macbeth." Voodoo or not, it is "Macbeth," all right, and I doubt if you'll ever see a livelier one—or, for that matter, a more beautiful one. Setting by C. Richard Mills, costumes by Edna Watson, lighting by Shirley Prendergast, and choreography by Frank Ashley.

—EDITH OLIVER

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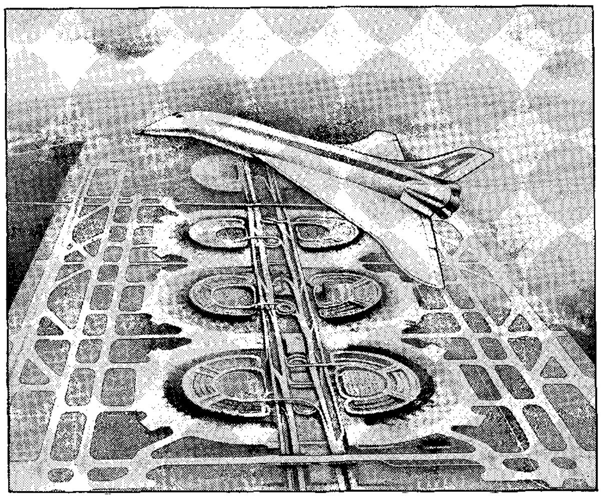

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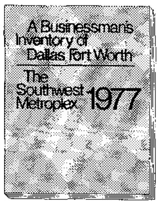

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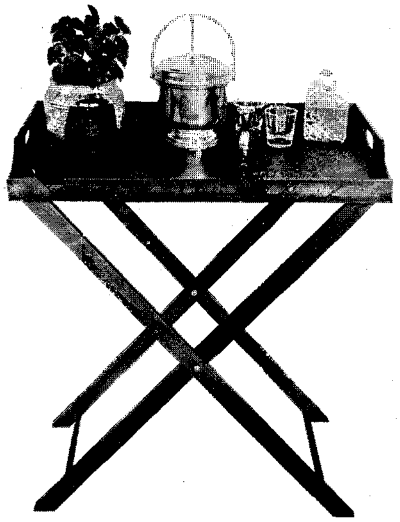

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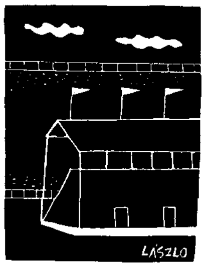
THE RACE TRACK

A Withers Surprise

THEY say that the Withers mile is always full of surprises. But I can't recall when we've had such a stunner as the hundred-and-second running of the Stakes at Aqueduct last Saturday. In as dramatic a finish as you'd care to see, Iron Constitution, a 35–1 shot, coming from lengths back in the stretch, swept past Cormorant, the 3–10 favorite, to win on the post by a nose. (Velasquez, who rode Iron Constitution, didn't think he had won until the numbers went up—it was that close.) Affiliate was third, five lengths behind. Though Cormorant came to the Withers the winner of his last seven races, this was his first start since the Gotham Stakes, more than a month ago, for a touch of virus had kept him out of the Wood Memorial and the Kentucky Derby. Observers thought that he looked particularly well in the paddock at saddling time, giving every impression by his manner and his muscular development that he was again at his best. Always a good post horse, he took the lead shortly after the break, and Affiliate went right with him. They raced together well in front of the six other runners, and Affiliate held on at the end. The time was nothing special—the fractions were 0:23, 0:45⅘, 1:10⅘, and 1:37. Iron Constitution, a gray colt by Iron Ruler out of Water Cress, is owned by Harry Mangurian, Jr. He has had a lot of racing—eleven starts this season, of which he has won three, including the Withers. My guess is that he will go in the Preakness Stakes at Pimlico in Baltimore on Saturday.



I WOULD be surprised if there were more than seven starters in the Preakness. A Derby performance like Seattle Slew's invariably has a depressing effect on the entries for Maryland's classic. The smallest fields for the Preakness since Sir Barton won the first Triple Crown, in 1919, have been four in 1943, Count Fleet's year, and four again in 1948, Citation's year. Five ran against Secretariat in 1973. Perhaps a small field is just as well. The Pimlico track is old-fashioned—narrow, with sharp turns—and a race with seven starters is more likely to be truly run than one with seventeen.

Cormorant, no doubt, will be second choice in the race—he is a fast horse, and is well fancied by Marylanders. Another Maryland-bred who has caught my eye is J. O. Tobin, an attractive colt by Never Bend, owned by George Pope, Jr., a Californian, and trained by Johnny Adams, who used to ride around here not so awfully long ago. (Adams rode Hasty Road to victory in the Preakness in 1954.) J. O. Tobin was sent to England last year, and he ran three races there, winning them in such style that he was named the best two-year-old out. (Reminds one of Seattle Slew.) He wintered in California, but he did not race until April 30th, when he won on the grass at Hollywood Park. By the way, he has never raced on a dirt track, but, as the saying is, a good horse runs well over any kind of going. Like Seattle Slew, he has very high speed and doesn't relax easily in his races, but Shoemaker, who likes him, and will ride him, is expected to handle that problem.

As for Seattle Slew, he has been living quietly at Belmont Park since the Derby, walking mornings under the watchful eyes of his trainer, Billy Turner, and a gallery of horsemen. He comes to Baltimore early this week to accustom himself to Pimlico, and to have a couple of gallops over the track before the Preakness. Incidentally, he is owned by Wooden Horse Investments, Inc.—now, isn't that a delightful name? It is a corporation that is owned, in turn, by Mickey Taylor and his wife, Karen, who bought Slew; Jim Hill, the veterinarian who picked him out for them at a yearling sale; and Dr. Hill's wife. And if you want a tip—I think Seattle Slew will win the Preakness.

ONE of the more consistent runners at Aqueduct's seemingly interminable meeting, Jacques Wimpfheimer's Shy Dawn, won the Vagrancy Handicap there the other afternoon. Outrun in the first half of the seven-furlong race, she came on fast and was going away to win. It was her fifth victory at the meeting, the last three of them stakes races. There may be something for us players to look forward to besides getaway day at the Big A this weekend. Forego, who is back at Belmont, and is working, may start in the Roseben Handicap Saturday afternoon.

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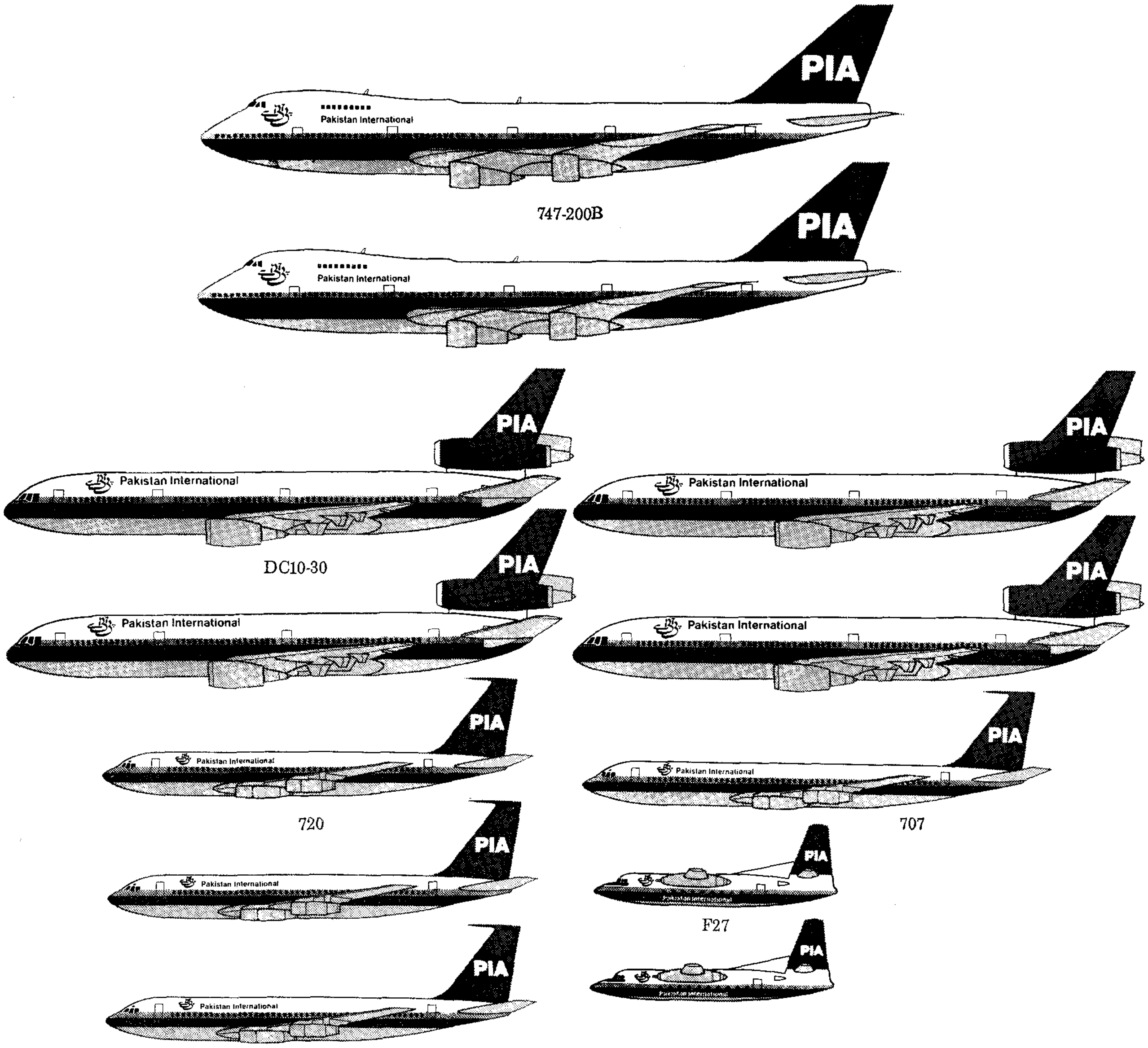

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A TIGER BY THE TAIL

“IT is often said that Princeton University has the most loyal and supportive group of alumni of any institution of higher learning in the United States, if not the world.” Thus ringingly begins an “Alumni Primer” that is distributed to each Princetonian during the summer following his—or, now, her—graduation from that hallowed institution. In certain respects, Princeton’s loyal and supportive alumni seem, to outsiders, unarguably unique. Most colleges hold class reunions every five years; Princeton holds them annually. Most have a monthly alumni publication; the *Princeton Alumni Weekly’s* name speaks for itself. (It is financed largely by class dues, but everybody gets it, paid up or not.) You cannot tell the campus origins of the heads of most alumni associations by watching them check the time; the incumbent chairman of Princeton’s Alumni Council sports an orange-and-black wristwatch strap. Princeton alumni are touchingly protective toward their ivied Old Nassau, and they dote on Princeton’s quirks. They regard it as a mark both of their gentlemanliness and of their ubiquity that of a total of seventy Princeton men who perished in the Civil War and whose names have been memorialized in marble in the atrium of the university’s central building, Nassau Hall, thirty-five fought for the North and thirty-five for the South, and that there is no telling from the roll of honor who was against whom, inasmuch as the names are listed in alphabetical order. It delights Princeton men, moreover, that faculty tenure is conferred by a body called the Committee of Three, in whose deliberations nine people take part, four of whom vote. To insure the orderly maintenance of such fond traditions, the alumni have been so generous to Princeton that they have long been considered the most faithful respondents to annual fund-raising appeals among the graduates of—Dartmouth possibly excepted—Ivy League establishments. In recent years, nearly sixty per cent of all living old Princetonians habitually contributed to annual giving, while Yale was struggling to achieve a forty-per-cent rate of return and Harvard thirty-five per cent.

There were a number of probable reasons for the differences among the Big Three. Harvard and Yale are large institutions situated in urban communities that are awash in culture and sophistication. Princeton, New Jersey, is a small and isolated hamlet, and although it does have a unisex barbershop, it lacks a convenient airport, and its railroad station is limited to shuttle service. Many people travel to and from it by bus. Princeton’s undergraduates are not, like those of Yale and Harvard, surrounded and sometimes overwhelmed by graduate students; Princeton is really more of a college than a university, and the alumni of colleges are generally more openhanded than those of graduate schools. Ninety-eight per cent of Princeton’s annual-giving receipts from alumni come from alumni of its college. A Harvard man once asked a Princeton acquaintance, a bit snidely, if, lacking a law school and a medical school, Princeton had at least an arboretum. “Our entire campus is an arboretum,” replied the Princetonian stiffly.

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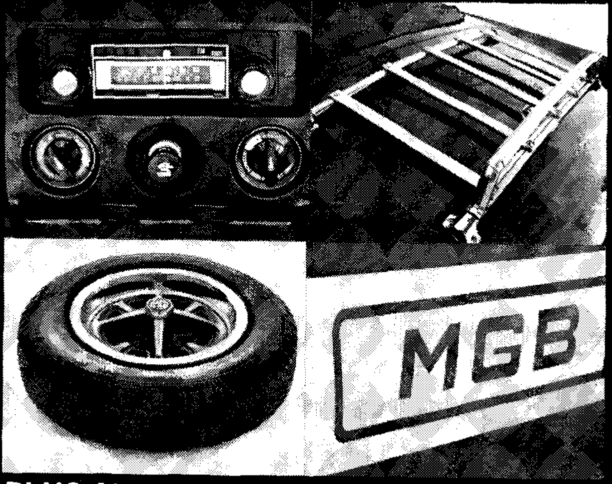

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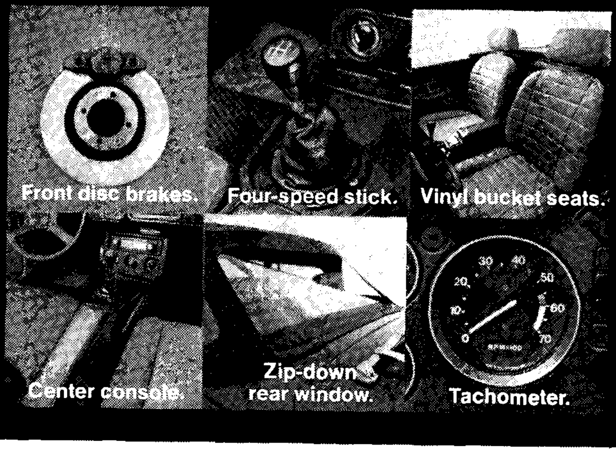

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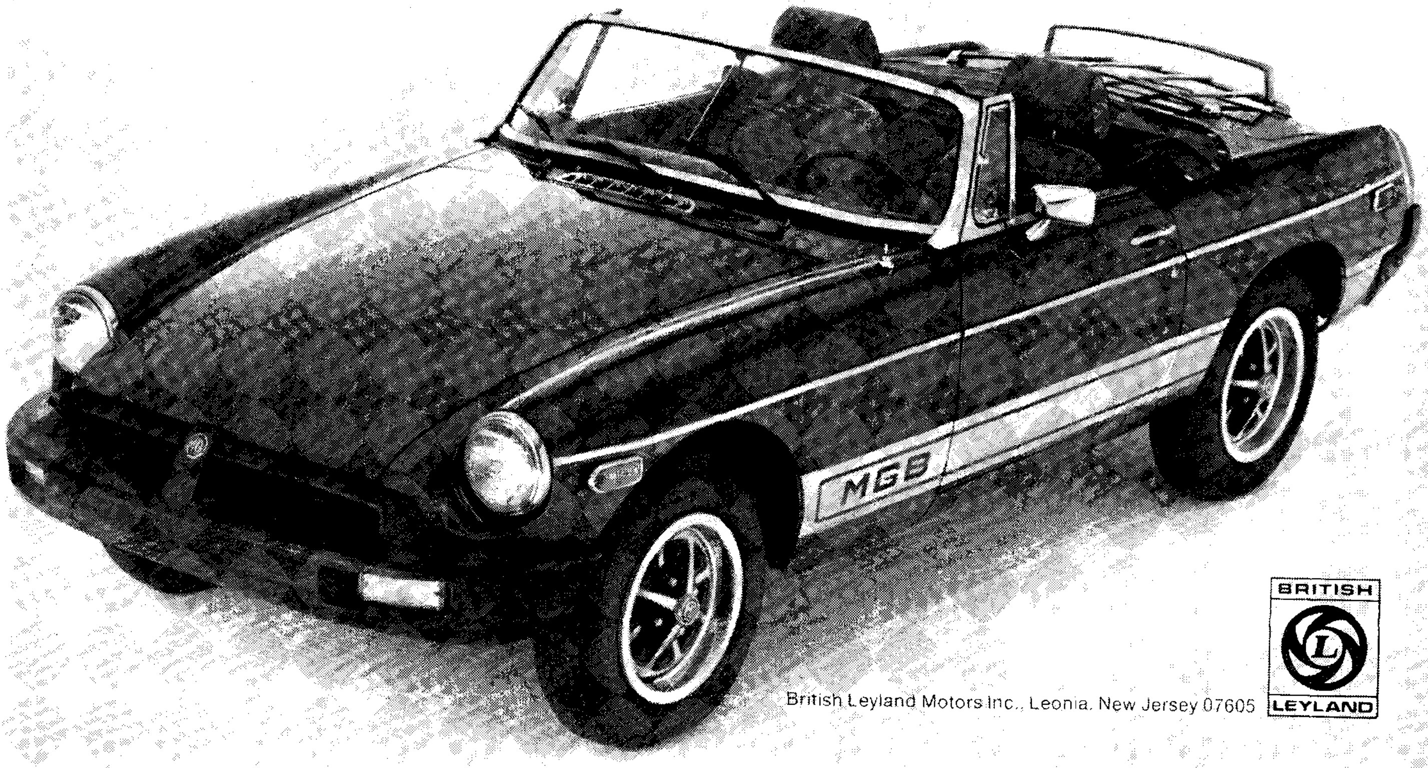

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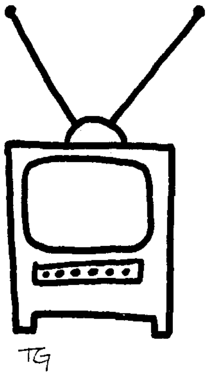
tion—the Princeton Alumni Association of Greenwich Township, the Princeton Club of Fort Lauderdale and Broward County, the Missouri Valley Alumni Association, the Princeton Alumni Association of Nantucket Island, the Princeton Club of Midland, Texas, the Princeton Club of Japan, and so on around the orange-and-black globe.

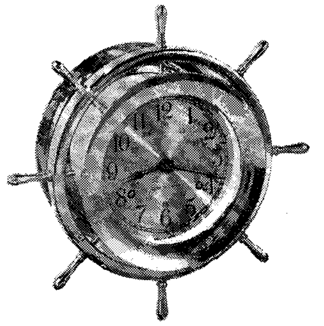
Princeton today is not much different visibly from most Northeastern academies. It has been coeducational since 1969. Its students dress sloppily. Its campus, an architectural mishmash of Gothic, Romanesque, and contemporary structures, abounds with placards announcing madrigal concerts, Levi's sales, meetings about "Sex and the Princeton Experience," and invitations to "closet Socialists" to emerge and attend a discussion on politics and criminal justice. The main campus is so laid out that anyone can supposedly walk from any part of it to any other in not more than fifteen minutes. "There are individual buildings here that are laughable in their horror, but what makes the place sensible is the humane proportion of mass to open space," one resident alumnus told me the other day. "In October and May, it's so goddam beautiful here it's all you can do to keep the tears out of your eyes. That's what the old grad forty or so years out thinks about when he thinks about Princeton. And then when he comes back here and sees the place filled with girls in shorts and weirdo blacks in bouffant hairdos and Third World types in saris and dashikis, it's sometimes just too much for him. It's as though he'd come home and found them all in his living room." A really old old Princetonian who had returned to the campus five years ago for his fifty-fifth class reunion said in a letter to his fellow-alumni that it had made him sick "when I found women, husband hunters, in the toilets and washrooms," and complained, "The present Administration is catering to these adventuresses and the type of male such persons are bringing to Princeton."



Princeton suffered less than most Ivy League campuses from the turmoil of the nineteen-sixties and early seventies. Oh, incidents occurred. The Hickel Heckle, for one. In March of 1970, Secretary of the Interior Walter Hickel was repeatedly interrupted when he sought to make a speech. There were other abrasive confrontations, or near confrontations. Rumor has it that once, during that same year, a couple of hundred students decided to invade a faculty meeting—an act that the university administration would have been bound to view as a flagrant breach of decorum. The posse was diverted by the counsel of a town bum who was resting on a campus bench: he told the students not to bother, because the professors were a bunch of bums themselves, not worth the trouble of disrupting. The students drifted off, and the faculty, relieved at not having to take any disciplinary action, considered, probably not very seriously, recommending the bum for an honorary degree. A member of the Class of 1952 whose son's interest in applying to Princeton had been rebuffed a year or two later suggested, in a letter to a local publication, that the likely cause was that the lad *hadn't* looked like a bum. He had presented himself for an interview wearing a coat and tie, and clean-shaven. "It's not a nice thing to say," the father wrote, "but I truly feel that his big problem at Princeton was that he was a well-dressed, clean Wasp."

All universities have their disaffected old grads. Harvard for a while had a rump group called Veritas; Yale had one called Lux et Veritas. They felt that things were going to the dogs in Cambridge and New Haven, but after growling for a bit they subsided. The most loyal and supportive alumni body on earth, in startling contrast, has for nearly five years been racked by the stubbornly continuing existence of an organization called the Concerned Alumni of Princeton, or CAP—a highly conservative outfit that has done practically everything to torment its alma mater but sue her for nonsupport. In CAP's unremitting—though within the last few months somewhat muted—warfare with the university administration, a variety of weapons have been employed by both sides: money (and the withholding thereof), publications (principally a rival alumni journal, albeit one that comes out rather irregularly these days), raised voices, interminable correspondence, the Princeton University band, and, in one memorable instance, a chocolate cream pie.

A Co-Founder, and for some years a principal backer, of the Concerned Alumni of Princeton is an alumnus of the Class of 1930, Shelby Cullom Davis. His father, brother, son,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and nephew all went to Princeton, too. A native of Peoria, Illinois, who prepped at Lawrenceville, Davis graduated from Princeton with highest honors in history. He received an M.A. from Columbia in 1931 and the degree of Docteur ès Sciences Politiques from the University of Geneva in 1934. He was secretary of his Princeton class for seventeen years, and since 1941 he has been chairman of the advisory council of the history department. He also has a seat on the New York Stock Exchange. He runs his own investment-banking company, on Pine Street, and he specializes in insurance stocks, from which he has made a pile of money. He has been active in the Sons of the Revolution and is currently Vice-Governor General in the General Society of Colonial Wars. In January of 1962, as Princeton was winding up a three-year fifty-three-million-dollar capital-gifts campaign, Davis put the drive over the top by pledging ten per cent of the goal. At the time, it was the largest single revealed contribution in Princeton's history. The money was actually conveyed—in a check for $5,306,903.17—on November 10, 1964, the hundredth anniversary of Davis's father's birth. The funds were used to establish a Shelby Cullom Davis Center for Historical Studies, including a pair of father-and-son endowed chairs—the George Henry Davis '86 Professorship of American History, and the Shelby Cullom Davis '30 Professorship of European History. On that fall day in 1964, the first occupant of the George Davis chair, Professor Wesley Frank Craven, delivered an inaugural lecture on "Diversity and Unity—Two Themes in American History." He said, "The petty jealousies and misunderstandings, and the narrow provincialism which for so long prevented effective coöperation among the colonies, even in hours of the gravest danger for them all, still stand as an indisputable part of our history." It is an indisputable part of recent Princeton University history that petty jealousies and misunderstandings, many of them involving Davis, have created more diversity than unity among the alumni.

An extremely generous man, Davis also gave seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars to Trinity College, in Hartford, Connecticut, which had awarded him an honorary degree, and a hundred thousand to the 1968 campaign of Richard Nixon, who thereupon awarded him the ambassadorship to Switzerland. Princeton did hang a framed facsimile of Davis's monu-

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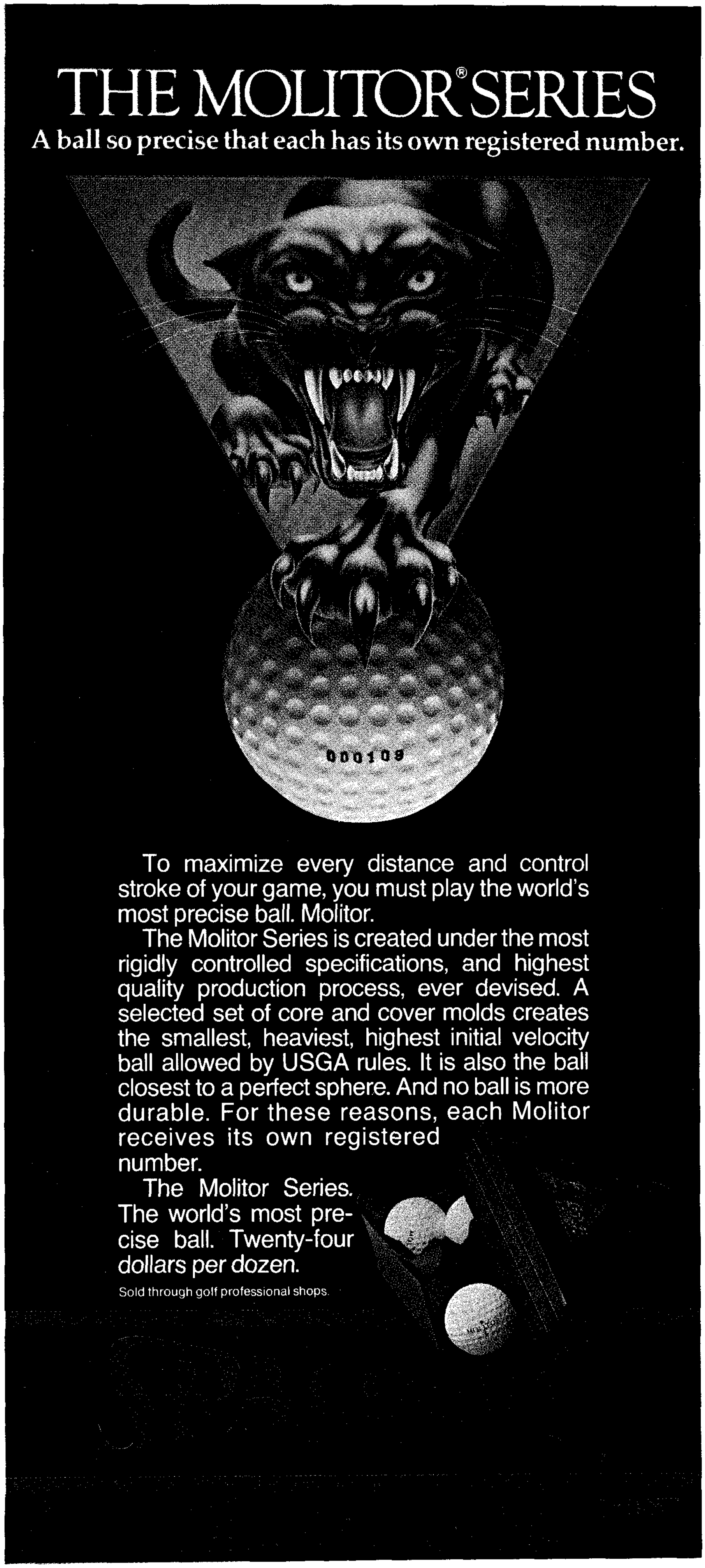

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mental check on a wall of Dickinson Hall, where the history department holds court, but, conceivably to his dismay, it awarded him neither an honorary degree nor a place on its board of trustees. There was no rule or tradition saying that Davis *had* to get either. In any event, from Bern (where he helped start the Princeton Club of Switzerland, and presided over a dinner meeting one night in 1972 when, because of a malfunctioning cable car, the guests had to be evacuated by helicopter from an Alpine restaurant) Ambassador Davis kept an eye on Princeton. What he perceived to be happening there did not please him. He was not much for coeducation. He did not like the admissions policies that applied to either sex. He thought that the university's failure to guarantee the right of people like Secretary Hickel to make themselves heard was a gross violation of freedom of speech. He thought that the faculty was lopsidedly radical. Why, in 1972 it had been overwhelmingly for *McGovern*, whose name Davis could still scarcely bring himself to utter in the next Presidential election year. One of many irate letters that Davis dashed off to the *Alumni Weekly*—this one ran in the issue of September 28, 1971—mentioned still another flaw: alumni were not being called upon sufficiently to participate in the university's decision-making process. "The alumni have made Princeton the great university it has been for 225 years," Davis added.

Six months earlier, President Robert F. Goheen (Class of '40) had announced that he would be retiring from the decision-making process no later than June of 1972. In November of 1971, the trustees announced that his successor would be William G. Bowen, who had been the campus provost, and who had had to cope with some student disciplinary problems during the turbulent days when in Davis's view there had been far too much tolerance of student shenanigans. What was more, Bowen was not even a Princeton man. True, he had a graduate degree from the university and had been a faculty member (he taught economics) for more than a decade, but he was not a Princeton College man. If Princeton ever played football against Denison, which was Bowen's undergraduate alma mater, who could say for sure which side of the field he might be found sitting on? After Bowen had held office for a year or so, the *Daily Princetonian*, comparing him with Goheen, quoted a Princeton administrator who said, "Bowen gets the facts, grasps the problem, and gets it over with. He doesn't live with the problem so long." Nevertheless, Bowen—who in his first presidential report observed perspicaciously that the issues confronting Princeton would demand of him "a lot of patience"—began living with the problem of CAP almost from the day he was sworn in, June 30, 1972.

In the dimly remembered past, eight or nine years ago, when Students for a Democratic Society and similar left-oriented groups held sway on so many college campuses, there were sporadic attempts to mobilize counter-revolutionary forces of the right. Princeton had two such groups. One, called ACTION (Alumni Committee to Involve Ourselves Now), was made up entirely of alumni, and its backers included Bailey Brower, Jr., '49, a swimming-and-tennis-club entrepreneur in northern New Jersey, and George A. Hamid, Jr., '40, of the Atlantic City Steel Pier and travelling-circus Hamids. George Hamid was a classmate of Goheen, and was upset when, in a conversation during the late nineteen-sixties with the president about the university's surveillance of campus living arrangements, Goheen said, according to Hamid, " 'In loco parentis' is dead." Hamid also had no use for Princeton's international-law professor Richard A. Falk, whom the circus man characterized in a letter to the *Alumni Weekly* as "a radical causist rather than a teacher of college students." The fact that Falk's identity as a member of the Princeton faculty had appeared in an advertisement calling for the impeachment of President Nixon was to Hamid a near to last straw of considerable heft.

On the student level, Princeton had another acronymic group, called USA (Undergraduates for a Stable America), whose co-founder and panjandrum was a member of the Class of 1972 from Middletown, Ohio, named Thomas Harding Jones. He could have called himself Tom Jones, but he preferred T. Harding Jones. He had notable antecedents: two of his great-uncles were celebrated college football coaches—T. A. D. Jones at Yale and Howard Jones at the University of Southern California. T. Harding Jones eschewed football for politics. He majored in American history, and would later cite as one of Princeton's characteristic and lamentable deficiencies that he could do that and get a degree and yet never be required to take a course in the Civil War. His senior-thesis topic was "The Decision-Making of Richard Nixon"—Nixon being a bit

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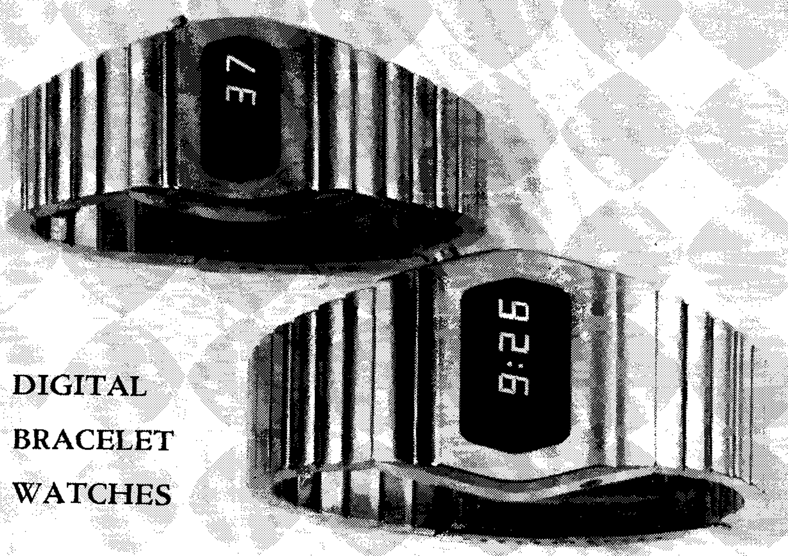

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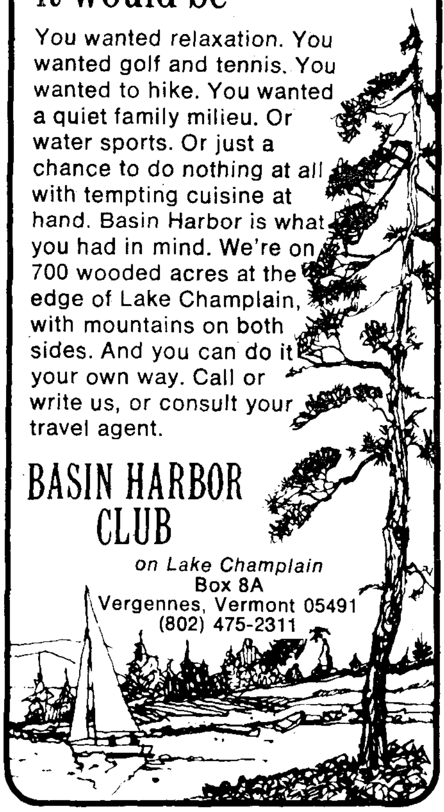

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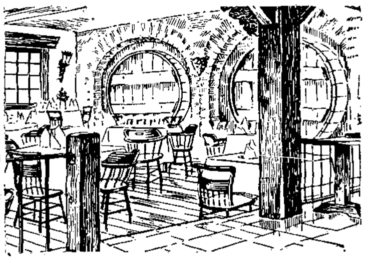

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too pragmatic for Jones' ideological tastes but otherwise basically sound in his decisions. To this day, when it rains T. Harding Jones unfurls a large orange-and-black umbrella. The main contribution of USA to the Princeton scene was the importation of conservative speakers who in Jones' opinion somewhat redressed the imbalance caused by the likes of Angela Davis. The exceptional generosity of one of USA's off-campus patrons enabled Jones to present a series of Shelby Cullom Davis Princeton Debates, on such topics as "Is Vietnam a Crime?" and "Should the American Corporate System Be Restructured?" It especially pleased Jones that USA was also able to afford the solo performance of a speaker he admired enormously, William F. Buckley, Jr.

As a stable American undergraduate, Jones had corresponded with Ambassador Davis, but they did not meet until the summer of 1972. Both men happened to be at Northeast Harbor, Maine. Both were sore at Princeton because, among other things, the *Alumni Weekly* had not seen fit to publish every single letter with which Davis had favored it. Davis was further upset because of a colloquy he had recently had with a disgruntled member of the Princeton faculty. "He was a tenured man, well known, secure in his reputation," the Ambassador told me a while ago, "and he asked me to phone him. And for forty-five minutes he poured out what was wrong and how he was being discriminated against—cut off faculty committees, that sort of thing—because of his conservative views. At my request, he put it all on paper, but he asked me not to use his name. Eventually, he left Princeton and quit teaching. I don't want to identify him further." Both Davis and Jones had as undergraduates been connected with the *Daily Princetonian*—the older as managing editor, the younger on the business side. In Maine, they discussed the possibility of starting an alumni publication that would be more Tory in tone than the *Alumni Weekly* and could be counted on to publish all their submissions. Later that summer, in Switzerland, they conferred again, and from their deliberations emerged the Concerned Alumni of Princeton and its journal, *Prospect.*

With Davis in residence abroad, he and Jones felt that CAP needed another leader of mature years, closer to the scene of action, and they found one in the person of Asa S. (Ace) Bushnell, '21, a man much revered by Princeton alumni. Bushnell, who, like Jones, was a native of Ohio, had edited the *Princeton Tiger*—the humor magazine—as an undergraduate and the *Alumni Weekly* as a graduate. He had gone on to become graduate manager of athletics at Princeton, director of the United States Olympic Committee, commissioner of the Eastern College Athletic Conference, a founding member of the Fellowship of Christian Athletes, a power behind the National Football Foundation and Hall of Fame, and a member of the three-hundred-strong Princeton Alumni Council. He had also been a director of Jones' USA. Best of all, he lived right in the center of Princeton. With Bushnell's name up front, CAP did not find it hard to attract other sponsors, and one of its biggest and earliest catches was William W. Bradley, '65, perhaps Princeton's most celebrated living athlete. The basketball stalwart was one of thirty-three men listed as members of a CAP Alumni Advisory Board in the second issue of *Prospect*, which began publication on October 9, 1972. Its editor was T. Harding Jones. Its name derived both from Prospect House, which was for many years the residence of the president of the university and is now the faculty club, and from Prospect Avenue, where the university's undergraduate clubs are situated. Of the thirty-three advisers, Bradley was one of the youngest. Twenty-six of the men had been out of Princeton for at least a quarter of a century, and twenty-one (including a man who once said he had planned to bequeath two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to the University Chapel but had redrawn his will because, he alleged, the dean of the chapel had used chapel funds in support of Huey Newton) had, like Davis, graduated at least forty years before.

Prospect was unveiled at a moment when the first freshman class under President Bowen's aegis was still barely able to find its way around the campus. The new publication declared at the outset that the Concerned Alumni of Princeton asserted "its total loyalty to Old Nassau" and that it construed as its mission the providing of constructive criticism from "a group of dedicated alumni who are hopeful of an early consolidation—not of the Old Princeton, not of what is being recognized as the New Princeton, but of the Best of All Possible Princetons," and it went on, "These alumni do not believe

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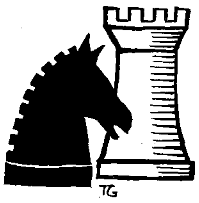
that this end can be achieved just by letting events unfold. They agreed that concerted action will be needed." The basic objective of *Prospect* itself would be "not to interfere but to be of genuine service." The nation was about to hold a Presidential election, and the journal also noted, reprovingly, that in 1968 a poll of the Princeton faculty had revealed that seventy-one per cent of it was for Hubert Humphrey, and that the mere seven per cent advocating Richard Nixon's election was at a standoff with a seven per cent that would have preferred to see him defeated by Dick Gregory. *Prospect* also stressed the fact that President Emeritus Goheen was an active McGovern supporter. President Bowen was probably more interested to notice, if he saw it, a quotation that *Prospect* ascribed to an anonymous assistant to his predecessor: "If you think Goheen is bad, you haven't seen anything yet."

At this early stage of the undeclared war, the university's administrators were not quite certain how to react. Should they worry about every statement of the Concerned Alumni or ignore them? Ultimately, the administrators tried, without notable success, to do both at once, though for the last several weeks they have pursued a policy of what one university administrator has called "benign neglect."

While Jones was getting out *Prospect*, Davis was cannonading the *Alumni Weekly* with more letters, in one of which he brought up the horrid possibility that if Princeton continued on its radical course it might end up being known as Rutgers South. He invited all Princeton alumni who wanted to discuss his views to correspond with him in Switzerland. Of the demurrers to his gloomy prophecy, one that later ran in the *Alumni Weekly* was from F. Sheldon Hackney, a history professor, who had succeeded Bowen as provost. Hackney had also spoken out forthrightly against the American involvement in Vietnam, and this prompted Davis to retort, in still another letter, "Is patriotism dead at Princeton?" Meanwhile, Bill Bradley had resigned from CAP's advisory board. "I cannot concur with the views presented," he wrote to *Prospect*. Not that the advisory board had apparently given much advice. CAP was theoretically run by an executive committee (whose accessible members, since Davis was off in Bern, consisted at the outset of, among others, Bushnell, Brower, Hamid, Jones, and John H. Thatcher, Jr., '53, a writer who had been and has continued to be active in recruiting high-school students, including athletes, for Princeton), but, as far as any outsider could discern, it was Jones, CAP's principal full-time functionary, who called most of its shots.

CAP hoped to send *Prospect* to all thirty-seven thousand living graduates of Princeton College. At first, it had some trouble getting hold of mailing lists with up-to-date addresses, but that problem was solved when the university put out a new Alumni Directory in 1974. In soliciting support for its operations, CAP got further help at about that time when the Internal Revenue Service granted it tax-exempt status, the certificate of incorporation it submitted having stated that "its activities shall be limited to educational purposes." In the view of the harried university administration, however, CAP's chief purpose sometimes seemed to be, at least implicitly, to discourage the bestowal of unquestionably tax-exempt gifts on the university by alumni—and, inasmuch as fund-raising is often considered, rightly or wrongly, to be the main raison d'être of alumni, this was obviously a matter of grave concern to Princeton. With the university trying to complete a hundred-and-twenty-five-million-dollar capital-gifts drive, it still is.

The effect of CAP's activities on Princeton's finances is hard to quantify. In 1976, only fifty-six per cent of the alumni responded to annual-giving appeals. (In the last five years, Davis himself has given Princeton nothing. "I consider my giving to CAP to be giving to Princeton," he told me. Just how much he has given to CAP is uncertain. Some university officials believe that until a year ago he probably underwrote half of its total expenses of something like two hundred thousand dollars annually. Davis discounts the notion. CAP has had a lot of other major supporters, he insists, but they prefer to remain anonymous.) Annual gifts to Princeton started falling off almost as soon as CAP surfaced, to be sure. But this was during a time of national recession and a reeling stock market, and all independent schools and colleges suffered reverses. And if some alumni who sided with CAP dropped Princeton from their wills, as Jones has said he is certain they did, who is to say that others, outraged by CAP's sniping at their beloved Old Nassau, did not add it to theirs? For the fiscal year of 1975, Princeton re-



ceived seven million four hundred thousand dollars in gifts from alumni sources. It is indisputable, furthermore, that for the academic year 1974-75, when CAP was going full tilt, the Council for the Advancement and Support of Education conferred upon Princeton a thousand-dollar United States Steel Foundation Alumni Giving Incentive Award for "sustained performance of alumni support."

In any event, Bowen had scarcely moved into the presidential office in Nassau Hall when he had CAP to contend with. Trying to arrange a face-to-face meeting with its founders to discuss and conceivably mitigate their grievances, he wrote to Davis eight times in the academic year 1972-73 and to Bushnell five times. Davis, of course, was abroad during most of that period, but Bushnell's house was only four hundred yards from Bowen's office. The president did manage to set up two appointments with Bushnell, but both were cancelled; it seemed that CAP's modus operandi precluded Bushnell's talking to Bowen unless Davis was present. And Davis proved elusive. This is no place to try to resurrect the full history of the Bowen-Davis correspondence. Suffice it to say that, including carbon copies and photocopies, something like eighteen reams of paper were consumed to inform all interested parties (trustees, alumni leaders, administrators) of the reasons that Bowen and Davis did not once get together in three and a half years of writing to each other about doing so. Bowen took the position that since Davis came to Princeton every spring for a history-department advisory-council meeting, they should be able to talk then; Davis said he was too busy while he was at Princeton and invited Bowen to come see him in Switzerland sometime. Moreover, Davis contended, he preferred putting things on paper to airing them conversationally, and anyway if the president of Princeton had something to say to him orally it should be said not at the president's convenience but at his. Bowen's associates at the university contended in rebuttal that if the president of Princeton wished to discuss Princeton affairs with a Princeton alumnus, his wishes warranted deference. While all this wrangling was going on, Thatcher came up with an article in the December 18, 1972, *Prospect* whose title, "The Decline of Princeton Athletics," was in itself enough to chill some alumni to the marrow, and, in the fall of 1973, Davis composed a fund-raising pamphlet for CAP called "A Special Word to Alumni

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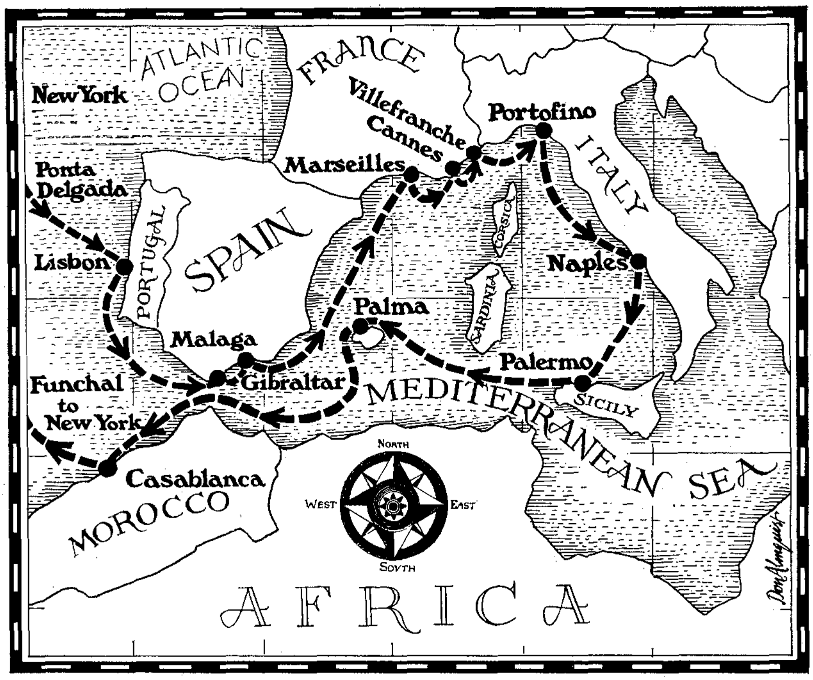

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in the Business Community," which read, in part, "The faculty at Princeton today is permissive, liberal-radical in its ideology. . . . A left-wing, anti-business anti-establishment attitude permeates much of America's intelligentsia today. . . . The Administration at Princeton today is likewise permissive and liberal-radical. . . . The unannounced goal of the Administration, now achieved, of a student population of approximately 40% women and minorities, will largely vitiate the alumni body of the future. . . . The permissive, liberal-radical faculty is continuously indoctrinating students along its permissive, liberal-radical lines. . . . If Princeton cannot be salvaged for free thinking and free enterprise, what educational institution in America can be salvaged? . . . The goal is not only a stronger and better Princeton. It is also for an America, through the encouragement of a free enterprise and tradition, which is second to none." Unluckily for Ambassador Davis, of the two high-principled American businessmen whom he elected to cite by name as rendering yeoman service in rectifying the situation one was Bob R. Dorsey, board chairman of the Gulf Oil Corporation, which, in January of 1976, dismissed him when it was revealed that he had been involved in illegal political contributions.

EARLY in 1973, CAP obtained a list of home addresses of the parents of freshmen (it got them from an illustrated publication designed to help new students recognize one another, called informally "The Face Book") and sent them a "parent opinion poll" asking for their views on what CAP called "cohabitation" and what the university calls "coeducational living." Some of the parents were disturbed on being thus apprised of this state of affairs (*Prospect* maintained that seventy-two per cent of the five hundred and eight who replied disapproved of cohabitation, whatever they may have thought it meant)—so deeply disturbed that at the end of March President Bowen took enough time off from writing letters to CAP to write to the parents about CAP, which he described as "a self-chosen group, separate and distinct from the regularly constituted Alumni Council of Princeton University." Jones, unfazed, kept hammering away in *Prospect* at the absence from the Princeton faculty of traditionalists, conservatives, libertarians, and monetarists. (Later, he would say that "Princeton should exercise its established role as a leader in higher education to initiate change in the present philosophical climate of this country.") There was so much of this sort of thing in *Prospect* that Bowen felt impelled to ask all his academic departments to inform him, in general terms, of the political slant of their members. "I feel that we dignify this phony issue by granting it so much attention," replied Professor Frederick Mote, of East Asian Studies.

Professor Dennis F. Thompson, who teaches political science, said to me a while ago, "Even in the worst of times, in the sixties, never did the politics of an individual teacher intrude in a classroom at Princeton. We have courses here in both radical and conservative political thought—neither, as it happens, given by a man who feels inclined that way. A major university where research is going on at the frontiers of knowledge is bound to have a faculty critical and questioning of prevailing practices, and that includes those of the business community and the major political parties. The continual questioning of the accepted and the conventional is the hallmark of an excellent university. In my own seminars, I sometimes make joking references about radicalizing students, and the students laugh, because they think I think that's funny—they're humoring me. The students of the far left and the far right share the view that you *can* be radicalized, because radicalizing other people is what they're in business for. But the vast majority of students can't conceive of being indoctrinated or manipulated—certainly least of all by a faculty person. I couldn't influence the brighter students no matter how hard I might try, and the less bright ones wouldn't understand what I was up to. I *want* to influence students. I want to persuade them to think that books and ideas are important and to be critical of them—and *that's* hard enough to achieve, let alone going further and getting somebody to subscribe to the content of one's beliefs."

Professor Aaron Lemonick, a physicist, who has been dean of the Princeton faculty for the last four years, remarked to me, "If these people are left-wing indoctrinators, they certainly haven't been very successful with our alumni."

I suggested that Jones might be one clear-cut living proof of such failure.

"Perhaps he had the strength of character to see through us all," Dean Lemonick said, not unkindly.

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As for President Bowen, he spelled out his views in concluding an official report of January, 1974:

> First, faculty members and administrators responsible for recommending the appointment and advancement of members of the faculty, while welcoming a variety of points of view, must continue to seek out those individuals of the greatest talent and clearest commitment to the ends of the University, without reference to personal political views.
>
> Second, those of us who teach and study at Princeton must embrace and act out the principles of intellectual integrity that combine the obligation to think and write in accord with one's own conscience with the equally clear obligations to teach rather than to indoctrinate and to learn from, as well as respect, students and colleagues who have different views.
>
> Third, alumni, Trustees, and other friends of the University need to accept and to practice this same principle of tolerance, to recognize that many faculty members will have personal views that will differ from their own, and to defend vigorously the nature and spirit of a free University.
>
> Fourth, all of us who care about Princeton and about higher education, and especially those of us inside the academic community, need to take care to protect the true character of the University as an academic institution that is the property of no party or ideology; for only as the University as an institution remains free of partisan obligation can it stand most effectively for the principle of open inquiry and for the right of each of its members to think and to speak as a free and independent person.

Meanwhile, the Princeton campus had no sooner reopened for business in the fall of 1973 than Davis was heard from again in the *Alumni Weekly*, by means of a letter from Bern in which he again noted that the Princeton faculty, which he now believed had been eighty-two per cent for McGovern the year before, was "clearly out of step with America." There followed a large exchange of letters among Ambassador Davis, President Bowen, Jones, and various bit players in the unfolding drama concerning whether the various things that *Prospect* was saying about Princeton were true or false. At one point, Davis, who evidently regarded his group and the university as co-equals, suggested having some of the matters in contention settled by formal arbitration proceedings. Writing for *Prospect* about admissions to Princeton, he said, further, "I simply do not believe that the support and loyalty of those the administration now proposes for Princeton will in any way match the support of the cohesive alumni body of the past whose record is engraved in granite." That October, Jones published a list of campus speakers of the previous few

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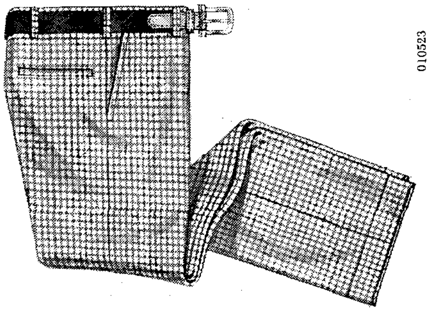

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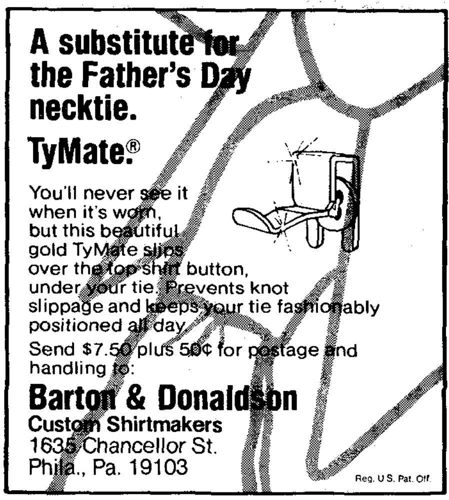

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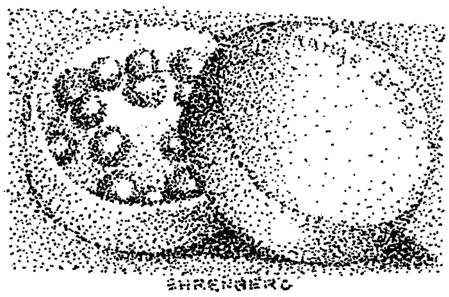
years whom he regarded as right or left of center. Among those whom he consigned categorically to the left were Laurance Rockefeller, Erik Erikson, Senators Clifford Case and Harrison Williams, of New Jersey, Art Buchwald, Sir Isaiah Berlin, Margaret Mead, New York City Police Commissioner Patrick V. Murphy, Walter Cronkite, Barbara Walters, and Zbigniew Brzezinski. At the same time, *Prospect* felt that it should reiterate its objectives for the university: a more balanced faculty, a student body of future leaders of the country, and an administration intent on preserving and improving "what it has meant to be a Princeton scholar and a Princeton gentleman."

On November 8, 1973, Davis and Bushnell jointly sent out a "Dear Fellow Princetonian" fund-raising letter for CAP, which related how alumni were "disenchanted, puzzled, enraged, troubled, and sorrowful" about the threats to Princeton's future emanating from a university administration that "is composed almost entirely of men and women who did not share the undergraduate experience at Princeton but who share faculty and foundation backgrounds, is relativist in its exercise of authority and has responded all too willingly to egalitarian cries for relevance." The same alumni were also reported to be "ashamed and then irritated" to learn that Princeton had apparently condoned the holding of a gay dance. The widow of a member of the Class of 1916 answered with asperity that a better gambit for the Davis-Bushnell letter might have been "It has been with great delight that over the last five to eight years alumni have grown excited, pleased and happy about the changes they have seen at Princeton." Her reply to the co-founders of CAP, which she had not said she wished published, was acknowledged not by either of them but by an assistant to Jones, who said that *Prospect* couldn't print it because of space limitations. A few weeks later, with little regard for reading-time limitations, Jones sent a twenty-page single-spaced letter to Princeton's trustees, this one a commentary on a ten-page single-spaced letter from Bowen to Davis of which the trustees had earlier received copies. If the trustees were reading all their mail conscientiously, they were earning their trust. (At one of their meetings, they had thought it might be enlightening to have a firsthand account of campus turmoil from a Princeton graduate student who as an undergraduate had participated in some of the more spirited melees at Columbia. About the only substantive thing he had to tell the board was that he was supporting himself, not without difficulty, as a taxi-driver across the Hudson River. "I leave this message for you," he told them. "When in New York, tip well.") Indicative of the trustees' travail—and, indeed, of the whole university's—was the title of another message that Bowen felt constrained to send them, on February 18, 1974: "*Prospect* Yet Again." The gist of this one was that the president had decided not to spend much more time debating with CAP but, rather, would "get on with the real work of the University." *Prospect*, however, had not yet arrived at any such abstinent conclusion. "We do not condemn President Bowen for his failure to provide Princeton with more thoughtful, soulful guidance," Jones wrote in its issue of March 10, 1974. "But . . . because he did not attend Princeton as an undergraduate, he does not, probably can not, give sufficient importance and understanding to what it is that has made Princeton a uniquely excellent college that so many other universities emulate. We look on, then, with dismay and sadness as Princeton is led down the dull path of sameness, perhaps even to mediocrity." One of the things that Princeton needed, Jones went on, was a return to old-fashioned Christianity; why, Bowen didn't even attend chapel services regularly!

The first letter to the editor in the following issue of *Prospect* was from an alumnus who wrote, "My daughter is a sophomore at Eastern Mennonite College and my son is a freshman at Gordon College. I'm most happy that they are in an environment where wisdom is thought to be in God's province, and where knowledge is sought to honor and serve Him. My Dad was Princeton Class of '14 and I was '41. I know he wouldn't want his grandchildren in today's Princeton. . . . The stench of decay and destruction is nauseating." In the same issue, *Prospect* posed a series of sixteen questions that it expected Bowen to answer, one of which went, in part, "Do you think



that there are monopsonistic conditions in existence?" Jones must have been especially pleased with that one; he was using the kind of language that Bill Buckley dotes on.

President Bowen did not rise to the bait, though he told me later that he knew what the word meant, all right. "A monopsonist is a single buyer, as a monopolist is a single seller," he said. "I don't know what the *question* means, however."

How did he feel about the controversy in general?

"It's been an interesting time, in a way, if one can get oneself into the proper frame of mind to consider it that way, which is not always the case," Bowen told me. "But it's been a terrible drain on my time. Being a teacher of economics—a mainstream one, actually, rather strongly market-oriented—I'm especially bemused by CAP's constant carping at the supposed ideological radicalism of that department. I've never had a student complain that I was pressing him or her toward anything. I try to challenge whatever view a student has, to encourage him to think. I had a nice letter from one student saying how much she'd enjoyed my course, though, she added, as the president of the university I was too conservative for her taste, but still I was a fair teacher. It's always pleasant to know that somebody who disagrees with you nonetheless thinks you're tolerable. What CAP wants me to do I really don't know. There's not one chance in a million that the basic direction of the university will change. I could get struck by lightning, but even so there'd be no change in coeducation, no change in the faculty, no change in admissions, and chapel wouldn't become compulsory again. I keep saying to Shelby Davis and the others, 'Tell me of any great university in the world that operates the way you would seemingly have us operate.' I'm sad about the whole CAP conflict—sad for some of the alumni, because they're depriving themselves of feeling that they're still a part of what's a great university by any standards, and sad for the university, because so much time and energy have been diverted from important things. I wish CAP had a clearer vision. I'm really quite content to have the university judged through reality, rather than through a prism the physics of which I don't altogether understand."

BY the winter of 1974, still another publication—this one a quarterly called *University*—had got into the

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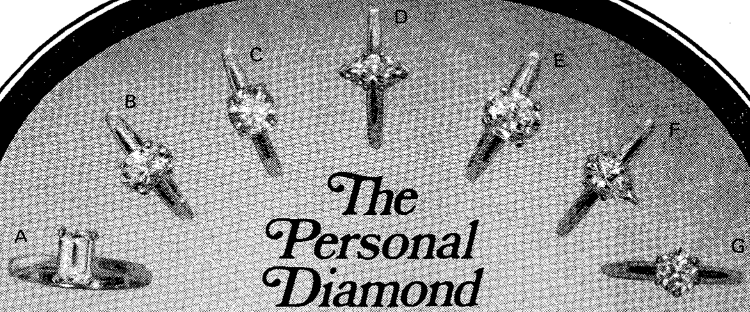

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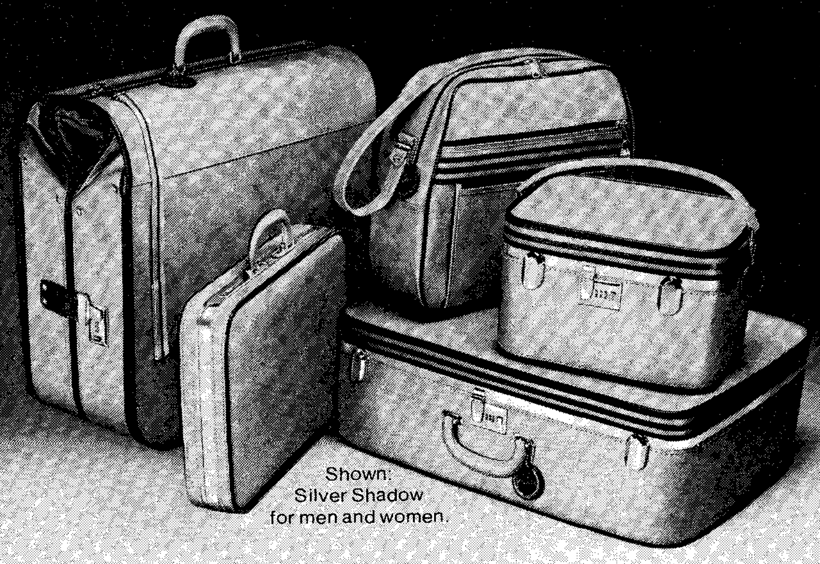

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act. The *Alumni Weekly*, though subsidized by the university to the tune of some thirty-five thousand dollars a year, is technically independent, with its own editorial board. *University* is admittedly a university undertaking, and now its editor, William McCleery, presented a long interview with Davis, who had granted him an audience at the Princeton Club of New York. Davis said on that occasion that his views about Princeton were shared by at least two-thirds of its alumni. "The real issue causing the gulf between alumni and colleges today," the Ambassador declared, "is the espousal on the part of the intelligentsia in colleges and universities of standards of values—moral, political, and economic—different from and destructive of traditional American values." Jones later complained in *Prospect* that the interview had been vetted by President Bowen before *University* ran it. Jones did not tell his readers that McCleery had also submitted it for vetting to Davis.

In the fall of 1974, President Bowen joined some other educators for a trip, on which he perhaps embarked not without relief, to the People's Republic of China. Before he left the country, his trustees decided to establish an Alumni Affairs Committee. Its chairman was Stephen Ailes, '33, a Washington attorney, former president of the Association of American Railroads, Secretary of the Army under President Johnson, and, more recently, a member of President Ford's Intelligence Oversight Board. One of the Ailes committee's functions, it seemed reasonable to guess, would be to recommend to the trustees how *they* should cope with CAP. Ailes did arrange one meeting with Davis—at the office of Shelby Cullom Davis & Company. Jones sat in, and wrote about it in *Prospect*. "There was no signed communiqué to the contrary," he later told me. Meanwhile, the issue of the *Daily Princetonian* that disclosed the formation of the Alumni Affairs Committee also carried an interview—this one, too, at the Princeton Club—with Ambassador Davis, who told the undergraduate reporters that Princeton's woes went back to the Goheen administration. "Goheen wanted Princeton to be a little Harvard," Davis said. "I don't think this is Princeton's role. I think Princeton's role is educating not geniuses so much but turning out well-rounded people; some will be Secretary of State, but a lot more will go back to Akron, Ohio, and be good citizens there."

Bowen's Asian trip obliged him to

miss that year's Princeton-Harvard football game, a home game for the Tigers. The between-the-halves show put on by the Princeton band featured the usual spelling out of words with a voice-over commentary. To begin with, most of the band, while tootling "The Stars and Stripes Forever," formed the letters "CAP." The remaining musicians arranged themselves into an "R." While the commentator addressed himself to Jones ("self-appointed theologian, philosopher, campus politico, sociologist, lawyer, and great right hope"), the "R" roved about the field, hovering as if to squeeze between the "A" and the "P" of the "CAP," then settling between the "C" and the "A." Next, to the strains of "California, Here I Come," there was a salute to Davis, with *his* initials written out. The commentator explained that the band was planning a trip to the West Coast the following spring and—the "S" in the "SCD" was thereupon transformed into a "$"—would welcome Ambassador Davis's subsidizing the junket. If he did, the band would "serenade another of his favorite charity cases, Richard M. Nixon."

Davis wasn't at the football game. (Jones was, and was flattered by the attention he got.) The Ambassador later told me that although he felt it was shocking that not more of the Princeton faculty had been for Nixon in 1972, it was disgraceful and slanderous in 1974 that he should have been linked to the ex-President. "I've only met Nixon once in my life," Nixon's Ambassador for nearly six years said, "and that was at a dinner for a hundred or so people at the White House." Only those Princeton alumni who were in Palmer Stadium and sober enough to follow the spelling bee would have known about the prankish episode if George Hamid, of CAP, had not seen fit to write an angry letter about it to the *Alumni Weekly* saying that thus "to vilify a fine public servant like Ambassador Davis defies decency." Worst of all, Princeton had lost the game, 34–17.

Hamid did not comment publicly on a matter of questionable taste that occurred not long afterward—the circulation by CAP of what became known around the campus as the rape letter. It was a communication signed by Jones and addressed to "Dear Freshman Parent." The letter not only referred to a number of campus assaults but was accompanied by an anonymous letter from the parents of a raped student. Within three weeks, the dean of student affairs sent out a letter of her own to reassure parents that Princeton freshmen were not trapped in a jungle full of real tigers or worse, but whatever damage the rape letter could do to Princeton's relations with freshmen's parents (many of whom, of course, were also alumni) had presumably already been done. Soon Sheldon Hackney, the Princeton provost of the moment, was named to a university presidency himself, at Tulane. Hamid wrote to a Louisiana friend warning him against Hackney, and saying that if the recipient was acquainted with any Tulane trustees they should also be put on their guard.

Jones did not have a large office staff, so he often took some of his own photographs for *Prospect*. He shot a few to illustrate an article of his that ran in the magazine on February 15, 1975. It described the downfall of the old Princeton Inn, which had become an undergraduate residence called Princeton Inn College. One picture showed a grubby ladies' room, and another some dog excrement on a stair landing. As a rule, Princeton undergraduates have not paid much heed to CAP or to *Prospect*, but this was too much for a few of them. One Princeton Inn College resident who was especially incensed was a junior named Hilary Abigail Bok, a niece of the president of Harvard. She calls herself Abigail to avoid confusion with a first cousin—Derek Bok's daughter Hilary Margaret Bok. Abigail and some of her fellow Princeton Inners were fuming about the *Prospect* piece (the Jones photos had been snapped during a holiday period, when Abigail and other dormitory-cleanup workers were out of town, and the ladies' room he had zeroed in on was not in use anyway, and had been opened only temporarily, for repairs), and at dinner she exclaimed, "Somebody ought to throw a pie in his face!" Everybody looked at her and nodded.

Abigail Bok phoned Jones, made an appointment to meet him at his office, and arrived with a chocolate cream pie concealed in a tote bag. After some desultory small talk, Miss Bok rose and began fishing in her bag. Jones, being a gentleman, rose, too; being taller than she, he could look down inside her bag, and he spotted the pie. He was experienced in pie-throwing; it was traditional in his social set for twenty-first birthdays to be celebrated in such half-baked fashion, and he had already turned

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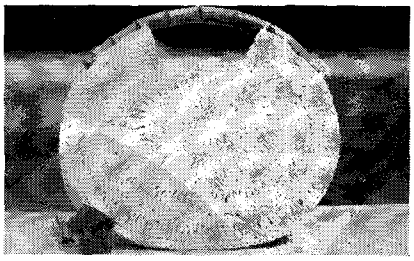

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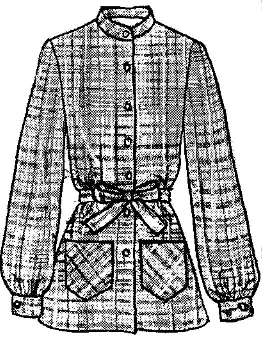

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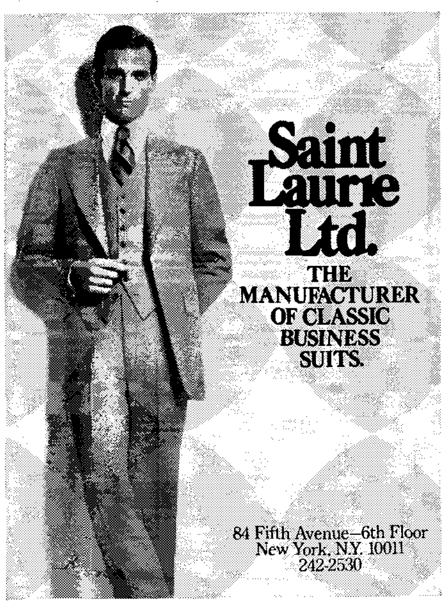
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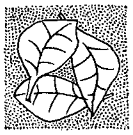
twenty-four. In the pitched battle that ensued, he was the veteran, she the raw recruit. Miss Bok grasped the pie firmly and aimed. "He threw out his arm in self-defense," she told me, "and accidentally his hand collided with my jaw. I backed up in surprise but came on again with the pie. He flung out his hand again, and got about half the pie on it; then I brought the plate up under his arm and got him in the face, while he grabbed my hair, smearing whipped cream in it—*very messy*. He sat back, and said in a high voice, 'That's not funny! That's not funny at all!' I assured him that it was actually quite amusing, and explained that as he had been doing a lot of verbal and pictorial pie-throwing, he ought to find out what it felt like. Then I brought out some paper towels, and we cleaned ourselves up." The set-to between Princeton's *enfant terrible* and the niece of the president of Harvard had the New Jersey campus buzzing for a day or two. Jones was unjustly accused of having deliberately struck a young woman in the face, and he threatened to take action against anyone who persisted in uttering the canard. The residents of the Princeton Inn College named their library after Norman Thomas, '05, and their refurbished ladies' room after Thomas Harding Jones, '72.



THE next incident of consequence involved a Gallup Poll. A conservative Southwestern academic institution, Oklahoma Christian College, had engaged the Gallup organization to ascertain how its students' attitudes toward the outside world measured up against those of other young Americans. Gallup's headquarters happen to be in Princeton, so it conveniently obtained some comparisons by questioning a small sample of Princeton students. In Gallup's report to Oklahoma Christian, Princeton was not mentioned—merely "an Ivy League university." To no one's surprise, the survey disclosed that the Ivy League students thought more highly of Ralph Nader than did the Oklahomans, and that the Oklahomans thought more highly of Ronald Reagan than did the Ivy Leaguers. The Ivy League university was shortly afterward identified as Princeton by the conservative syndicated columnist James J. Kilpatrick, who had access to background information. Meanwhile, Gallup had let both the Princeton administration and Jones see its findings, but with the understanding, according to Gallup, that these were not for publication. *Prospect* ran some of them, and its analysis of them was that Princeton students were, as it had long surmised, far on the left of the ideological spectrum. Jones concedes that the copy of the report he got from Gallup may not have been intended for publication, and that when he was asked to return it he did; he adds that he also had a *second* copy of the report, source unrevealed, and says that even if there was an agreement not to publish, it applied only to the first copy. While he was at it, he shared one of his copies with William A. Rusher, '44, the publisher of William Buckley's *National Review*, and Rusher wrote a syndicated column titled "Princeton Moves to the Left." Not to be outdone, Buckley came up with a syndicated column of his own in which he said, *inter* many bristling *alia*, "If the undergraduate course at Princeton was eight years instead of four years, the majority of graduates would have views indistinguishable from graduates of the Lenin Institute." The Gallup fat was in the fire, and in the course of the debate over the pros and cons of what the poll meant and what it disclosed about the nature of radicalism at Princeton, approximately nineteen and a half additional reams of paper were consumed. The September 15, 1975, issue of *Prospect*, saying that, according to the Gallup Poll, Princeton students rated Mao Tse-tung higher than Harry Truman, Dwight Eisenhower, or Gerald Ford, used for its cover a Jones photograph of a portrait of the Chairman tacked to a door of Princeton's McCosh Hall.

In the fall of 1975, moreover, CAP recruited a new member for its advisory board, who was its most venerable ever. This was the ninety-year-old Carl Otto von Kienbusch, '06, a scion of a leaf-tobacco family, who in the academic year 1974-75 had given the university eighteen thousand five hundred and eighty dollars. A prominent medieval-armor collector and fly-fisherman (he had also given Princeton a calligraphic transcription of Izaak Walton's will), von Kienbusch, once a staunch opponent of coeducation at Princeton, eventually became one of the chief contributors to its women's sports program. He had also given the university a sword, now in Nassau Hall, that once belonged to William of Orange. In the alumni war, one minor skirmish between the university and CAP had to do with his surname. In some of its publications, the university listed him under "K;" *Prospect* listed him under "V." Both had justification:

on the old gentleman's personal letterhead, he used the "von," but in the New York telephone directory he didn't.

As the nonagenarian, who was blind and was perhaps unfamiliar with all the war communiqués, was being piped aboard the CAP flagship, a letter was going out on CAP stationery, over the signature of Brower, to the chief executives of several dozen American corporations. Brower had created something of a ruckus earlier by endeavoring, unavailingly, to persuade his 1949 classmates (Governor Brendan Byrne, of New Jersey, was one of them) not to let Princeton have their twenty-fifth-reunion gift of some half a million dollars carte blanche but instead to dole it out selectively for something that would be of permanent benefit to the university and would meet his stiff standards of acceptability. Brower suggested, for example, that the money might be earmarked chiefly for a professorial chair in conservative economics. Although CAP purported to have strict rules about its officers' unilateral actions—Bushnell had died not long before, without, in Davis's absence, ever discussing his concern about Princeton with Princeton—neither Jones nor Davis saw the Brower letter until after it had been mailed. Writing, on October 21, 1975, as "a member of the Executive Committee of CAP on a matter of deep concern for your Company, your stockholders and for the continuance of the Free Enterprise System," Brower inquired of each corporation head on his list whether his company's gifts to educational institutions were "being used to undermine, subvert, and otherwise discredit the very businesses which are helping fund private education." (Like Davis, he approvingly cited Gulf's Bob Dorsey, whose surname Brower misspelled.) There was a caveat, which went, "Please don't construe this letter as a request to withdraw your support from Princeton or other worthy Universities," but no rational person could have construed the rest of the letter to have any purpose other than to persuade its recipients to do precisely that. What impact the Brower letter had, if any, may never be known, but to corporate executives who couldn't differentiate offhand between one group of Princeton alumni and another it may have served as a deterrent to philanthropy. Jones has said that if he had had an opportunity to edit the letter he would have modified its wording, but Davis has said he was not concerned about that. "I don't see why anybody should have been upset by it," he told

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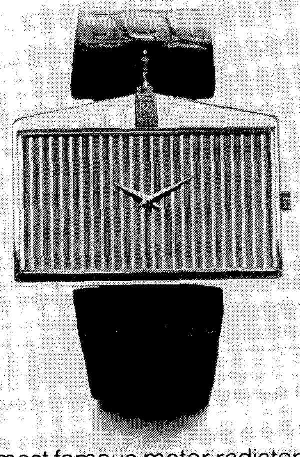

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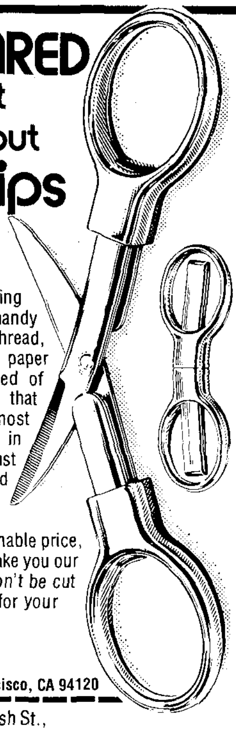

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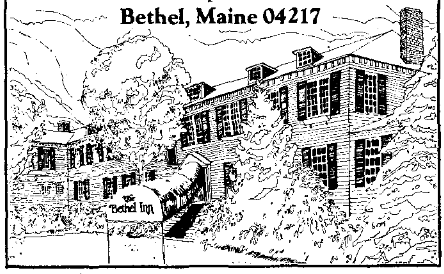

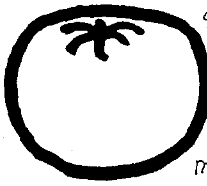

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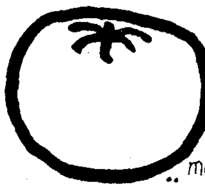

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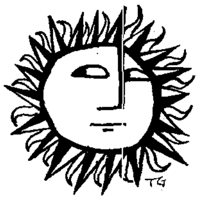
me. "Shouldn't a corporation know where its money is going? Should it give to the Communists or to the Mafia, or to any institution generally against the free-enterprise system?" Princeton University was, for its part, understandably relieved when another petroleum-company executive, unimpeachably in the heart of the free-enterprise system—Rawleigh Warner, Jr., '44, the chairman of Mobil Oil—told the *Alumni Weekly*, "As a fund-raiser for Princeton, I'm out to raise money for the teaching of the pros and cons of *all* systems of economics, and that includes socialism, communism, the whole spectrum. The purpose of a university is to expose young minds to *all* such systems and let them choose. . . . I have never had any difficulty in realizing that in Bill Bowen Princeton has a first-class fellow running the university. . . . And I don't believe in carping at the university for not doing exactly what I'd like it to do at every juncture."



That October, at the time the Brower letter went out, Princeton's trustees approved and made public the contents of the long-awaited report of Ailes' Alumni Affairs Committee, which, in language uncommonly tart for the governing board of a major university, concluded, after attacking CAP by name for inaccuracies and for such ploys as the rape letter, that CAP did not, as its adherents professed, constitute a loyal opposition. "We emphatically disagree," said the committee. "We think CAP's methods are unworthy of its ends and that its opposition has been carping, not constructive. We have no way to make a quantitative estimate of CAP's effects, but we are confident that it has hurt the University far more than it has helped. By sowing doubt, discontent, and disaffection, CAP has probably cost the University financial and volunteer support it otherwise would have had, and it has undoubtedly generated adverse national publicity."

THE very first item in the notes about the Class of 1957 in the February 9, 1976, issue of the *Alumni Weekly* was "ANNUAL GIVER: 'My largest and earliest contribution yet. I support the Bowen administration and deplore the costly ego-tripping of its CAP critics.' *Cullom Davis*, Springfield, Ill." True, it was merely Shelby Cullom Davis's nephew, but, even so, the juxtaposition of the name and the sentiments was something to make Princeton eyes blink. *Prospect* had never carried so diverting an item, with or without pictures. Not that Jones had quit the battle. He and CAP had been accused time and time again of engaging in destructive criticism. Now he decided to take a constructive step. He called a press conference to make three announcements. First, CAP was giving the university five thousand dollars, to be used as a student-scholarship fund. The source of the money was the Class of '06's von Kienbusch. The old man died a few days later; two weeks ago, Princeton disclosed that he had further enriched it by bequests of more than a million dollars. Young Jones, informing those at the conference that "you can be concerned about the university and not want to slit everyone's throat and so forth," announced, second, that CAP had proposed to the trustees that they establish a chair in market (conservative) economics, and, third, that it had suggested that the university invite as visiting professors persons of the stripe of Milton Friedman, Irving Kristol, and Ernest van den Haag. CAP did not offer to furnish any funds for carrying out either of the proposals. The second proposal was politely spurned. The suggested professorship was soon also rejected, in part because of the unavailability of money and in part because the university disputed Jones' "presumption that there is a philosophical imbalance in the teaching of economics at Princeton that needs to be rectified."

By this time, Davis had returned from Switzerland to New York, and I stopped by his downtown office for some Ivy League chitchat. "I first became appalled at what was happening in the student rebellion—revolution, really—of the late sixties, and the curtailment of freedom of speech that accompanied it," he told me. "I had long felt that the loyalty of Princeton alumni, like my father and my brother, was amazing. The alumni's loyalty has been blinding them to what's happening. Professors don't have that kind of loyalty. They don't care. Some of them have been at Princeton only a couple of years, and if a better job comes along they'll take it. As for all the argument about my meeting Bowen, that's a trumped-up issue. They never talk about the *real* issues—such as why Princeton should be so one-sided in its social and political ideas, and whether or not it's a good idea to have a revolution in the composition of the student body. *Those* are the issues. If Bowen wants to see me about them, let him come to me. Anyway, I know what he thinks. He makes speeches all the time. Listen to this." Here Davis picked up a well-thumbed piece of paper, with underlinings, and read aloud, " 'The one central, fundamental commitment—of this University—is to the life of the mind.' That was Bowen in 1973. Well, there are or ought to be many other fundamental, central things in an American university, including moral values. It apparently doesn't matter anymore what anyone does or who sleeps with whom."

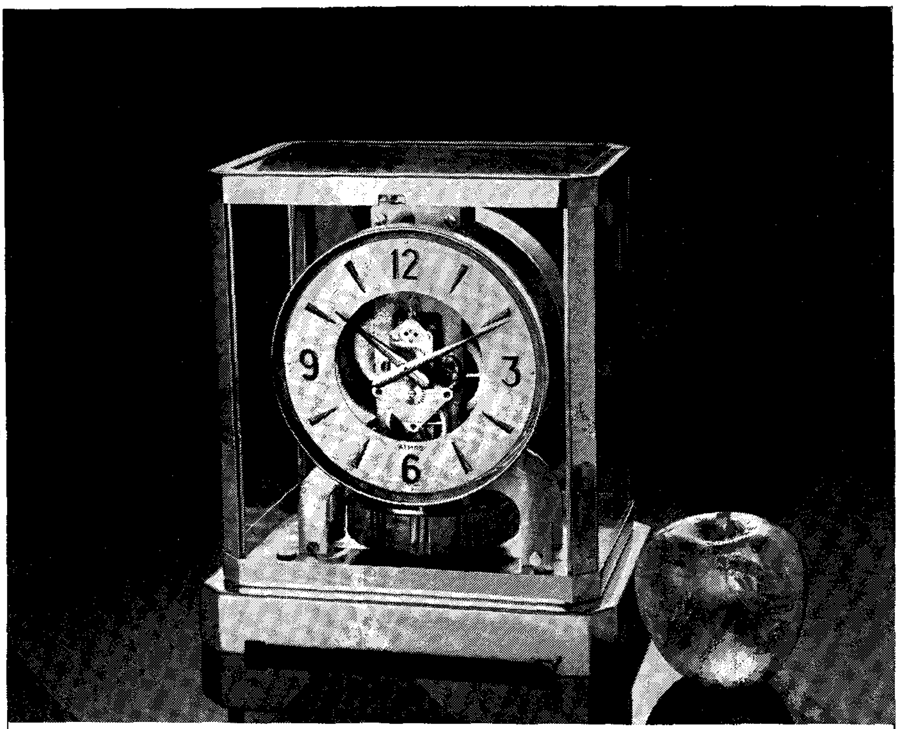
I asked about Princeton and the free-enterprise system.

"I feel that the kind of teaching that is going on is hostile to business and has a tendency to undermine the system of business and enterprise that's built up this country," Davis said. "Where you have a university whose professors are liberal or radical, they naturally educate students to be hostile to business. A few years ago, Ralph Nader—who has his good points—was given the greatest honor Princeton can confer on an alumnus, its Woodrow Wilson Award. This was the same Nader who used the word—was it 'criminal'? no, 'evil'—*evil*—in connection with American corporations. Well, you know, he's the students' demigod. Even in Switzerland, where I am on the advisory committee of a university whose students are conservative, they always wanted Nader as a speaker. He never came, though we tried; I don't think we could afford to pay the fee that he charges. But it was Princeton that gave him respectability. It was like awarding him the Nobel Prize."

Davis had let it be known not long before that he would be stepping down from an active leadership role in CAP and would let himself be described thenceforth as founding co-chairman. That left the reins of the organization pretty much in the hands of Jones, where they had chiefly been all along. I took the bus down to Princeton one day and had lunch with him. Jones said happily that *Prospect* was going to twenty-nine thousand five hundred alumni, all but a handful of them graduates of the college. "The important thing is the experience of going through Princeton as an undergraduate and sharing its traditions," he told me. "Bowen doesn't have that feeling."

I reminded him that he had once declared in *Prospect* that he was postponing other career objectives to remain in Princeton and fight the good fight. What were they?

"I had wanted to go into politics, but



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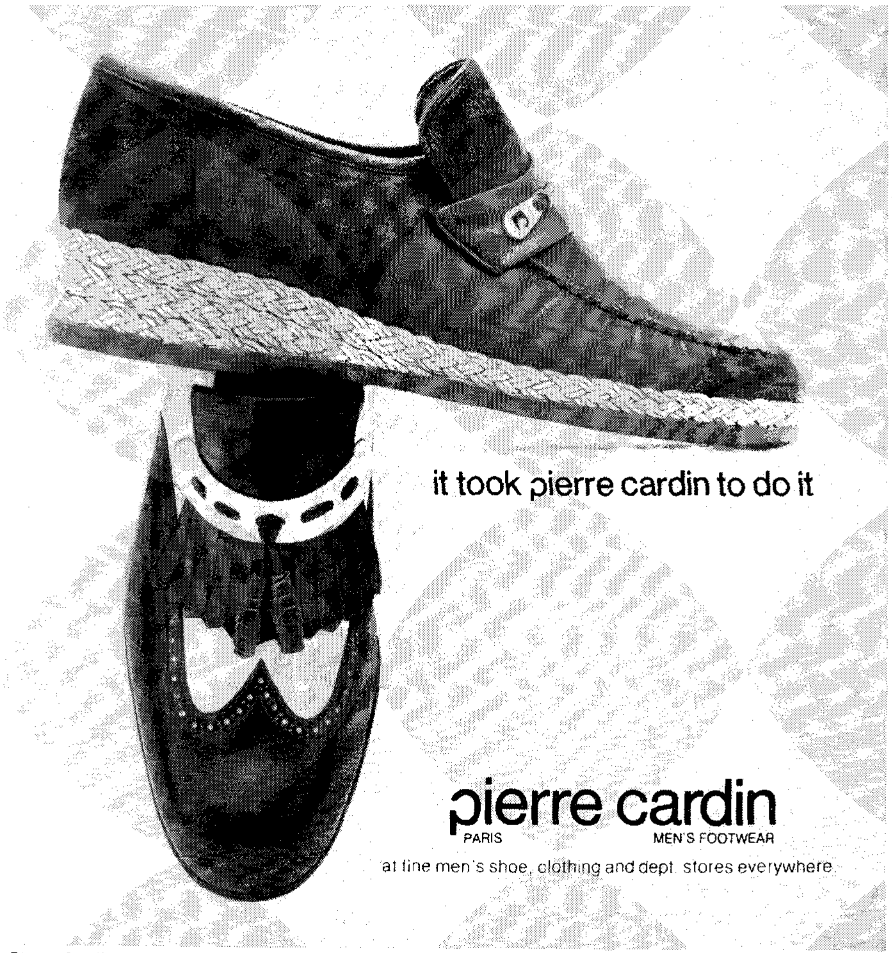

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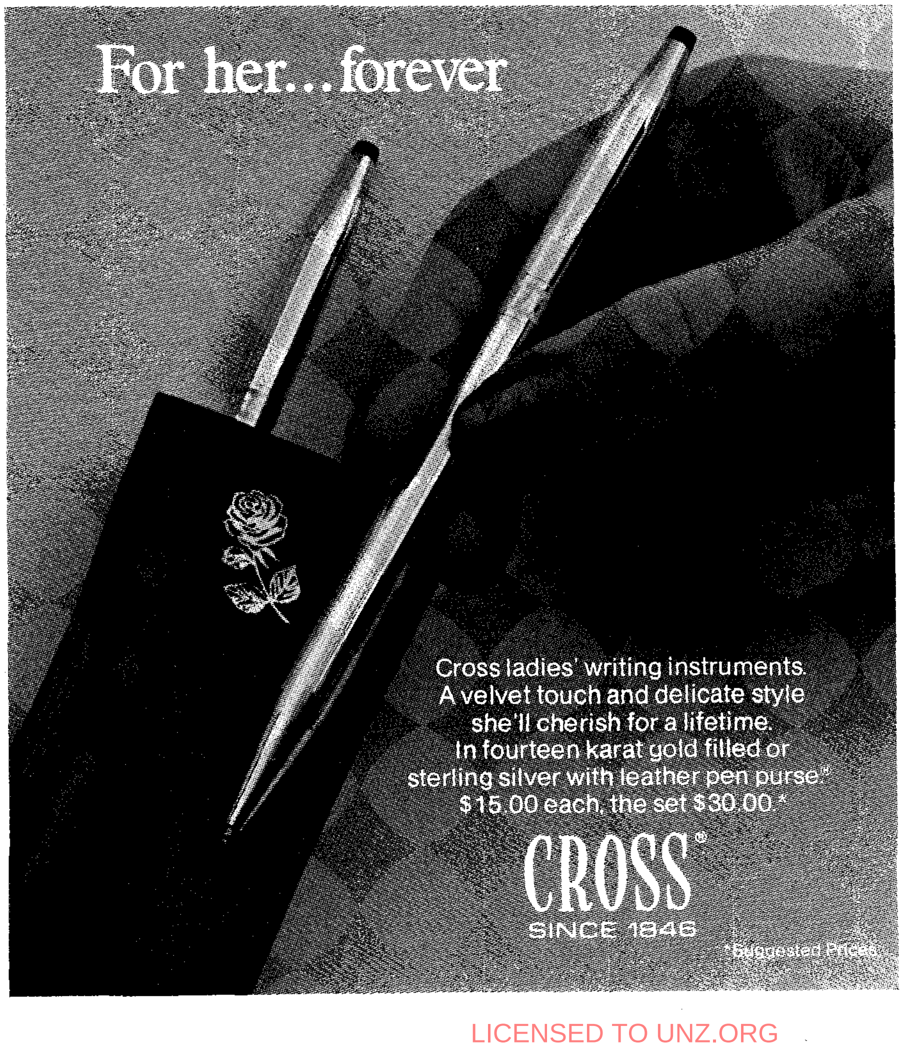

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I'm not so sure now," Jones replied. "I'm sort of dismayed that people in Congress are so helpless. I might also want to go into business for a while and make some money, or maybe into advertising or public relations. I'm surprised that I've had the patience to stay here so long doing this." (He has since added corporate consulting to his chores for CAP, of which early this year, although he prefers to be known as treasurer and a trustee, he was described by Hamid as founding executive director.)

How did he feel about the fact that he—a bachelor, austere, owner of an old car, no flashy habits—had several times been compared to Ralph Nader?

"No resemblance," said Jones. "I don't think Nader has any fun. I go to New York often—the great drawback to living in Princeton is that there's no social life for anyone my age, and I made a conscious decision never to be a permanent student and hang around the campus—and I am also active in amateur theatricals here. My reputation for being an evil person is unbelievable. After one show, a student in the audience came up to me and said, 'I thought you'd be forty years old, smoking a cigar, and bald.' "

Assuming, I said, that the conflict between CAP and the university would someday end, how could that truce be negotiated, and, if it was, how would Jones then demonstrate his concern as a Princeton alumnus?

He replied that the university would have to make some kind of meaningful concession—the designation, say, of a trustee acceptable to CAP.

Whom could he recommend?

"I wouldn't want to give anyone the kiss of death by naming him," Jones said. "But it would have to be somebody conservative and familiar with educational problems and not afraid to deal with them. As for myself, I don't like to be carrying on this way, but if I'm going to be honest in my philosophical views I have no choice. I'd like to be able to contribute to annual giving. I feel that I'm doing things for Princeton now, of course, but it would be more fun and more pleasant for the situation to change. I guess what I'd really like would be for CAP to go out of business and for me to end up as the enthusiastic national chairman of the annual-giving campaign."

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

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—*N.Y.S.E. Bond Trading in the Times.*

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

In Passage

A MAN of early middle age touches a bald place on his head for a moment. In another film, it might be that he was thinking of his looks. In Carlos Saura's wonderful Spanish picture "Cousin Angelica" (1974), the movement is one of trying to correct the blurring of time and history. "Cousin Angelica" is the first film made in Spain from the position of the people who lost the Civil War. The film happens in two interwoven epochs: the outbreak of the war, and the seventies. In a piercing gesture, the same man—José Luis López Vázquez—plays both heroes, the young boy and the middle-aged man. When the character touches his head, he is trying to recover the truth of 1938. He goes back to the school where the dining hall was bombed; we see the injured boys sheltering under splintered tables. Dust veils the chaos with a repellent beauty, making a dream of a reality that killed children.

When the hero, called Luis Cano, touches his head, he is trying to retrieve something lost. The idea of having the same actor play both the boy and the man tells us what we all know: that everyone is every age at the same time, eight and forty-eight and eighty, merely embossed in a slowly changing carcass. The film tells us, too, that people have faulty memories. In the present of the film, Luis is trying to put things in order. What actually went on? Not what people tell him now. The dust of walls destroyed by planes powders the past with a dreamy headpiece of tulle in a wedding to sham. When Luis goes back to his rebuilt school, he finds himself asking, "Who remembers what happened?" A schoolboy is shown writing on a blackboard a series of naughts. A grown-up voice says, "Suppose it relates to thousands of years." Time passes after all. A boy grows into a man, a generation grows into aeons of men. Luis, this boy, this man, is concerned to make memory concrete, not diffuse; he has the mind of a mathematician, the doubts of a scholar.

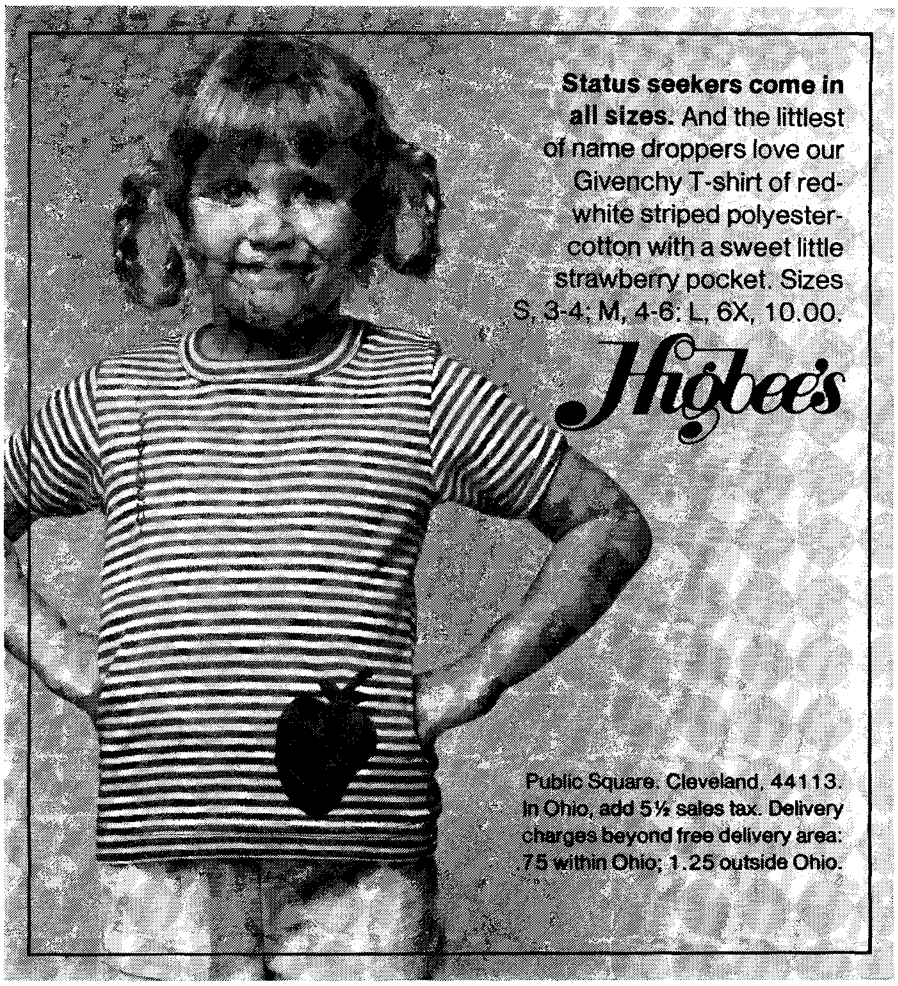
His love when he was a boy was Angelica, his cousin: daughter of his Francoist aunt and uncle with whom he, the child of a Republican mother, was staying when war broke out. He remembers Angelica—we see the scene—crying a little as her long hair is plaited. In their childhood, she carves on a concrete cross their two names and the date, 1938. Then time gets confused, as it does in life. The middle-aged Luis is given a rubbing by a next-generation Angelica of the same scratch on the cross: a rubbing made by her with a ball-point. One's own mind goes back with the hero's to school as he remembers "how difficult it was to write a page without making a blot" before the days of ball-points. "It took all the pains in the world."

All the pains in the world are in this film. A grown man, aging, is visiting his aged Francoist relatives, who now have another Angelica in the house, daughter of his Angelica of 1938, played by the same blessedly buoyant young girl, with the same long hair (María Clara Fernández). In boyish love with the first Angelica, he took her for a politically dangerous ride on the crossbar of his bicycle, and they were stopped by soldiers at a political frontier. Wondering whether he is living now only by the grace of God, because he sinned through unexpressed longing for Angelica after his last confession, prowling around his very Spanish guilt about his lust for the past Angelica and his love for the present one, the middle-aged ex-Republican also takes the new, young, identical Angelica on the crossbar of a bicycle, but this time for a ride in the country. Happiness billows. Though Spaniards are constantly called overaware of sin, they are like Italians in their capacity for happiness. The first scratch on the cross in 1938; ball-points; "all the pains in the world" about not making a blot.

Many other repetitions: a childhood nosebleed, and a child bleeding to death from bombs; the punitive clerical measures of the Civil War times, which included a whipping of the young Luis for erotic escapism, and now the sweetness of ringing church bells as the middle-aged man climbs out of a window onto a tiled roof with his beloved Angelica. The film is a sanctified fancy about memory, a recovery from sourness. Luis has come to the Castilian place of his childhood to rebury the remains of his long-dead mother, interred in a crypt in Madrid; she had always wanted to be buried in the place where she had lived. Luis puts her bones into a little coffin in the trunk of his car; when he leaves his home again, he is not abandoning a remnant but has a new life in his thoughts, and a revived and moving turn of mind.

"BLACK AND WHITE IN COLOR," directed by Jean-Jacques Annaud, begins by being anecdotal to the

"There's a side of me you haven't seen yet."



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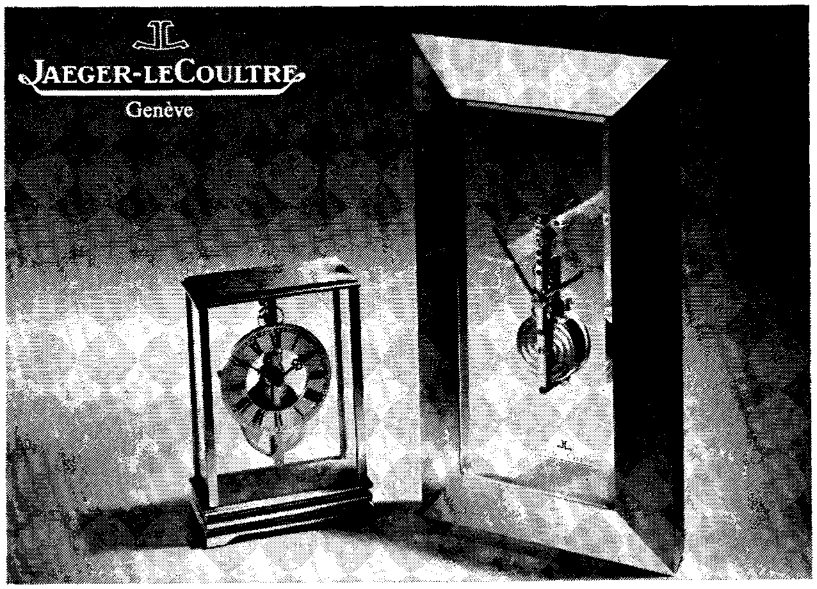

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point of farce and goes on to something markedly different: ironic, sharp, charming, a story up to Kipling, almost up to Forster and his irony about what he called "the real India." In this case, the questions are about "the real West Africa," "the real France," "the real imperialism." We are in French West Africa in early 1915. The mood is languorous. A land of iced drinks, mechanical condescension to Africans, politesse to ladies who never show the heat. The setting is a small French military outpost where people live in amiable alliance with nearby Germans. The alliance is destroyed by the arrival of an old newspaper announcing the war. A long-legged Frenchman in a natty white-and-black pin-striped tropical suit and a boater steps as fastidiously as Beatrix Potter's Jeremy Fisher across the stones of a little river, saying with no solemnity that this could be the Rhine. The situation is militarily hopeless. The post's bugler is shot in a minor battle. Only a clutch of men are left. No one seems worried, though, apart from a good-looking, decisive young French geographer named Hubert, who quietly takes over the job of making a fighting force out of the native tribe. Their chief has a sense of humor that the Europeans find maddening. He promises them a hundred men and comes up with a handful. The young geographer, with recourse to a tribe that is said to be anathema to the chuckling chief, corrals a long line of Africans whose height amazes the locals. They are brought in roped by the neck, as if they were so many slaves captured by a Caesar. Within weeks, it seems, Hubert has turned them into a pukka regiment: marching, wheeling, saluting, singing a patriotic song.

In the case both of the unwarlike geographer and of the obligingly trainable new horde of Africans, who submit to taking a side in a European squabble very far from their own troubles, we are watching men put on official faces as if they were uniforms. The geographer assumes the appearance of a leader beyond the dreams of de Gaulle. It would be a shame to give away the lines of his last, swift dialogue with a German officer who is his handsome mirror image: we see them from the back, and what they have to say to each other is one of the most serious endings ever given to any apparently gun-happy film.

THE soldiers in Sam Peckinpah's "Cross of Iron" are Germans in the 1939-45 war, but they aren't fighting the Americans or the English. Only one of the Germans is said to be a Nazi, and the only enemies we see are Russians. This chickenheartedness is typical of the intellectual fatuity of the movie, which is as gross and crude a picture as Peckinpah—who is capable of a burly lyricism—has made since "Straw Dogs." His thinking has never risen higher than a mouse's instep, yet his instinctiveness has sometimes been entrancing. But in this film instinctiveness fails him, drowned in casuistry and a paltry ethic of machismo.

Peckinpah has often been concerned to convince us of the rock-bottom integrity of killers. The lengths to which the endeavor takes him in this picture are startling. He hopes to make his point by casting as Germans James Mason, David Warner, and James Coburn. The one rotter played by a star is undertaken by the Swiss Maximilian Schell, as an ambitious Prussian officer. The film is set in the retreat from Russia of 1943, so that the only visible enemy can be made to be the Reds—a device for getting round the problem of having English and American enemy soldiers in an up-with-Germany film speak with the accents of Mason, Warner, and Coburn. If you are going to make a star-studded English-speaking picture about Germans, you can't have them and the English-speaking Allies sounding alike.

The man played by Schell, whom any other director would have the decency to come out and identify as homosexual, instead constitutes a prime example of Peckinpah's usual obsession with manliness. As he talks solemnly about preferring war to peace because war is a world without women, "with all this childbirth and chocolate," his homosexuality is slyly hinted at, with the implication that there is something putrescent and Nazi about it—nothing that could be an attribute of any of the roles played by the American and the Englishmen. Coburn is the goodest guy of all. This is established early by his saying that he thinks often about his children.

Peckinpah seems to be an aesthete of extermination, a sort of Walter Pater about death in battle. There is a great deal of slow-motion footage picturing fragments of killed soldiers on the wing. The director did the same thing with the horses and riders catapulted from the blown-up bridge in "The Wild Bunch." Exactly why amputated limbs flying very slowly through the air should be any less horrifying than amputated limbs flying at normal speed is an elusive point.

Some of the dialogue is unintentionally funny. In a bunker surrounded by deafening bomb explosions and gunfire, someone says domestically, as though running bathwater were making things difficult to hear, "The phone's ringing." But most of the talk is folly, of the sort that gets written only in hindsight. James Mason, head of affairs in the bunker, realizes that the war is lost, and realizes, too, how terrific Coburn is. Coburn is a man who argued with the snobbish Schell character about the possible virtues of not being an aristocrat. Kant—think of Kant, who had to work hard for a living as a young tutor. And think of Schubert, who was the son of a badly-off man. The Schell character is a trivial man, chasing an Iron Cross to impress his family. Mason, who is a sacrificial chap, gives up his own future under the Russian advance and uses the bunker phone to get the Warner character out. "This is an order to you," says Mason to Warner, talking about "the new Germany." "You will search out and contact all these . . . better people." Warner is a better person, and this symbol of the new Germany escapes. There is going to have to be a Common Market, after all. The double vision that this picture gives us by casting English and American actors as Germans and making the Communist Russians the only visible and audible enemy has the effect of turning a muddleheaded movie into one that is close to Fascist. There is also a repulsive rape-and-castration scene between the German soldiers and Soviet women fighters. Peckinpah's picture has unlikably right-wing political prejudices.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

JADE

For a time
The flecked air at the window
Cannot disturb us,
We've made ourselves so quiet.

My fingers
Spread on your ribs like fans,
Yours
Open over my wrist, loose as a bracelet,
Our bodies
Shapen in our sexual languors—
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When we touch what we love best
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—PHYLLIS THOMPSON

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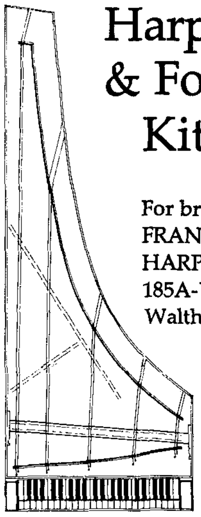

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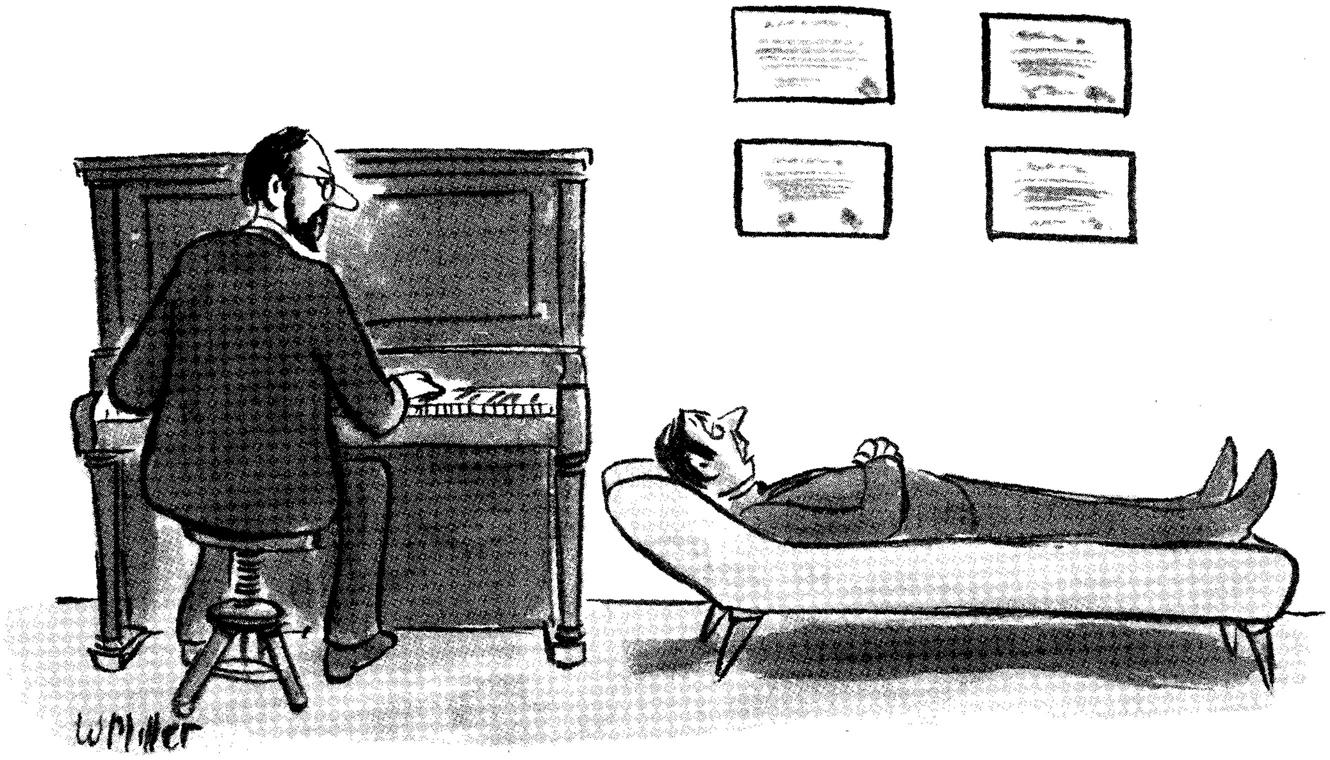
NO incoming President and his entourage ever quite anticipate the clatter and complexity and crosscurrents that will beset them. Washington and the myriad competing political centers and special interests that motivate it are apartisan, unrelenting. They do not yield before others' priorities, timetables, values. They do not observe boundaries. A President may decide what the pressing, overarching questions are, but the agendas of others intrude. So he must deal with those, too, must make intricate calculations of how much to give up in order to gain what, and must figure out how to step into as few hornets' nests as possible. He even has to learn where those hornets' nests are. For Jimmy Carter, this process of adjusting to Washington realities has been especially complex: the man who chose the political posture of the outsider must decide how much of an insider to become; the man who set himself up as apolitical must decide to what degree he will come to terms with real politics. A man who prefers to think coolly in terms of goals and timetables must accommodate himself to being the target of beanballs from every direction. Sometime during its second month in office, the Carter Administration began to move out of its first phase—the period of finding its way around, getting used to the office furniture, prolonging the campaign in order to build public support—into its second. In the second phase, it began to appreciate, and start to come to terms with, the complexities of governing.

"It's a lot harder than I thought," one of the President's closest associates said to me in early March. A couple of weeks later, another said, somewhat wearily, "It's not just that for every action there's an equal and opposite reaction—for every action there are six equal and opposite reactions." The President, determined to get off to a running start and be an "activist" President, set an agenda and deadlines—both of which many people, including some within his own Administration, thought too ambitious—but he found himself faced with an even larger agenda and even more deadlines imposed by others. The President's goals were not unambitious: he would try to find a resolution of the troubles of the Middle East and of the struggle between the Greeks and the Turks over Cyprus; he would negotiate an arms-control agreement with the Soviet Union; he would issue new United States policies on human rights, nuclear proliferation, arms sales. And, of course, in the meantime there were the foreign leaders to be received and entertained. As for domestic matters, proceeding according to a timetable, he would take measures to reinvigorate the economy, reduce unemployment, and curb inflation; he would devise new programs in the areas of energy, welfare, and tax reform. Plans would be laid to reorganize the entire federal government. These were, of course, only the President's near-term goals. But one thing that the new Administration apparently hadn't anticipated was that the Democrats in the Congress, having had in eight years of Republican Administrations ample opportunity to work up their own proposals, were not particularly interested in waiting until the new Administration organized itself, learned its way around. It seems to have been assumed without question in recent years that the White House must take a position on just about every legislative matter that comes up—or must take the position that it will not take a position. And so the Carter team, irrespective of what it wanted to do, had to respond to others' initiatives: to take positions on legislation concerning the minimum wage, cargo preference, food-stamp reform, sunset laws, common-site picketing, corporate bribery, and on and on. Moreover, the Carter Administration, like Administrations before it, was reluctant to surrender initiatives to others. Edward Kennedy was working up proposals to regulate recombinant-DNA research; therefore the Carter Administration rushed forth with proposals on recombinant-DNA research. And then there was a set of questions coming at it from proceedings on international trade: questions about the importation of mushrooms and shoes and sugar and television sets.

By late April, the White House had worked up internal documents just to inform itself of how many domestic matters had to be contended with at that time. On the list were, among other things, public-jobs bill, energy plan, water projects, lobby reform, Arab boycott, labor law, community development, airline deregulation, countercyclical aid, drought package, energy department, agency for consumer advocacy, universal voter registration, welfare reform, hospital-cost containment, food stamps, farm bill, Social Security financing, wiretaps, cargo preference, trade-adjustment assistance, undocumented workers (illegal aliens), strip-mining, congressional budget resolution, tax reform, and clean air. A very few people at the very top of the White House organization—including the President—would have to gather the information on all these issues and find the time to establish the Administration's positions on them. Once the positions were taken, White House aides would have to see to it that when Administration officials went to Capitol Hill to testify they agreed with these positions—and with each other.

The President, one of his associates said as we were talking recently about national and international issues before the Administration, was "intensely involved in all of these things." He added that "the kinds of issues that tend to hit his desk are full of knives and bombs and complexity." He said, "The substance of the issues was more complex than Carter knew." And as reality intruded itself upon the new Administration a number of ideas—some espoused during the campaign, some during the transition, and some in the heady early days—were dropped. Cabinet officers would not, after all, have to read every regulation before it was issued—an idea put forward in the first fireside chat, because the staff was concerned that the President had few specific things to say on that occasion. Cabinet meetings would not, after all, be open to the press—apparently no great loss to the sum of public understanding. There is even substantial sentiment within the Administration for reducing the frequency of Cabinet meetings—which are held weekly—since they evidently amount to little more than show-and-tell sessions. The real decisions are made elsewhere. In the early days, Carter told his Cabinet officers that he wanted regular written reports on what they were doing. After a few weeks, the Cabinet officers be-



"I'm a glum one,/It's explainable,/I've found someone unattainable./Life's a bore,/ Just a chore,/The world is my oyster no more."

• •

gan to notice that the President was thumbing through their reports in the course of Cabinet meetings. The goal, frequently stated during the campaign, of reducing the number of government agencies from nineteen hundred (depending on how you counted) to two hundred was dropped in early April. Bert Lance, the director of the Office of Management and Budget, said in a press briefing, "I just don't think we ought to play the numbers game." The size of the White House staff did not, after all, yield to the thirty-per-cent cut that the incoming President had pledged, and, like its predecessors, the Carter White House "borrowed" staff members from other agencies, on whose payrolls they remained. Diplomacy began to be conducted less through the press, and the human-rights campaign was muted. "In the beginning, there was certainty that it could be easily stated," one of the President's associates remarked. "The goal hasn't been abandoned, but he's learned there's a lot of subtlety. How do you avoid making it the tool of a demagogue?" The Administration found itself trying to fend off congressional legislation that sought to take the President up on his early statements by attaching human-rights provisos to American aid to foreign governments. The Secretary of State was constrained to give a speech explaining that the subject is really quite complicated. Both Henry Jackson and the Soviet Union turned out to be more difficult to deal with on arms control than had been anticipated. Other nations did not take kindly to our efforts to curb nuclear proliferation. Early efforts to curb arms sales ran into prior "commitments." The problems in Africa were so numerous and the policymakers in such disarray that finally the whole mess was turned over to Vice-President Mondale (who was not, we had been told at the outset, going to be detoured to special projects). The "independent commission" on ambassadorial appointments managed in the course of making some distinguished, and even inspired, appointments to take care of some early, wealthy Carter backers and to mollify senators from Ohio.

IT is not just the volume of the issues which has made life so complicated for the Carter Administration; it is the unexpected and irrational ways in which issues, large and small, global and parochial, collide. One of the President's aides said in April, "I didn't realize the way domestic issues would link with international ones." The abandonment of the tax rebate was an example of the way in which reality can close in. What happened to the rebate was, on one level, simply an indication of how difficult it is to make economic policy—to get agreement on the diagnosis, not to mention the prescription. On another level, it represented the continuing struggle over economic philosophy within the Administration. And, on a third, it represented a collision between apolitical politics and real politics. A common misapprehension about the way things work in Washington is that the trade-offs are direct, quids exchanged for quos. Sometimes they are, but often the connections are more indirect and subtle. The idea of the tax rebate, which was to provide a quick stimulus to the economy and reduce unemployment until other measures, which would take longer, came on line, was never very popular within either Congress or the Administration. One Administration official said to me early this spring, "The rebate is a lousy idea, but if you want to stimulate the economy this year, no one knows any other way." But several Democrats on Capitol Hill noted that a tax rebate enacted in 1975 had had only a temporary effect. The rebate proposed by Carter was passed by a dubious House, but then it ran into serious cross fire in the Senate. As Congress was considering the proposal, some were impressed by John Kenneth Galbraith's argument that taxes should not be cut when there are so many pressing national needs. Others were impressed by the argument of Arthur Burns, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, that the stimulus was inflationary and unnecessary. Charles Schultze, the chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers and the chief advocate of the rebate plan, spent a good bit of time on Capitol Hill rebutting these various arguments, but he never quite caught up with them. Moreover, the rebate proposal became subject to one of the deadliest forms of trouble: ridicule. Russell Long, the chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, who was ostensibly for the plan, and whose degree of enthusiasm would be crucial on the Senate floor, likened the idea to dropping fifty-dollar bills off the Washington Monument on a windy day. Michael Blumenthal, the Secretary of the Treasury, didn't help matters much when he suggested to some senators, "Hold your nose and vote for it." It was no secret on Capitol Hill that the plan did not enjoy unanimous enthusiasm within the Administration. Russell Long said to me, "When some of us ask down at the White House 'Is this what you really want?' what kind of answer you get depends on who you ask. There are all kinds of ways to say yes."

But the niceties of economic theory were not all that the senators were considering. The rebate came up at a time when Congress and the Administration were engaged in a good bit of testing each other out, showing off their muscles to each other. The President, for his part, had made a preliminary decision to cancel thirty-two water projects that Congress had already approved. This decision went to the core of what many politicians see as their public duty. They were offended and embarrassed by the lack of warning—few things embarrass a politician more than to be informed by the press of something he ought to know—and they feared that impoundment might again be in style. It left many senators, as one White House aide put it, "in no mood to do things for the President." But the noise that some senators raised was disproportionate to the pain inflicted. They had to protect their self-portraits as senators who "get things done" for their states. And they were attempting to teach the Administration that it had to deal, and on far more than water projects. To be sure, the cancellation of the water projects was in itself of importance to the senators from the affected states, and among those senators were Russell Long and John Stennis—men whose authority reached to all kinds of matters of import to the new Administration. And that was

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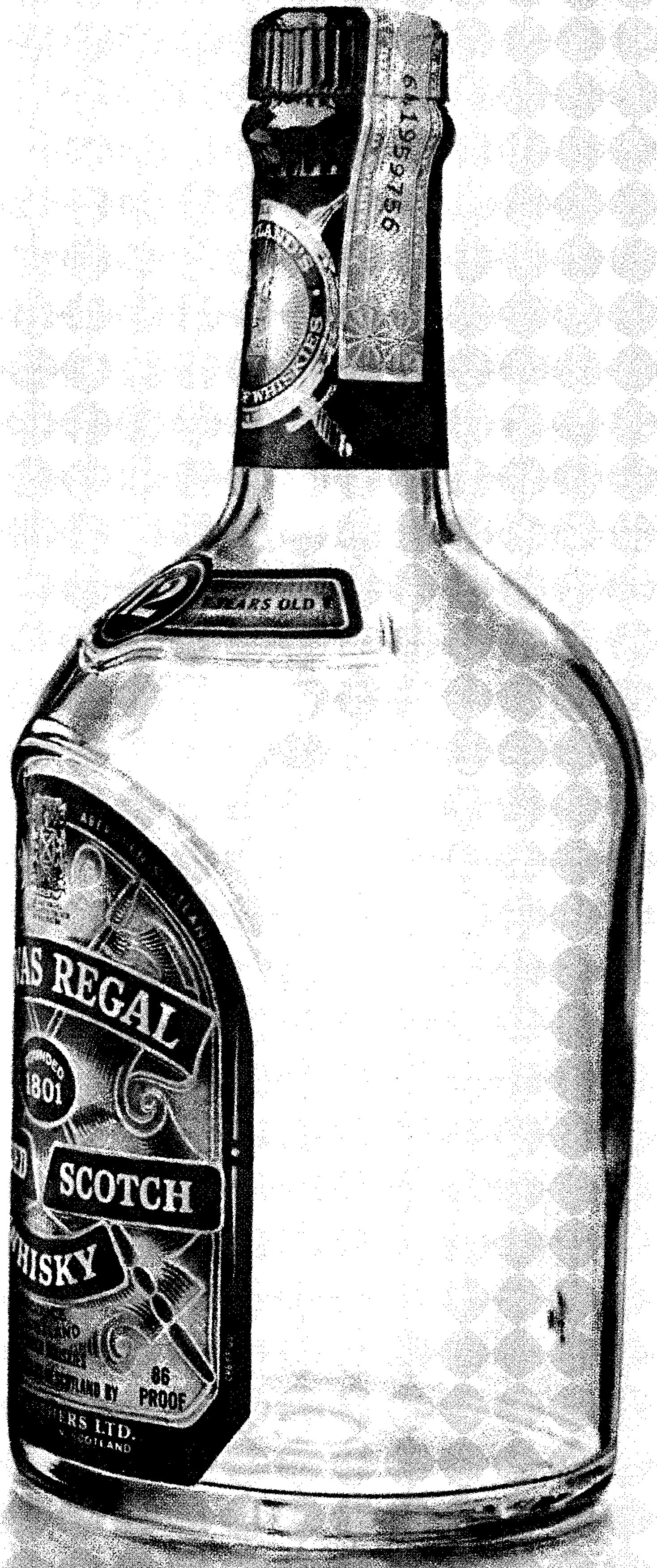
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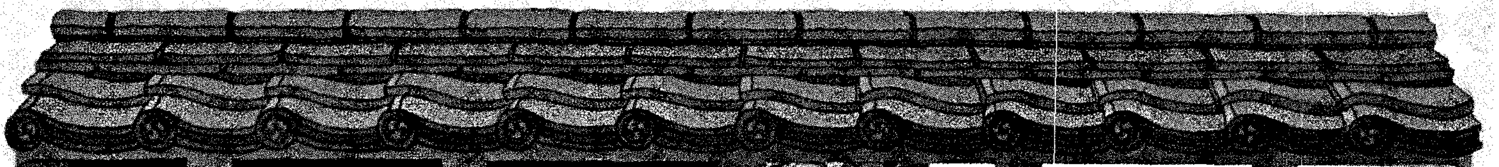

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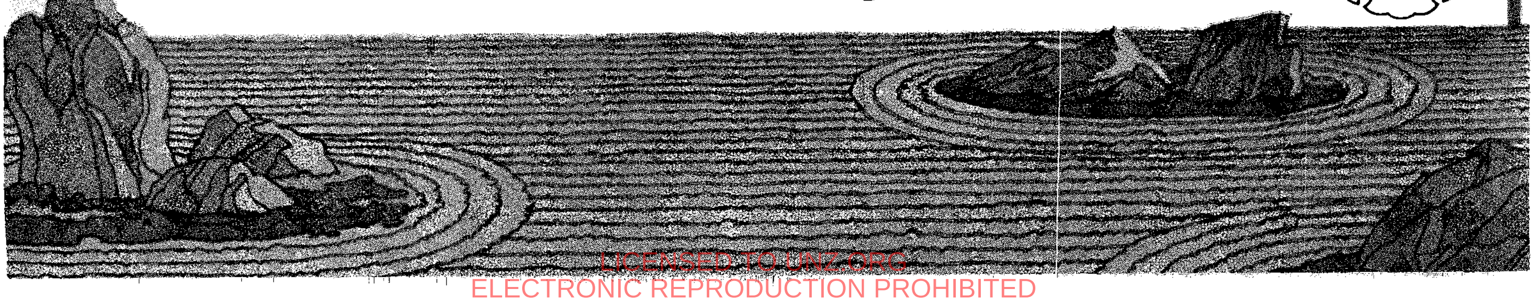

the point. "It's become an institutional thing," said a White House aide when we talked in early April, before the rebate was dropped. "It's much larger than water projects. People are talking about dams who don't have rivers in their state. A relatively junior senator looks at someone like a Russell Long or a John Stennis and he says, 'If he can't even get a project for his state, what's going to happen to me?'" Still, a number of the President's associates, concerned at the extent of the political damage his early water-projects decisions had wrought, tried to devise, and to convince the President to utilize, some room for maneuver. Accordingly, in mid-March the President wrote to members of Congress, saying, "I want you to know that I am aware of your concerns and I sympathize with them." He said that in the future "any project to be recommended for deletion will be discussed with the members of Congress in whose areas those projects are located." And he went on, "You may be assured that my decision was not arbitrary and that no arbitrary decisions will be made in the future."

At the same time, the Administration was beginning to find out how hard it is to trade with the world without trading on Capitol Hill. A number of senators from sugar-producing states—which include Hawaii, Florida, Louisiana, Texas, California, Minnesota, Idaho, Colorado, North Dakota, Washington, Nebraska, Michigan, Wyoming, and Montana—were making clear their interest in a pending Administration decision on sugar imports. According to a White House count, politicians from thirty-seven states were concerned with the Administration's position on the importation of shoes. On the question of mushrooms, the Administration had to balance relations with Taiwan and South Korea against relations with California, Delaware, New York, and Pennsylvania. Russell Long and his Louisiana colleague, Bennett Johnston, and the senators from Arkansas, which, like Louisiana, is a rice-producing state, were pressing the Administration to approve the sale of a hundred and fifty thousand tons of rice (under the Food for Peace program) to Indonesia, because much of the rice would be bought from Louisiana and Arkansas. The Administration acceded to the request. An Administration official explained to me, "Russell never talks about the rebate. He talks about rice, about water. He lets you make the connection." There is a story about a certain Democratic senator—the story made such an impression on a Carter aide that he told it to me twice—who waited two years before retaliating against the Kennedy Administration by denying it a needed vote on an important issue. The long-nursed grievance was that he had not been granted the appointment of a certain constituent to a state post in the Agriculture Stabilization and Conservation Service. Russell Long, whose stories always have a point, had told this one to the White House aide. While the fate of the Administration's economic program and a great deal else hung in the balance, members of Congress were also petitioning for consideration on such matters as the maintaining of military facilities in their areas, the appointment of judges and United States Attorneys, appointments in the Agriculture Stabilization and Conservation Service, the sites of offices of obscure agencies, Small Business Administration loans, the sale or purchase of land by the General Services Administration, and appearances at fund raisers by members of the First Family or the Cabinet. The Administration began to understand that any of these things, and a good many more, could affect a vote at any time.

Russell Long said to me, when the rebate was still expected to come before the Senate, and when a number of senators, flexing their muscles, seemed eager to convey the impression that it was in trouble, "Nobody's asked to trade anything. Nobody talks in those terms. But I know this much: if you have unhappy troops up here they are a lot harder to lead than happy troops." And then he did a little philosophizing about the art of governing: "It's not the way to look at it to ask whether the President is going to trade one thing for another on this thing. But the effective Presidents have had a way of remembering who is helping them with their problems. Lyndon Johnson believed if you're going to help them, help them in spades. So far, that hasn't been established in the Carter Administration. When a President calls and asks someone for help with his problem, the question is how is it going to be when the phone call is at the other end? After a while, a senator will say, 'If you can't do this and you can't do that, just what is it you have in mind that would be good for my state?' The hell of it is, the logic is to vote against him and find out."

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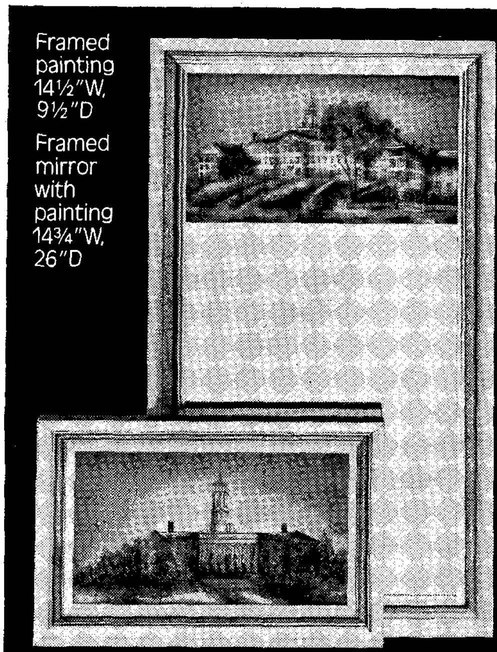
dropped, I asked one of the President's top aides how he thought it was doing. "It'll be all right," he replied. "Of course, we'll have to give up on a couple of water projects." He was referring to the Tennessee-Tombigbee project, which was of interest to, among others, Senator Stennis, and the Red River project, which mattered a great deal to Russell Long. (The Tennessee-Tombigbee project will cause the removal of more dirt than the construction of the Panama Canal did; the Corps of Engineers cannot explain what they will do with the dirt.) Before Stennis left for the Easter recess, he was assured by a White House aide that the results of a review of which projects should be restored "look good."

Conversations with White House officials after the rebate was dropped brought forth the explanation that it was done in order to avoid having the President appear to be engaged in such a thing as trading. Of course, there were other reasons as well. Both Blumenthal and Lance had taken to the President the argument that the rebate should be dropped. Their reasoning was similar: that the business community was opposed to it; that the economic indicators, with the exception of the stock market, were improving; that since businessmen thought it inflationary they were holding off on investment, *with the result that the proposal* was already having a consequence that was the reverse of the one intended. Lance told me in a conversation I had with him in April, "There are two basic answers to the problem of the economy, and only two: one is increased capital investment, with increased productivity; the second is fiscal responsibility. We're going to move in the area of fiscal responsibility. We're going to quit spending more than we have. I think that the President should say that the deficit for the next fiscal year is going to be *x* number of dollars and that he's going to be sure the deficit is not going to exceed that. At some point along the way, Congress is going to have to decide whether we're going to have fiscal responsibility, and they're going to hear about it from their constituents every time they go home." The goal of a balanced budget within four years was adopted during the campaign, when, in the words of one campaign adviser, "it looked easier than it does now," and it continues to be espoused, irrespective of surrounding economic circumstances and other campaign pledges. Within the inner councils, Ray Marshall, the Secretary of Labor, who tends toward a more



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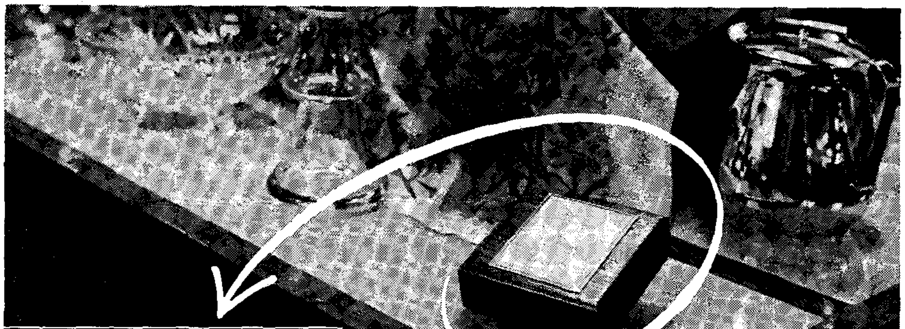

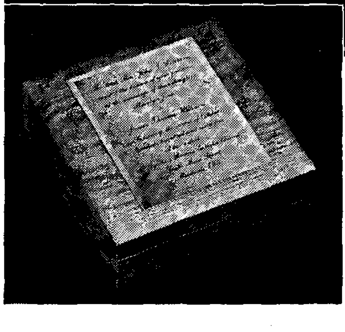

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liberal economic policy, is largely dismissed as a spokesman for the A.F.L.-C.I.O. and is almost invariably outvoted. (He has appealed to other Cabinet officers for help.) Charles Schultze is caught in the middle.

At a meeting called by the President on April 13th to consider whether to drop the rebate, the consensus was that it could get passed by the Senate. Blumenthal repeated the arguments he had already made to the President, and Lance simply said, in effect, the business community is against it, the economy is improving, let's drop it. Both Stuart Eizenstat, who is assistant to the President for domestic affairs and is in charge of the President's domestic council, and Hamilton Jordan, one of Carter's closest aides and the one whose explicit concern is with the political effects of decisions, opposed dropping the rebate, on the grounds that there could be adverse economic consequences and that it would look like a retreat. Jordan suggested that the political cost of such an outcome would outweigh any near-term gain. Frank Moore, the President's assistant for congressional relations, suggested that it might be a good idea to continue to press for the rebate, so that Democratic senators who voted against the Administration would feel that they owed it a favor later on. Jody Powell, the President's press secretary and adviser, was on the fence but then said that it should be dropped. Schultze, of course, defended the rebate, as did Vice-President Mondale, who was armed with statistics about the economic good it would do. Mondale argued that the business community did not elect the Administration and that, in any event, the issue was not whether to win the confidence of the business community but how to produce the sort of healthy economy that would bring that confidence about. If a conservative economic policy worked, he argued, there would have been a booming economy during Ford's tenure. He also cited the dictum of Paul Samuelson and Walter Heller that the stock market had anticipated nine of the last four recessions. At the meeting itself, the President gave no indication of which way he would decide, but there were indications from his remarks to some of his associates before and after the meeting that he had already made up his mind. He had never much cared for the rebate: like others, he had a philosophical problem with the idea of giving people money for doing nothing. Moreover, according to several accounts, the President was influenced by a message relayed to him from

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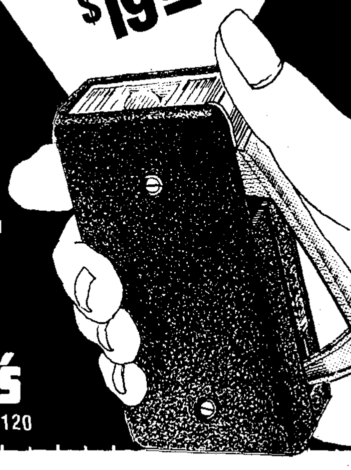

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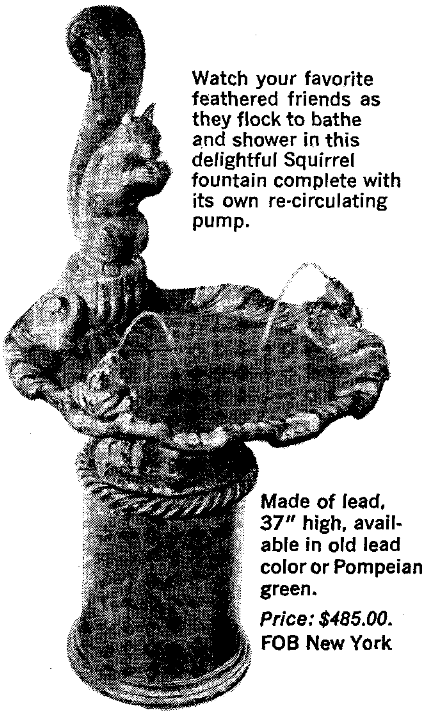

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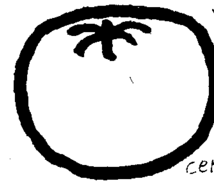

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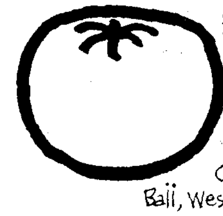

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Alan Cranston, the Senate Democratic Whip, who suggested that the atmosphere of trading had become so thick that even if the President won on the rebate issue, he would have to give up so much in return that he would in effect lose. He would appear to have buckled under to too many pressures. And so, even though several of the thirty-two water projects, including the Red River and the Tennessee-Tombigbee, were restored, the rebate was dropped.

Judith Shahn

Actually, the President came out of the water-projects fight in better shape than some of his closest aides had dared hope: he ultimately recommended the cancellation of eighteen, and convinced environmentalists and others that he was serious about the issue; he relented sufficiently to show Congress that he was flexible. (Congress is now in the process of restoring most of the cancelled projects and perhaps even adding some new ones.) Jody Powell remarked to me later, in explaining the dropping of the rebate, "I think we solved the problem of people seeing him as totally inflexible and psychologically incapable of taking the heat for doing something a little different than we set out to do." Another Administration official explaining the decision to me listed as a factor "the concessions that would have had to be made."

Pointing to the restoration of certain water projects and to pending decisions on other matters, I remarked, "But you are making them anyway."

"Yes," he replied, "but not in the context of a deal."

The goal, espoused during the campaign, of some form of wage and price constraints to curb the inflationary wage-price cycle fell before the stone resistance of business and organized labor. Within the Administration, wage and price constraints were opposed by Lance, Blumenthal, and Marshall. Referring to the opposition of both business and labor, an Administration man said, "There was no point in coming out with a program they would blow out of the water the next day." And so what was brought forth was a set of suggestions that would not upset labor or business and would not do very much about inflation. An "apolitical" decision taken on farm-price supports, holding the increase at a very low level, so removed the Administration from the process of consideration of the issue on Capitol Hill that the White House had to buy its way back in by raising its offer. Some advisers who had participated in the first decision learned of the subsequent one from reading the newspapers. Within the economic-policy group, only Ray Marshall voted for any increase at all in the minimum wage. He and some of the President's political aides managed to persuade the President to recommend that it be raised from two dollars and thirty cents to two dollars and fifty cents—still way below the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s asking, but clearly negotiable, price of three dollars. But then the White House began to reconsider, again to get a seat at the poker table. The White House appears to have a rather ambivalent attitude toward labor. On the one hand, there is an awareness that the official leadership does not necessarily represent the troops, and, besides, it is an essential part of the Carter style—a style that some of his political aides are concerned with preserving into 1980—to avoid the appearance of hobnobbing with "the special interests." On the other hand, all these interests are on the scene, and some can even be helpful at times. With legislation, for instance. Or in elections. The A.F.L.-C.I.O. had reluctantly agreed to help fight for the rebate, but so unhappy had it become over so many White House decisions that some of the President's aides searched around for *something* on labor's legislative list that the White House could support. They came up with labor-law reform. But then labor let it be known that, thanks all the same, it wasn't much interested in labor-law reform.

THE President's proclivity for setting deadlines has thrown a considerable part of his entourage askew, and has affected policy. Some of his associates think he might have been better advised to hold off on sending forth any anti-inflation policy until they had managed to come up with more of one to send forth. Theoretically, of course, deadlines are an appealing device for overcoming bureaucratic lethargy and forcing hard choices. One of the President's associates told me in April, at a time when there was a fair amount of concern within the Administration over the arbitrariness of the deadlines, "The bureaucracy and those of us in high policy positions find it hard to make the final decisions. Yet if you set a deadline that's too severe, you don't get the proper analysis." The energy program met its deadline, but at a cost. Several of the figures were wrong. The

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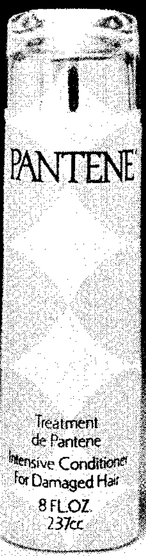

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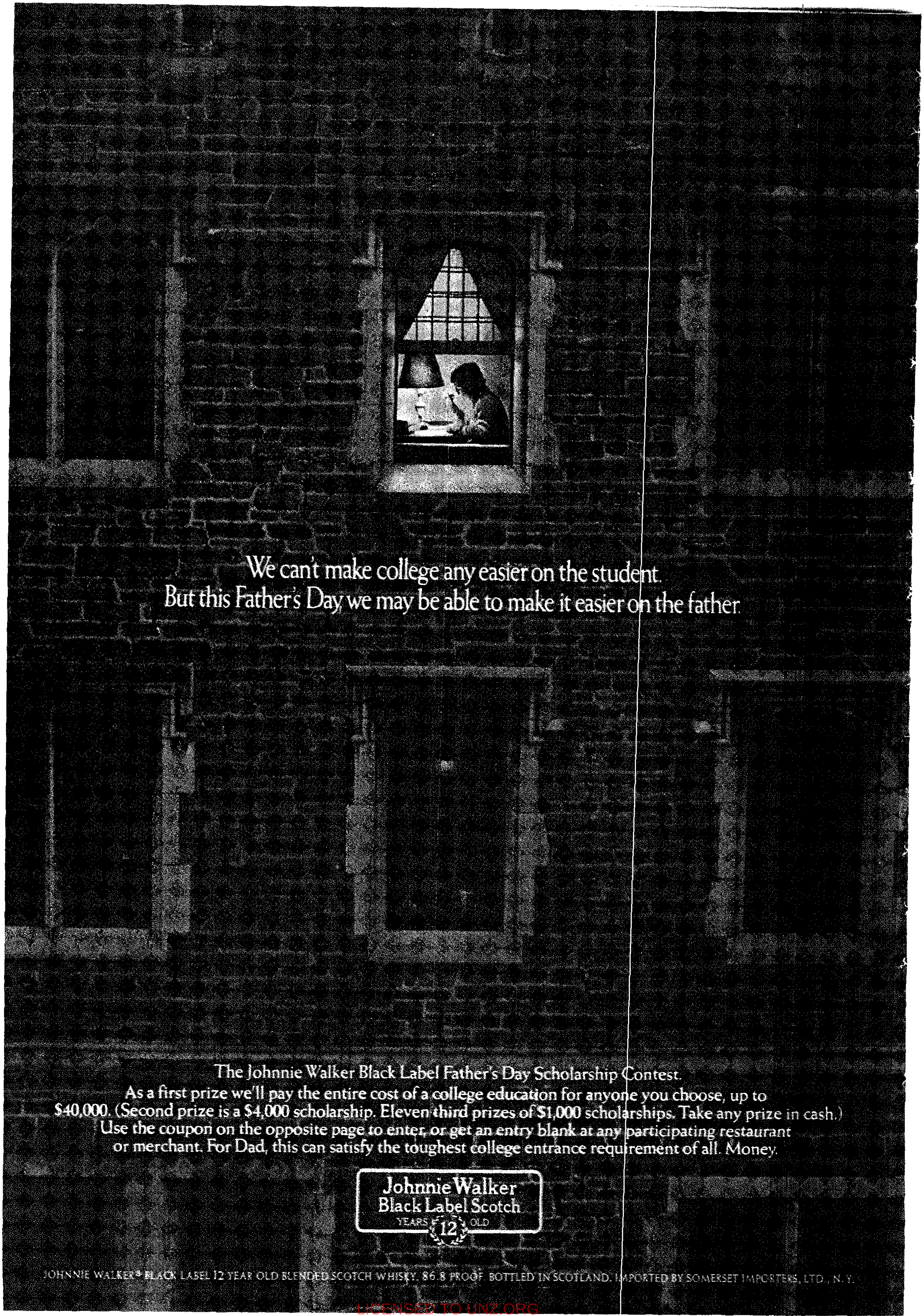

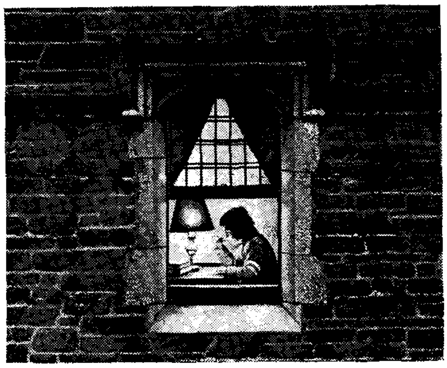

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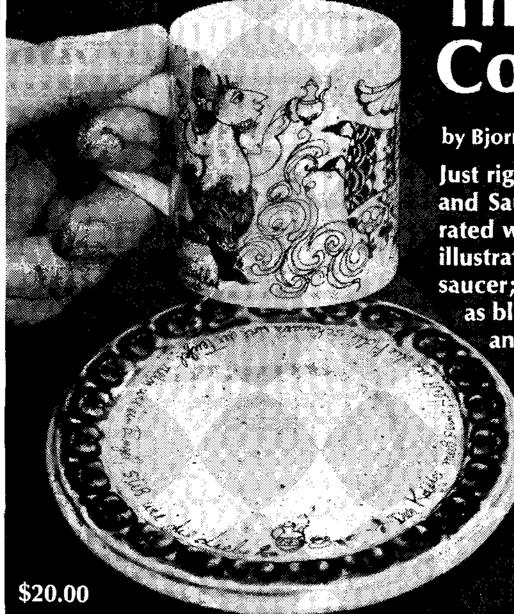
system of rebates (one Cabinet officer implored his colleagues to come up with another term) had not been thought through. The estimates of income were uncertain, as were those of the economic impact. The propensity for secrecy and bureaucratic protectiveness about forthcoming proposals which overcomes White Houses overcame this one, too, and officials directly concerned with the program's economic impact had to fight their way into the deliberations. The Secretary of Transportation apparently never was part of those deliberations. "It was a chaotic way to make policy," said another Cabinet officer. At a meeting that lasted until past midnight on the evening before the energy message was to go to Congress, one of the President's aides noted not long before the meeting ended that the subject of propane had not been considered. On the day that the message was released, John Riccardo, the chairman of the board of the Chrysler Corporation, phoned Blumenthal to point out that since the rebate for purchases of cars that get better gas mileage would not go into effect until the 1978 models were introduced, in October, the plan would cause people to postpone buying such cars, and thus the near-term effect would be the reverse of the one sought and would be very damaging to small-car manufacturers. (This problem was attended to subsequently by the suggestion that the rebate be made retroactive.) The worry even among some within the Administration was that the results of the haste might be damaging to the overall acceptance of the energy program. After the program went forward, some White House aides wondered whether it should not have more vision, more lift, more scope. There seemed to be a bit of accidentalness about the priority that the energy program assumed, and about the hyperbolic public-relations effort that accompanied its début. An energy program being necessary, it behooved the White House to convince the nation that it was necessary. One of the President's aides told me, "There was a growing awareness on our part that if we were going to get anywhere with it, we had to make it a big deal." Recently, I asked Hamilton Jordan what had become of the high priority that we used to be told the President placed on government reorganization—an effort that his campaign suggested would be the centerpiece of his Administration. "Reorganization is shuffling boxes and moving people around," Jordan replied. "At least, that's the way a lot of people in the press see it. So the greatest challenge is energy. We've set it up as our biggest political reality."

Some of the President's aides still suggest that the Carter Administration is proceeding by "Cabinet government," but in fact the concept of Cabinet government has, inevitably, given way to the reality that, for institutional and human reasons, it does not work. Presidents and their immediate staffs want to be seen as the originators of all good things the government does. Cabinet officers tend to become protective of their departments' jurisdiction and clientele—and the White House tends to see them as even more protective than they may actually be. Moreover, most government questions of any import cut across jurisdictional lines, and require political judgments as well. Carter, the loner, the man with a notable lack of peers throughout his campaign, seems to remain a stranger to much of his Cabinet. He made alliances of convenience with other politicians during the campaign, but he never seemed to really connect up with them. Most of his closest associates were, and are, very much junior to him. For the most part—Eizenstat is the principal exception—they incline toward tactics rather than substance. Carter himself is generally acknowledged to be an unusually intelligent man and a learner. While most Cabinets have had a certain amount of internal rivalry, this one appears to have a striking lack of collegiality. Some advisers who ought to mesh with each other do not. The economic-policy group and the domestic council are feuding over jurisdiction. Several members of Carter's "team" seem somewhat uncertain, off their feed. Some have visibly aged already. They do not seem able to approach the President as they do other men—and not simply because he is the President. Members of his own Administration as well as leaders on Capitol Hill have got the impression that while Carter has said time and time again that he welcomes criticism and disagreement, he does not. Inevitably, Cabinet officers rise and fall in the estimation of the White House staff. The unfavorites of February have been replaced by the unfavorites of May. Vice-President Mondale does play an unprecedented role, but as the aides around the President find their own way about, and perhaps grow more protective of the President's image as all-knowing and of their own relationship with the President, some make remarks to outsiders suggesting that in their minds the Vice-President's usefulness is diminishing.

On Capitol Hill, there is an attitude toward the President that, as several say, "he's learning"—and they are making efforts to help those lessons along. They also respect, as the President intended them to, the fact that he has gone up in the polls. They recognize the advantages a President enjoys. "Let's face it," a House Democrat remarked to me recently. "Congress doesn't have a nine-year-old daughter to put in a tree house." The White House has taken more care about what might be termed the punctilities by which Congress sets so much store, but the tensions between the two branches remain. One House leader said the other day, "They're trying to do a better job of clearing with the Congress, but, like other Administrations, they are beneath the surface impatient with the process that requires that. I get a little feeling that somewhere along the line they would like to have a test, that he's champing at the bit a little to take one to the country." Struggles between the White House and the Democratic Congress over the direction of domestic policy seem inevitable. Another Capitol Hill Democrat says, "Even Nixon had his partisans up here, but you don't hear anyone saying, 'Let's do it for Jimmy.' " A number of incidents, including the rhetorical transition on the energy program within one week from a call for sacrifice to a suggestion that the public stood to make money from it, have given many people on Capitol Hill the impression of uncertainty at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue. (A White House aide told me, "I don't see that the idea that the energy program is 'too soft' is one of the sticks that the opposition is going to try to beat us over the head with." He added, alluding to the criticism of the changed tone, and striking a note so familiar that it seemed the Carter group had been in Washington a very long time, "One of the things to keep in mind is that not only doesn't everyone read the New York *Times* and the Washington *Post* but damn few people do.") House Speaker Tip O'Neill, who has been carefully courted by the White House lately—the President and the Speaker seem to have developed a growing appreciation of the fact that if they are to have reputations as "effective" they need each other—says, "As a whole, I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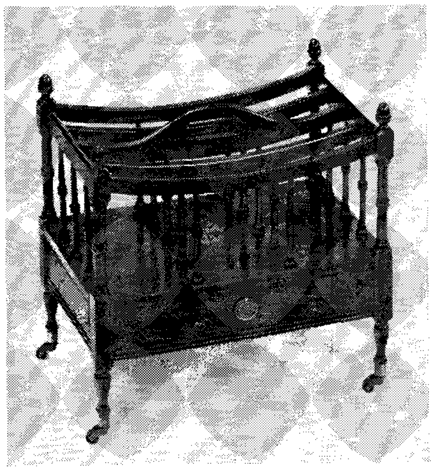
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think the relationship between the White House and the Congress is very good. As a whole.”

Hamilton Jordan, who affects a breezy style and professes little interest in issues, still talks about how unsurprising it all is, about how it’s not unlike governing Georgia, only on a larger scale, with foreign policy thrown in. But one senses in talking with him and with others around the White House a bit of unease. Jordan, whose mind runs to strategies (such as how to win a nomination), is beginning, now that the job of staffing the Administration is at long last nearly ended, to concern himself with the process by which White House decisions are made—to be sure that the decisions are well thought out politically and that all the appropriate people have their say. While he doesn’t, strictly speaking, act as chief of staff, he is apparently in on just about any decision he chooses to be in on, and his concurrence is considered by others a substantial asset when issues go to the President. He is trying to educate himself on the politics of some of the difficult issues that the Administration is facing, such as a SALT agreement. Another of the President’s associates says, “The White House is a terrible place to try to think. It makes you worry that no one thinks—that no one has time to. And there is no reward in our system for long-term planning.”

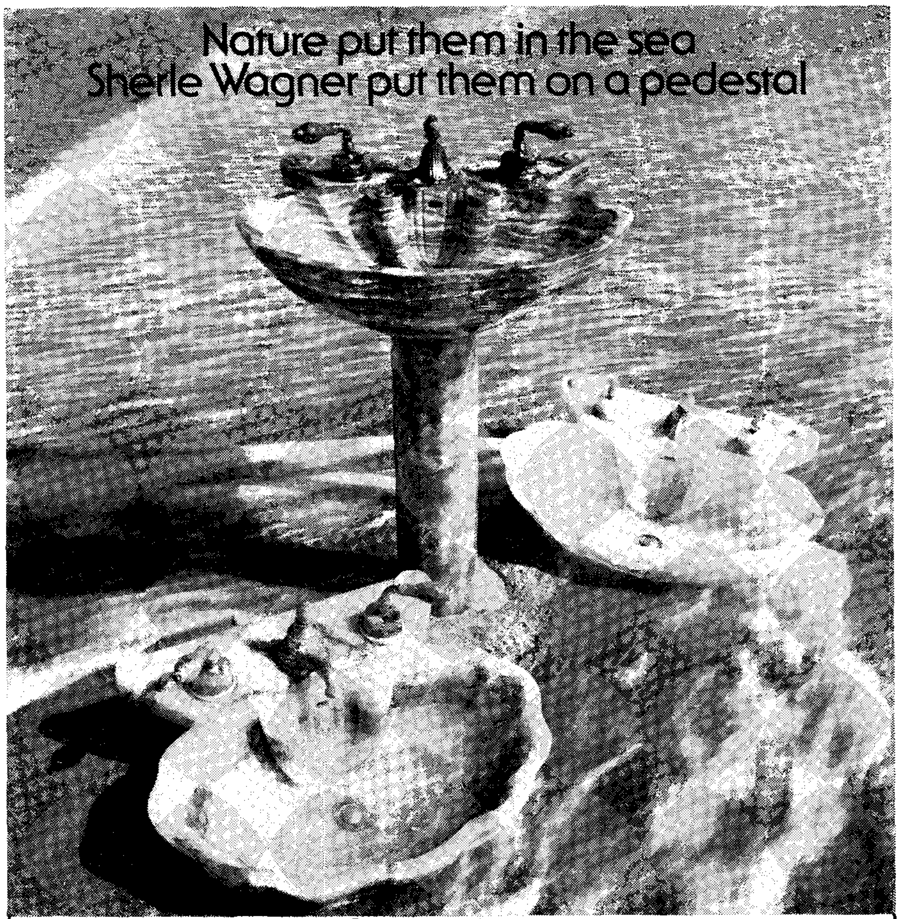
In a recent conversation, one of the President’s aides summed up the first phases of the Carter Presidency. “The emphasis on exposure in Phase One was to repair the damage of the fairly heated primaries and the general-election campaign,” he said. “We had to give people a chance to know more about him than you can with artificial and superficial election coverage. We’ll never have that good an opportunity again. If we had not taken advantage of that in the first two or three months, we’d have had difficulty. He needed to get old problems out of the way. It was important to get people to fully understand that he’s going to do his best to do what is right. The next question is one of efficacy—whether he can get things done. And, of course, that remains to be seen.”

—ELIZABETH DREW

•

Doubtless the hero sympathizes with Lee Strasberg, who appears to be so affronted by his dialogue that he whispers all of it in virtually inaudible silence.
—*Time*.

Well, it’s the only kind of silence that’s any good.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MUSICAL EVENTS

Children of the Light

GEORGE CRUMB's "Star-Child," which was given its first performances in the penultimate program of the Philharmonic season, is a composition on a large scale. It lasts about thirty-five minutes. It is subtitled "A Parable for Soprano, Antiphonal Children's Voices, and Large Orchestra." That orchestra includes quadruple woodwinds, six horns, seven trumpets, three trombones, tuba, and an immense percussion battery in the charge of eight players. In addition, the composer uses an organ and a peal of twenty handbells. The services of four conductors are required. Most of these forces are assembled in clearly defined cohorts on the concert platform, but three trumpeters, three violinists, and a percussion player are stationed at the back of the hall, on the topmost balcony, and two trumpeters stand at midpoint down the sides. The designation "parable" may bring Britten's "church parables" to mind; those works also make use of music in space. But closer parallels can be drawn to Britten's miracle play "Noye's Fludde," with its children's choruses, bugle fanfares, and bright ring of handbells. "Star-Child" has even more in common with John Tavener's even larger "Ultimos Ritos," performed in Haarlem's Grote Kerk in 1974. In that composition, as in Crumb's, trumpet calls ring out from on high, choirs chant antiphonally in chordal blocks, drums mutter or thunder from far-flung outposts, and a soloist sings mellifluous cantilena. In that composition, as in Crumb's, fairly simple musical ideas are set out and juxtaposed in patterns of high elaboration. In both works, it is hard to separate the "actual music" from the "sound effects"—and perhaps it is wrong to try: the effects in space are an almost inseparable part of the musical idea, as in pieces by Mahler, Berlioz (the Requiem and the Te Deum), Beethoven ("Leonore" overtures), Schütz, and many another composer. It is hard, too, to feel sure that the result really justifies so lavish an expenditure of means.

"Star-Child" is a progress from darkness to light—"a conception," as the composer says in his program note, "that is at the same time medieval and romantic." It moves from sounds dark, low, and dense to sounds high, pure, and shining. There are three main sections: "Vox clamans in deserto," "Musica apocalyptica," and "Adventus puerorum luminis," leading to "Hymnus pro novo tempore." The voice crying in the wilderness cries the responsory of the Requiem, "Libera me." In fact, two voices are there: one is of the soprano and one of a solo trombone, which "vocalizes" a kind of free commentary on the singer's phrases. The Apocalyptic section is chiefly instrumental, but it includes some snatches of the "Dies irae" marked to be rhythmically shouted "*fff, tutta forza!*" by the wind players. In the final section, the soprano declaims the text of a twelfth-century conductus sometimes attributed to Pérotin, "Vetus abit littera," while the children add exclamations of "Jubilate in Domino!," "Gloria in excelsis!," etc. Finally, the soprano sings John 12:36, in Latin ("While ye have light, believe in the light, that ye may be the children of light"). "There is no particular philosophical basis to 'Star-Child,' " Crumb says. "It is simply a work within the tradition of music having a finale which expresses the hope that, after a struggle or after dark implications, there is something beyond." In most Western music, such struggles are waged—as by Beethoven, Mahler, Carl Nielsen—on a field of tonal conflict and thematic oppositions, and are won by harmonic resolution and thematic affirmation. In "Star-Child," it is a matter of timbres and textures. The melodies are of indefinite, drifting outline, and they are not so much harmonized as doubled in parallel at various intervals.

After a long-sustained, very soft cluster chord from the low strings and soft, low percussion sounds, the strings of the orchestra embark on a five-bar sequence of stacked open fifths, moving in parallel, shifting up or down by a tone or semitone, and accompanied by some gentle percussion sounds, one of them being the jingle of sleigh bells. These slow-moving bars (given a characteristic Crumb expression mark, "With serene majesty, like a cosmic rhythm") are, in the score, set out in a circle, and they are played continuously, throughout the work, as a kind of serene drone, which is brought to the forefront of the listener's attention only when the other performers fall silent. After perhaps three minutes of this string music (to which restless audiences on Thursday and Saturday added an obbligato of coughing; the Friday-matinée audience listened more attentively), the trombone and the soprano begin their duet. After it, the "Dies irae" breaks out from winds and percussions in force. The Seven Trumpets of the Apocalypse sound from all round the listeners. Before their summons, the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse are, in the composer's words, "represented, not quite so literally, by four drummers playing sixteen tom-toms." They beat them in the galloping rhythms of a wild cowboys-and-Indians movie chase. The trumpet calls are dominated by a ululating figure. To mark the "Advent of the Children of Light," the children's chorus takes up the same call and cries it "joyously." The "Hymn for a New Age" is an antiphonal chant given out by the children in organum fourths, accompanied by oboes and English horn. It alternates with free phrases for the soprano, accompanied by four bassoons that "chant" in a dissonant organum. Then three more "circles"—sequences repeated over and over again—begin to revolve: one for brass, with tubular bells; one for flutes and clarinets, with vibraphone; one for organ. The first two are again lapped antiphonal chants, and all three move steadily in parallel chords. So now there are four circles in motion, and each turns at a different speed; meanwhile, the music for the children, the soprano, and the remaining woodwinds grows denser and more elaborate, until it reaches a climax on consonant cries of "Gloria," underlined by handbells. Gradually, all movement then dies down except that of the strings' initial circle. Going off at a tangent, at last, these strings climb higher and higher. The three violins and a vibraphone in the back balcony join them, and then take over the ascent, while the orchestral string players whisper "Libera me!" The piece ends on a single, very high G from a solo violin, over two *pppp* touches on a suspended cymbal.

Stars in their courses, light in the darkness, the voices of children, chants, bells—these have been the main matter of Crumb's recent music: "Ancient Voices of Children" (1970); "Lux Aeterna" (1971), whose text is from the Requiem responsory; the three volumes of "Makrokosmos" (1972, 1973, 1974). The fourth number of "Makrokosmos II" is subtitled "Hymn for the Advent of the Star-Child;" its music is elaborated in the third number of "Makrokosmos III," entitled "The Advent," which ends with a "Hymn for the Nativity of the Star-Child." The seventh number of "Makrokosmos

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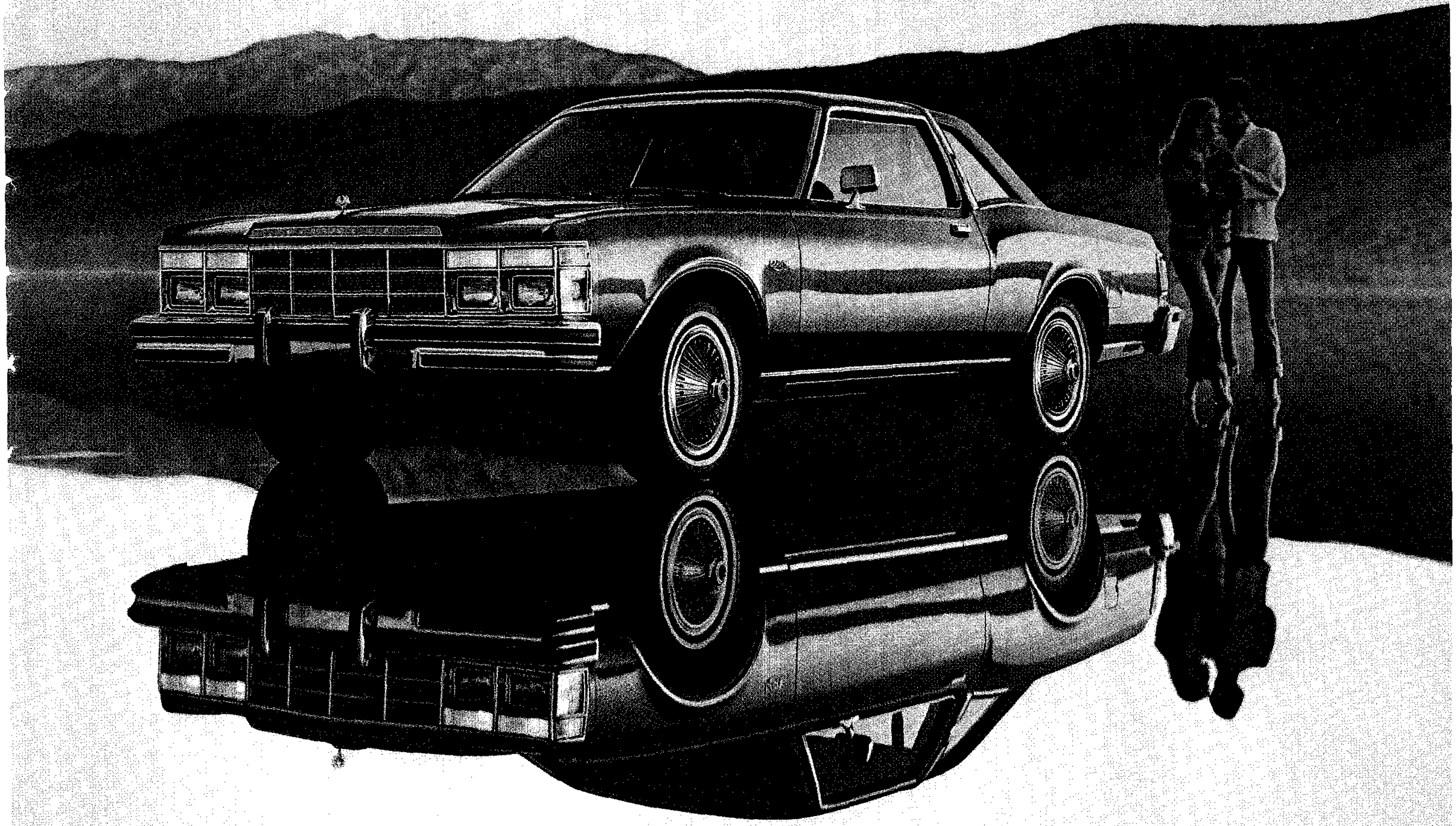

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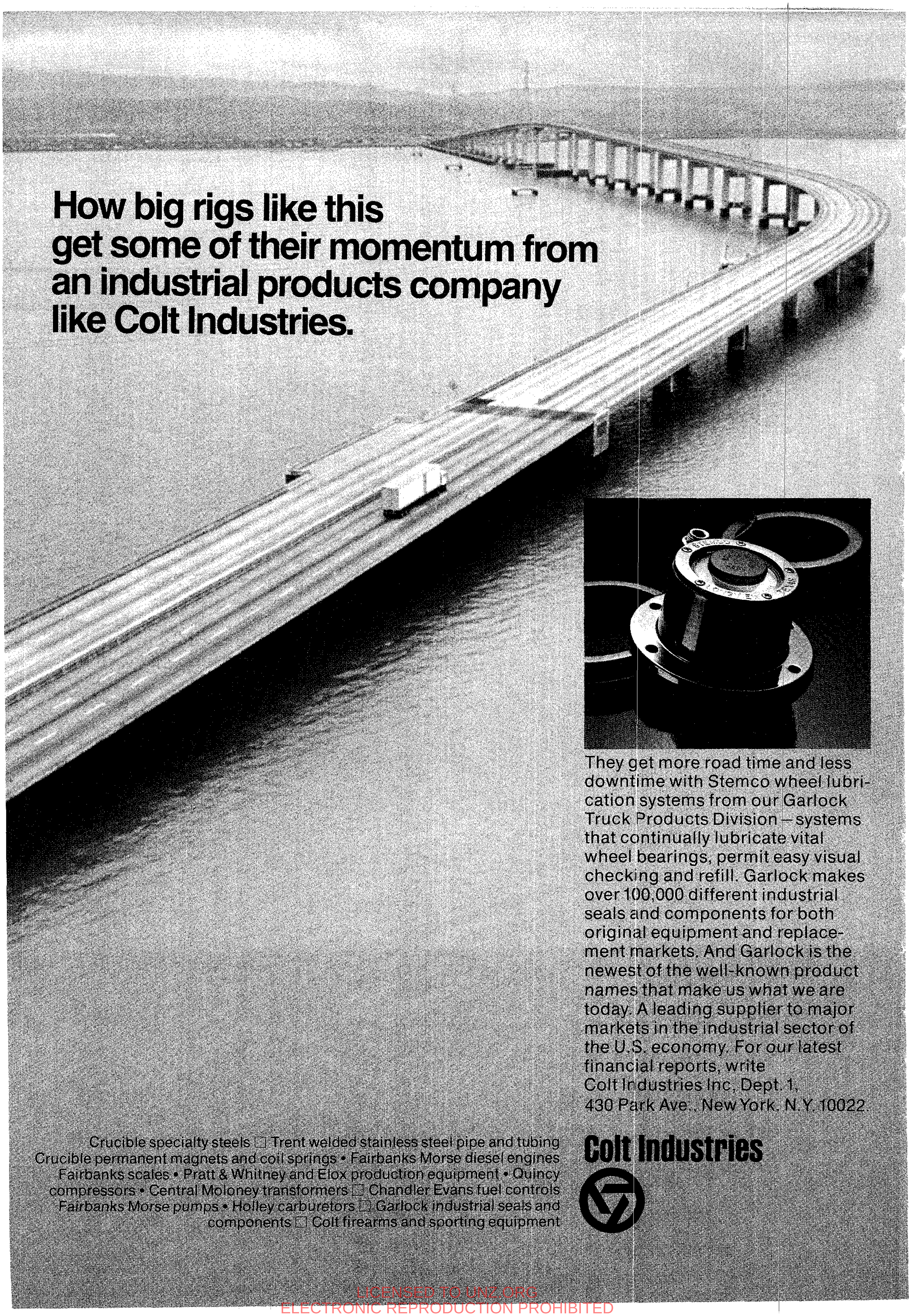

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II" is a "Cadenza Apocalittica," and the eleventh a "Litany of the Galactic Bells." Several of the "Makrokosmos" pieces are set out on circular staves. Those pieces are chamber works: "Makrokosmos I" and "Makrokosmos II" are for a solo pianist; "Makrokosmos III" calls for four musicians, "Lux Aeterna" for five, "Ancient Voices" for nine. In performance, they seem to cast a spell; listeners are held hushed, intent on the tiny, delicate differentiations of timbre. Each player is rapt in the music, and the fine concentration needed for its execution communicates itself to the audience. In "Star-Child," a similar kind of music is writ large. "It seems to me," says Crumb, "that when a Latin text is involved, a large, monolithic quality is suggested, and this fact accounts for the increased orchestra." In the score, the directions to the performers (some of them appeals to the imagination, others exact technical instructions for creating a particular sound) are as detailed as ever, but among so populous an ensemble the intentness is lost. Enlargement has brought about what I fear must be deemed a coarsening. Instead of small, precise statements in which every note, every inflection seems significant, and able to suggest immensities, one hears big, broad, generalized washes of sound. Instead of individual interpreters—such as the singer Jan DeGaetani, the pianists Robert Miller, Gilbert Kalish, and James Freeman—who invest what may be quite a simple musical idea with incantatory power and eloquence, there are massed forces. If "Star-Child" were composed in a new, bold manner, if the musical ideas were conceived for large forces as grandly as those of Berlioz's Requiem and "Symphonie Funèbre et Triomphale" are, all would be well. But the ideas of "Star-Child" are still those of a miniaturist, an understater. Crumb's music is reflective, illustrative, and seldom active in itself as Beethoven's or Berlioz's is: in "Star-Child" one finds a vivid picturing but not the musical enactment of the "struggle." The composer invites listeners to share his poetic thoughts and visions, to enter a private world of marvels; his method is essentially intimate. It also depends much on extra-musical associations, both literary and visual: Pascal and Rilke provide some of the background for the "Makrokosmos" pieces; "Lux Aeterna" is performed by musicians in masks, on a dim-lit stage at the center of which a single candle burns. "Star-Child" might be more moving in a cathedral

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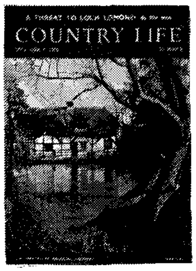

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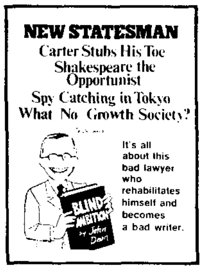
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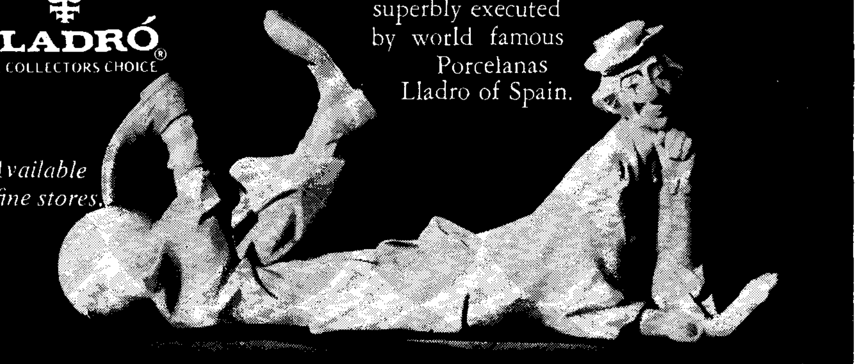

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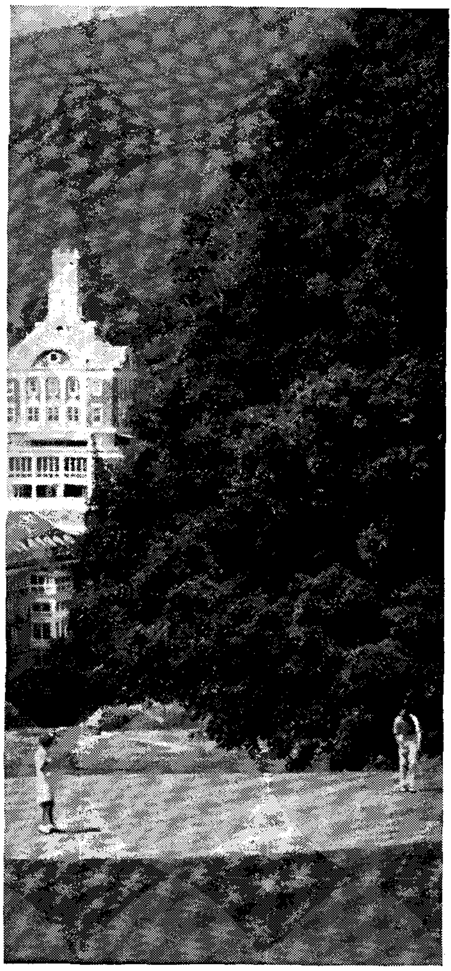

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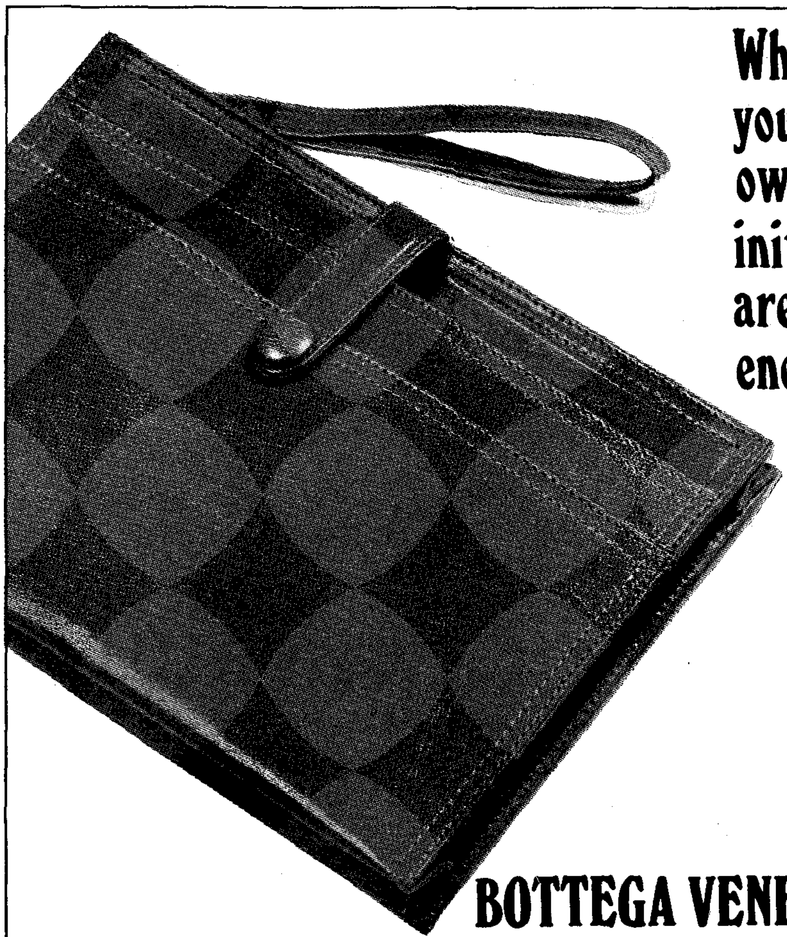

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performance where architecture, acoustics, and ambience conspired to create a numinous atmosphere.

The Philharmonic performance, it seemed, did musical justice to the piece. Pierre Boulez was the principal conductor. The solo singer was Irene Gubrud, whose pure, true soprano was electrically amplified. The children's voices came from the Boys Choirs of the Little Church Around the Corner and Trinity School and the Brooklyn Boys Chorus, and the bell ringers were from Trinity School. But perhaps less than justice was done. "Star-Child" is a romantic, picturesque score of a kind ill suited to Boulez's coldly correct musical manners. In the first half of the program, he had conducted an unphrased and therefore unpoetic account of the "Italian" Symphony. A week later, he conducted an unemotional, prosaic account of "La Damnation de Faust." If the light and lilt can be taken out of Mendelssohn and Berlioz, there may be more enchantment in the Crumb than was revealed.

—Andrew Porter

•

Rice with Liver

3 soup's spoonfufs of bntter
1 Kilogram of caff's liver
3 onions which must be cut
us round rings
600 gran of rice
¾ smalle sponfu s of salt
½ " " of origan
¼ " " of pepper
125 grms of lear fried bacau
Clean and dcy the liver
Cur in thin slices
Frg The liver with bulte-
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pau and have the conteut
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until it wille be cooked
Fry the onions and keep
them in a place
Cook the rice into seasened
with salf water
The proportion is 1 papt of
rice 3 parts of wafcr
Stain them
Put: liver a pittle of origan
pepper and fried
onious a pittle of Zambon
and one padle
of rice in the end afterna-
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to pulting into theoveu
Repeat it untif gouhave
used ull all the materials
Roast it in an oven chich
msts have been warmed bef-
ore 177c for 15 minutes
porit
Serve it hot

—Directions on a box of rice bought in Athens.

And run.

BOOKS

Down Under

THE facts are these: In May, 1836, the brig Stirling Castle, Captain James Fraser in command, ran aground on Eliza Reef, near the southern claw of the Great Barrier Reef, off Australia. Those aboard put off in the badly leaking longboat and in the pinnace. Among them was the captain's pregnant lady. After three days, Eliza Fraser bore a child, who drowned. The wretched survivors tossed on the open seas for a month. Breaker-swamped, they tottered onto an island. There they ran into a swarm of aborigines. The men were stripped naked and marched off into captivity. Mrs. Fraser, whose sole covering was a garland of convolvulus, was dragooned by the women of the hunting and food-gathering party to serve as beast of burden and wet nurse. For two months, she endured as a slave, object of mirth, and babysitter to the swiftly moving natives. Her body baked black, she scrabbled for morsels of raw or putrid food; prodded by fire sticks, she learned to climb tall trees for honey and possums. One night, during an aboriginal ritual jollification or corroboree, she was found and led away by one John Graham, convict, amateur Tarzan, and, at this point, tracker for a government search party. After a further grim trek, Mrs. Fraser, whose husband had been speared to death before her eyes, reached an outpost of civilization. Her rescuer sped back into the jungle. According to his later testimony, "She said she would complain of me. I turned round and ran back for my life!"

This lurid saga was the topic of numerous contemporary reports. Though Mrs. Fraser went to London, where she exhibited herself in a fairground booth at sixpence a gaze, she remained a Queensland legend. Two postwar books have retold her tale: "John Graham, Convict," by Robert Gibbings, and Michael Alexander's "Mrs. Fraser on the Fatal Shore." Sidney Nolan has produced a set of characteristically haunted paintings in which a naked figure errs wraithlike through a fronded, serpentine underworld of green.

Patrick White, who has now taken up this theme, is a master of solitudes, both in landscapes and inside man. No other writer since Willa Cather has made of the great spaces of new, untenanted territory so luminous and destructive a presence. He is also an allegorist of a kind almost archaic in its deliberate invocation of the seasonal, scriptural, gestural rites and emblems through which classical and Renaissance art and literature gave depth and recognition to their plots. In Patrick White, these plots will often turn on an ordeal brought about by natural disaster. Fire, shipwreck, hurricane, or the water hole gone dry under the bleaching grimness of the desert light triggers a crisis in which a solitary human being or a small knot of human beings awkwardly meshed must raven for survival. But the underlying allegory is more than one of mortal vulnerability and the occult springs of courage. The Australian setting, the emphasis on virgin ground and aboriginal primitiveness, endows catastrophe with a special ambivalence: we are in Eden, or, at least, in one of its vestiges. The savage innocence of the natives, the fallen state of those whom England ships out as convicts—is there a sense in which these flogged, branded men are also innocent primitives?—and the frail sophistication of the settlers as they cling to the menacing or arcadian immensities of the new continent set up a whole allegoric architecture of irony and reversal. What is it like to fall in Eden and instead of being expelled to be thrust even more deeply into its lush, inhuman labyrinths?

This is what happens in "A Fringe of Leaves" (Viking), whose very title alludes to the motif of nakedness in Paradise. Ellen Gluyas is the child of an untamed Cornish farmer. Patrick White plays off the antique roughness of her native landscape and tomboy childhood against that other, more intact uncouthness of Queensland. Austin Roxburgh is a refined virtuoso of infirmity. He cultivates illness as he does Vergil's pastorals, knowing that there is in both a refuge for fastidious sensualities. Perhaps there is in his decision to marry Ellen a nostalgia for robustness. His brother Garnet possessed that quality in excess and was shipped to Van Diemen's Land after one fracas too many. Now Austin and his wife have come on a fraternal visit. Ellen is not drawn to her brother-in-law; if anything, she finds his muscular simplicities oppressive. But the bride's inevitable disappointment at Austin's faltering hands reawakens in her what was a young girl's paganism—she dreamed of Tristan and Iseult on their Cornish headlands. The air breathes hot across the scented scrub, and there

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Bernard Schoenbaum

is a sudden cold in the forest. One day, she rides out alone and is thrown from her mare. Or, more precisely, she "slithered free of saddle and stirrup, and landed somehow on one foot before falling spread-eagle on the miraculously soft leaf-mould." (The key word is "slithered.") But Garnet is in pursuit on his blue roan, and the ensuing fatality has the mesmeric opulence of slow motion:

> What prevented her feeling afraid was to realize she was the one in control. She thought she heard herself snicker, before contempt (for both of them) made her suppress it.
>
> She was again this great green, only partially disabled, obscene bird, on whose breast he was feeding, gross hands parting the sweeping folds of her tormented and tormenting plumage; until in opening and closing, she might have been rather, the green, fathomless sea, tossing, threatening to swallow down the humanly manned ship which had ventured on her.
>
> Destroying in a last moaning gurgle.

The images are, of course, premonitory. They tell of the furious seas that will surge over the Bristol Maid, on which Ellen and Austin Roxburgh are homeward bound, and of the plumage that will derisively adorn Ellen's racked body in slavery after the shipwreck. Indeed, she herself will turn into a green bird, screaming like a peacock at the thought of the convicts' cries under the lash. And when she heads for England at last, in a queer halo of ravaged gentility, Mr. Austin Roxburgh's widow will be wearing a gown of *garnet* silk.

In short, this is an immensely deliberate, composed fiction, whose violent, garish substance is contained by an elaborate cat's cradle of verbal, chromatic, and gestural cross-reference. At its finest, this yields the studied portrayal of the relationship between Ellen and Austin at the outset of the doomed voyage home. His erudite hypochondria and her bruised, guilty warmth and impatience of woken life make for a poignant intimacy. Radically sundered, they are now as one. Austin reads aloud Vergil's marmoreal lines on greedy Acheron.

> Then he said almost immediately, "The light which prevails in Virgil makes that black streak seem blacker." There followed a sweeping of the page as though to rid it of crumbs. "I don't believe he feared death." Again a scratching or a sweeping. "For that matter—although I've been threatened several times—and am prepared to be gathered in by—our Maker—death has always appeared to me something of a literary conceit." His laughter came out as a high neighing, so that her heart, turning to water, lapped against the timbers of the stays in which she was boarded up.

Only a master craftsman could have risked that "neighing," with its explicit reference to Ellen's forest fall, in a narrative instant whose focus is intimacy and a trust even beyond intimacy. Or consider the brilliantly placed touch of Cornwall in the midst of Ellen Roxburgh's ordeal: "She fell upon her knees, and crawled instead on all fours towards the entrance, like any sow shaking off the night and lumbering out of a foetid sty. Without having seen them she knew that her breasts must be swinging lean and russet as she lurched into a pearly light. Dew raining down along her spine and rump cleansed her to some extent of her dream." Once more, a superb technician is at work: it is not only Ellen's childhood on her Cornish farm that tides back to mind but a contrasting set of famous passages from "Hamlet" in which the key terms are "sty," "russet," and "dew."

But too often the novelist's sovereignty over the raw urgency of his material has a numbing effect. The one character who leaps to life is Ellen's convict rescuer and lover, Jack Chance, and even his name is heavy with allegory. The dramatization of slow delirium, as it is brought on Ellen's mind and nerves by privation and degradation, is expert; but it lacks the persuasive magic that was cast over Mr. White's earlier "Voss." The half-spoken deeps of mutual understanding that bind the Roxburghs and that momentarily join Ellen and Jack in prelapsarian fulfillment are more literary, more plotted, than the great study of intimacy in "The Solid Mandala," which, to my mind, remains Patrick White's summit. And when Jack, having escorted Ellen to the verge of sanctuary, decides to abscond, the writer's responsibility falters badly: "She turned towards him, but did not recognize Jack Chance the convict: some demon had taken possession of him." At his best, Mr. White would not have let himself get away with that fogging cliché. What is it about the Nobel Prize?

THOMAS KENEALLY is frequently spoken of as "the other" major Australian novelist. But in the present instance comparison is unfair. "Season in Purgatory" (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich) is entertainment with only intermittent and infelicitous pretensions to anything more. David Pelham, a *young volunteer surgeon* during the Second World War, finds the Italian

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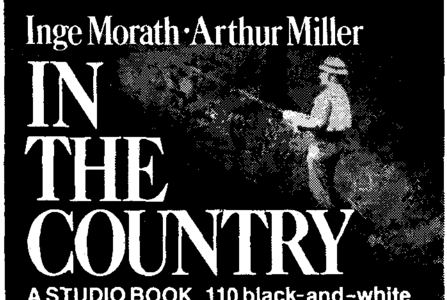

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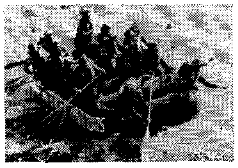

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campaign mildly otiose. He volunteers for special service (mad majors, ravishing girls, mortal enmities between stodgy regulars and free-lancing bravos), and is parachuted into Yugoslavia. There he meets Tito, who entrusts him to Moja Javich, earth mother, Partisan heroine, angel of medical mercy. Mutual irritation turns to passionate love on the small island of Mus, off the Dalmatian coast. American pilots land on the way home from their Balkan runs and evacuate some of the wounded or shellshocked. Lunatic brigadiers pop by to enforce irrelevant military protocol or to order suicidal attacks. Women Partisans are shot summarily when they are unchaste. Nazi bombs cascade from the air. Through it all, young Dr. Pelham operates with supreme skill, delivers babies, seeks to rescue captured foes, and is transformed by Moja into a mature, compassionate, politically disenchanted paladin. Even the best of vacations in Inferno must end, however, and Moja is called away to another threatened battlefront. Pelham is distraught, but a proper Marxist-Leninist training will out: " 'You'll be all right. You know you're fragile. That's your strength, David. Your humility saves you, my love. Now listen.' She stroked the line of his jaw. 'Our little love. It seems wide as the world to us. But it doesn't count. The tides of history count.' " Yet all is not lost. After a climactic battle, Tito comes to inspect his praetorians. He reminds Pelham "of an indulgent father-in-law." And what has the Marshal brought with him? An epistle from Moja: "If you promise to be sensible, I shall come and visit you in London. Anyhow I shall never forget my Pelham."

If all this sounds exactly like the script for a Grade B movie one has seen once too often, the intent is Mr. Keneally's. His prose bears him out. In Partisan country, soups are "harsh" and rivers "strong." When irregulars break into a chorus, "whatever was mad, momentary, insane in man was celebrated in their song." When a heroic maiden lies hopelessly wounded, Pelham notes "the useless revolt of living cells against the crucial organs, which had already voted for death." Moja is "more perfect than he deserved, and her perfection was mysterious to him, oriental." Of course, not everything is on this level. The summary execution of two Partisan girls is memorable: "The faces of the dozen executioners were shut down like Sunday shops." The final battle is rendered with terse horror. Pelham's relations with Major

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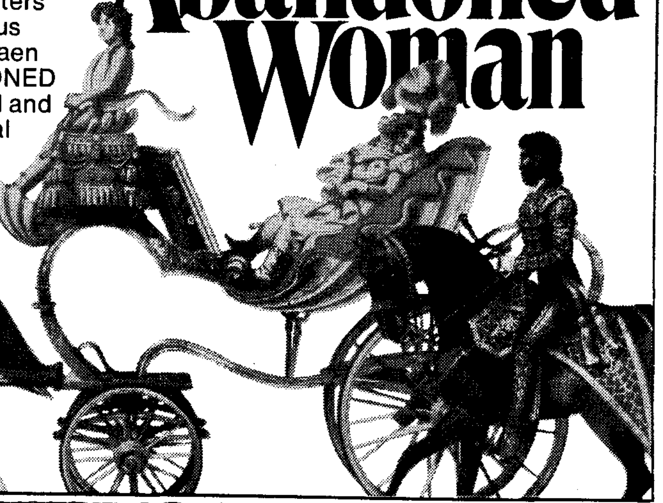

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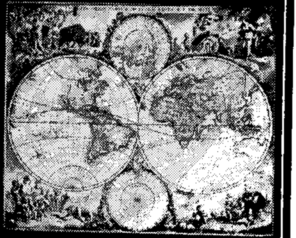

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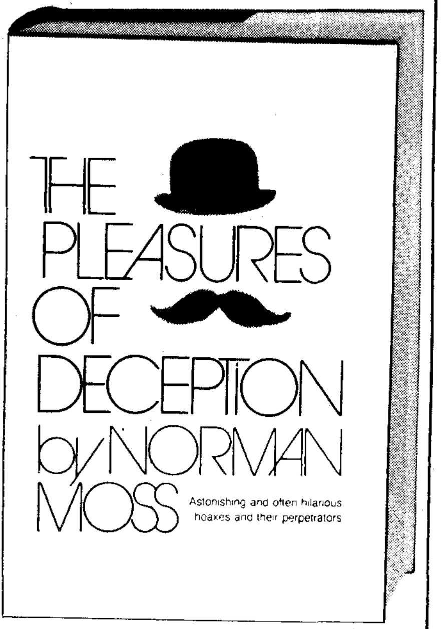
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Patrick Ellis, a medico of the loftier school, are credible and funny.

But one asks oneself just why Mr. Keneally, whose previous novels show an oddly costive but unmistakable stylishness and adultness, should turn out this purple tripe. He is obsessed by the sensual texture of history, by the immediate impress of political and military drama on the nerve and marrow of those involved. Like Patrick White, this novelist out of a new, almost "non-historical" continent is immersing himself in the dense, equivocal European past. His immediately preceding book, "Gossip from the Forest," a highly schematic, allegorized portrayal of the Compiègne armistice talks of 1918, was an interesting failure. "Season in Purgatory" is a boring success. The next Gregory Peck awaits it, downing that harsh soup, a carbine on his knees.

—GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

RUNESTRUCK, by Calvin Trillin (Little, Brown). The discovery of a stone engraved with runic writing galvanizes the population of Berryville, Maine, an undistinguished industrial town whose Yankee settlers have gradually been displaced by tradesmen of Irish, Italian, and French-Canadian descent. Could Berryville be Vinland—the place where the Vikings landed and thus the oldest town in America? "Why not?" say the newspaper publisher, the mayor, the local archeologist, the Scandinavia enthusiast, and most Berryvilleans. "Absolutely *no!*" say a few others, including a colony of snobbish-intellectual summer people horrified by the prospect of tourist hordes attracted to a Viking "theme-park." Planning for Berryville's first annual Runestone Festival goes on despite the mysterious disappearance of the stone, a raging controversy over its authenticity, and shady doings among some all-knowing or all-ignorant personages on the periphery of town society. This is good fun, with a cast of tens, at least, and ingredients recognizable from a dozen entries in Mr. Trillin's "U.S. Journal."

GENERAL

COMRADE CHIANG CH'ING, by Roxane Witke (Little, Brown). This fascinating book offers an idea of what Red China is all about, from the poverty of the peasants to the intrigues of the great. The author, an American professor specializing in

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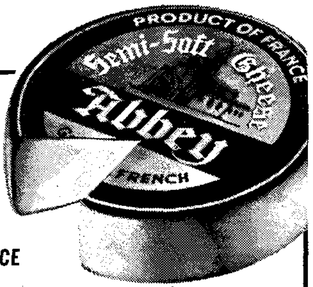

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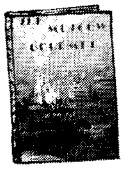

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Chinese history who was working on a study of Chinese feminism in the nineteen-twenties, tells how she was invited to mainland China in the summer of 1972, and how she was first scrutinized and then swept up—imperiously—by Chiang Ch'ing, Mao Tse-tung's wife, who wanted to tell the visitor the story of her life, so that it could be published abroad. (It could not be published in China, which was just then having second thoughts about personality cults.) The subject's rise from destitution to the heights of power is an astonishing phenomenon, and the author's explanations make it absorbing and comprehensible. She does not accept everything she was told, or given to read, by her subject—she has done a good deal of research in other sources—but the theme of the book is what Chiang wanted to talk about: her struggle for recognition as a political figure in her own right, not as her husband's wife. Chiang's explanation of her role in the Cultural Revolution is lucid and detailed. Professor Witke shows us a formidably intelligent, diligent, ambitious, and resentful personality at the summit, and, even without the explanatory postlude, the reader can see for himself why Mao's widow fell.

The Damned and the Beautiful: American Youth in the 1920's, by Paula S. Fass (Oxford). Were the young folks of the jazz age really fast, radical, and iconoclastic? This shrewd work answers yes and no. The author, who teaches history at Berkeley, reminds us that in the nineteen-twenties *reform* meant Blue Law Leagues, Purity Leagues, and Immigration Restriction Leagues, so that by merely asserting private or personal freedoms young people appeared more radical than they were. It was at this time that high-school and college students began to rely upon their peers instead of their parents for guidance; by now Americans are familiar with the phenomenon of youth rebelling against age and strictly conforming to a youth culture. The author finds that the generation of the twenties did not question the value of business for men and marriage for women but were tolerant of dissenters who did. Far more often than their elders, they decried Red hunts and similar adult pastimes of the day. Not exactly flaming youth, perhaps, but not a bunch of damp squibs, either.

Jack London, the Man, the Writer, the Rebel, by Robert Barltrop (Urizen). A concise life-and-

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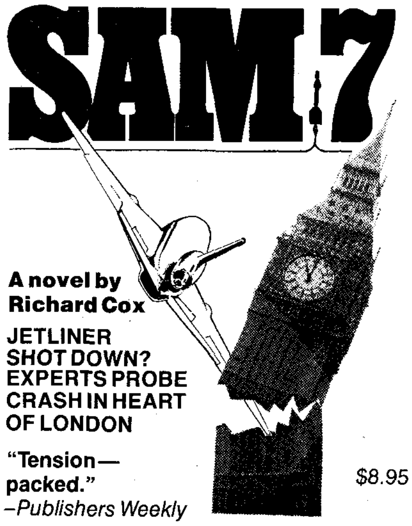

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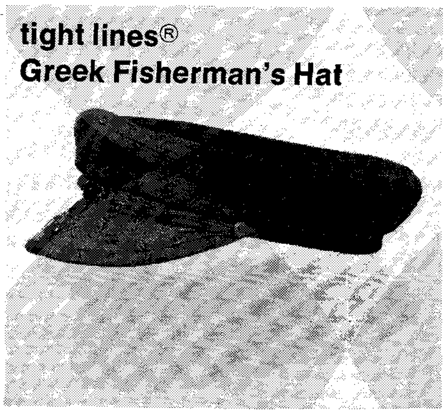

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works study by an English Socialist historian who is also a lifelong Jack London fan. Mr. Barltrop describes London's lonely, impoverished boyhood to show how early deprivation attracted the young man to Socialism—a creed to which his self-centered personality could not adhere. London disliked being oppressed, but he also disliked being equal—he had to be better than everybody else. The author applies psychological insights to London's tense character without psychoanalytic jargon, and his literary judgments are equally free from cant. He accurately describes London's best writing as zippy romantic fantasy with a realistic surface. A very good critic, in short, arguing that London is a pretty good writer.

YOURS PICTORIALLY: ILLUSTRATED LETTERS OF RANDOLPH CALDECOTT, edited by Michael Hutchins (Frederick Warne). While working on a biography of Caldecott (1846-86), who began work as a bank clerk and by his untimely death had become one of the preëminent illustrators of children's books in English, Mr. Hutchins discovered that his subject habitually drew all over his letters; hence this collection. The range of the letters is wide—business, acquaintance, friendship—and spans his whole career. The style of the drawings is as enchanting as many of us remember it from our nursery-rhyme books. Their never-failing spontaneity is beguiling, and the drollery in Caldecott's line makes you laugh out loud.

NOTE: "Five Seasons: A Baseball Companion," by Roger Angell, has been published by Simon & Schuster. All but one of the entries originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

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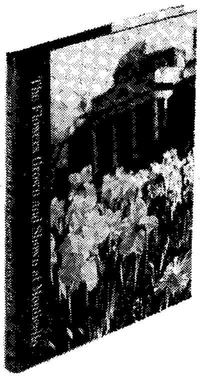

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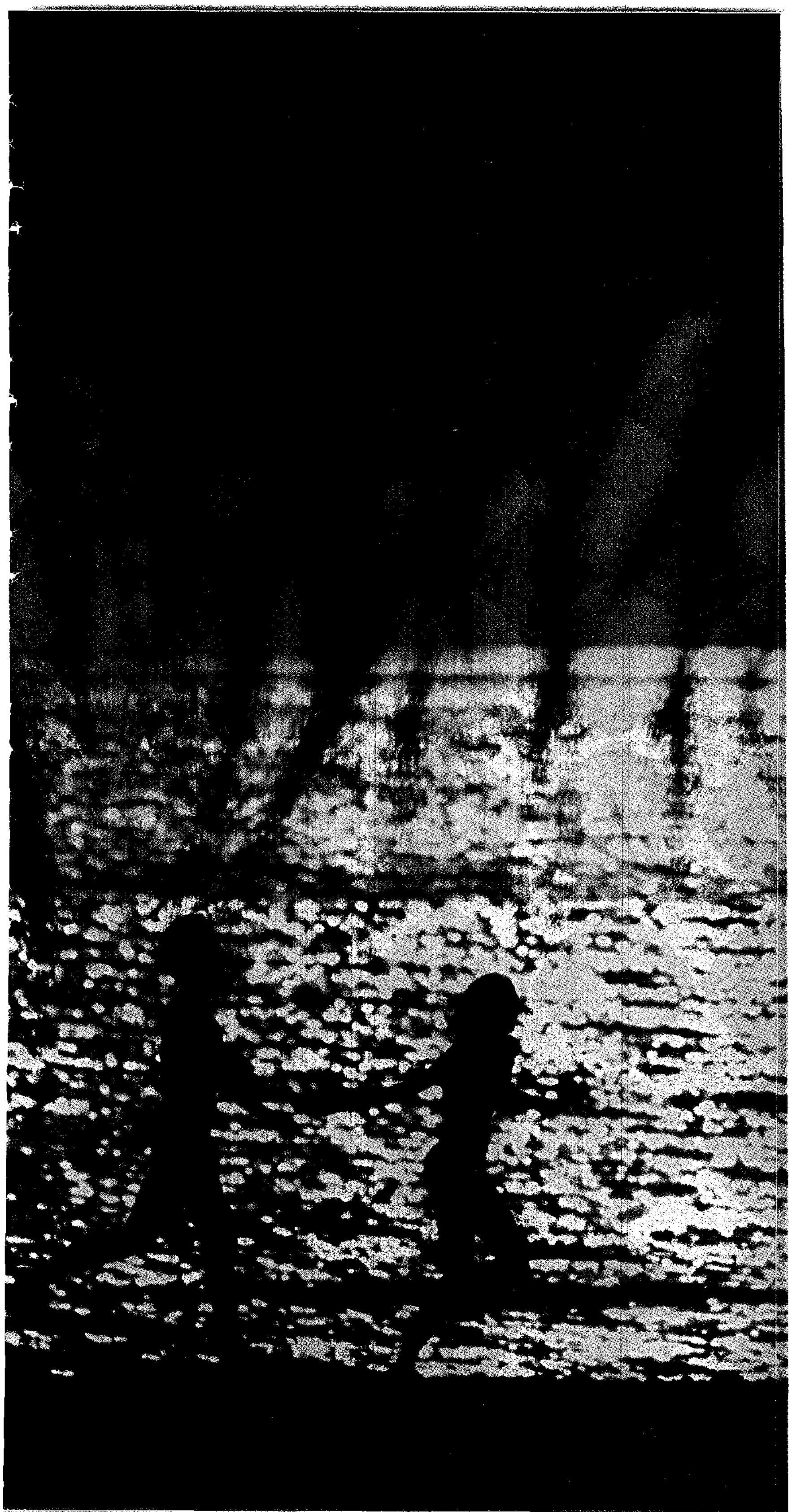

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